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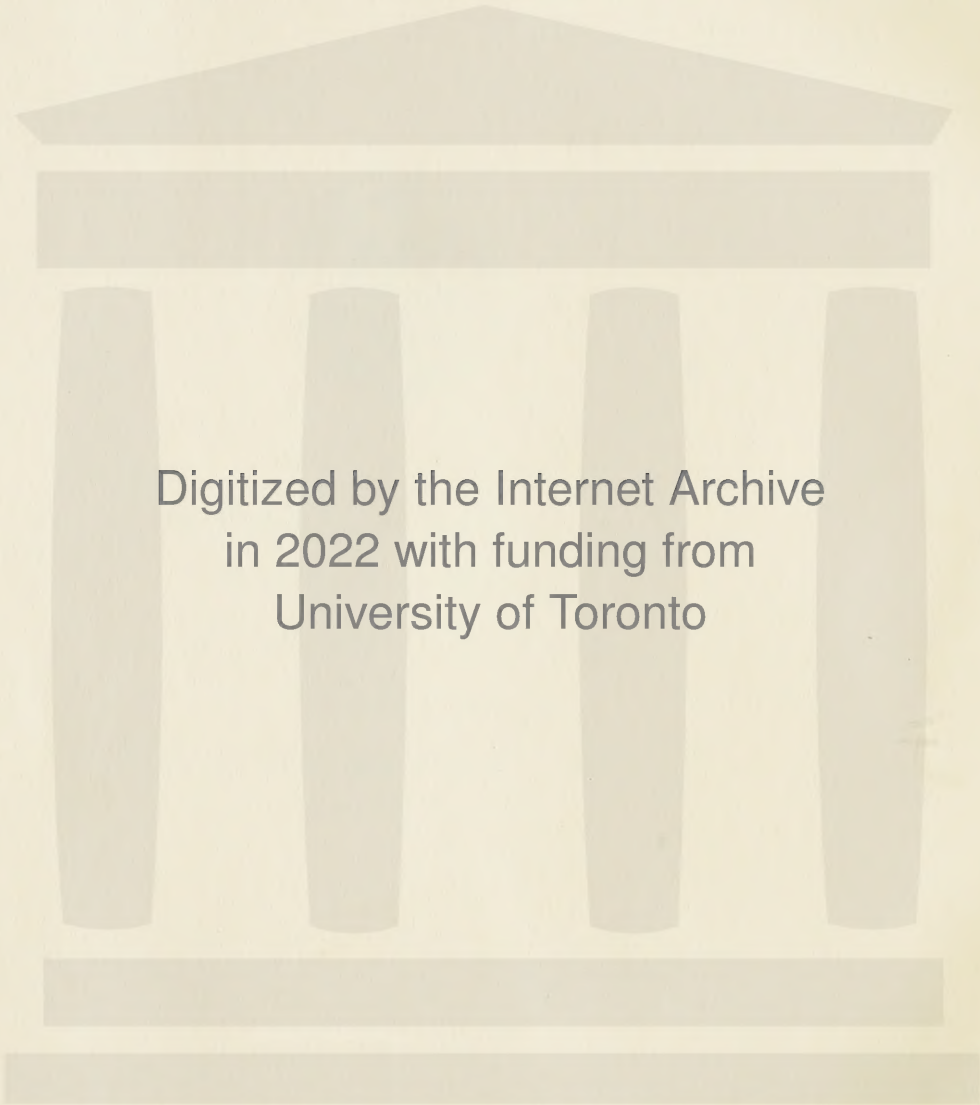
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# THE
# NATIONAL SONG BOOK

A COMPLETE COLLECTION

OF THE

FOLK-SONGS, CAROLS, AND ROUNDS,

SUGGESTED BY

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

(1905).

EDITED AND ARRANGED

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS

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# PREFACE.

THIS collection contains all the songs recommended for older children by the Board of Education in their Blue Book of Suggestions (1905): see ppendix VI., p. 131.

The accompaniments are of the simplest character, and are merely intended to suggest sufficient harmony to make clear the tonality of each song, and in some cases to reinforce the characteristic rhythm, without distracting the attention of the singers from the melody itself. English children may at first experience some difficulty in grasping the peculiar scales and intervals of Keltic tunes; but what Scotch, Welsh, and Irish children can sing naturally, English children can acquire, and the trouble involved will be amply repaid by the widening of their musical horizon, and by the more deeply poetical influence which Keltic music will exert upon the young mind.

It cannot be too strongly urged upon teachers that rhythm is the life-blood of Folk-songs, as it is of all the great literature of music which has sprung from the Folk-song. Rhythmical character will be found in more varied forms and in greater strength throughout the Keltic songs and the English songs of a date anterior to the Commonwealth; probably because the characteristic old dance-measures were discouraged and well nigh exterminated in England after that date. The other parts of the United Kingdom have, however, continuously preserved them. All the greatest stores of foreign Folk-music, such as the Hungarian, Bohemian, Russian, Tyrolese, etc., etc., owe their peculiar charm and vitality to their varied and powerful rhythms. British Folk-music is inferior to none of these, and possesses the additional advantage of having four treasure-houses to draw upon, and two distinct racial types.

The first thing in music which appeals to the human being is Rhythm, and it is only by fostering and building upon this that a truly musical spirit can be infused into the nation. The children of to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow, and according to the training of its children, so will the power of the nation be.

Special attention should be directed to the fifth paragraph on page 71 of the Blue Book. It is precisely in the use of the best rhythmical tunes for marching and physical exercises that children will become most familiar with them, and will grow to realise that they are part of their language and their life.

Many of the poems in this book are in themselves fine literature. The lyrics of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Burns, Moore and others are to be found wedded to these airs. If children first learn the poem, it will not only increase their appreciation of poetry, but also help them to master the lilt and rhythm of the tune; while clear enunciation of the words while singing (a vitally important point in their training) will come far more easily and naturally.

Marks of expression have been but sparingly inserted, as the various verses differ often largely in expression; and these, as well as some of the slight

changes in note-values, necessitated by the syllabic changes in some verses, are left (as in Hymns) to the common-sense and taste of the teachers.

It will be found advisable and useful, in the case at any rate of any children who show a natural aptitude for music, to teach them how to write notes, rests, and clefs. It is as essential for such children to cultivate a good music hand as a good writing hand; but in order to acquire it, the following suggestions should be followed. The pen should be broad-nibbed if of metal, and yielding if of quill. The hand should be held so that the pen is at a right angle to the side-lines of the paper, and the line of the nib therefore parallel to it. The elbow should be kept further away from the body than in ordinary hand-writing. Black-headed notes (such as crotchets) can then be made by simple pressure of the pen, without any frequent circular movement of it. The lines will be drawn straight with much less difficulty in that position, by slightly bending the joints of the thumb and first finger as the pen descends; and the tails will be more easily joined to the heads of the notes,—a most important point to insist upon from the start. Most music handwriting is spoilt by the habit of holding the pen as in ordinary writing, and a good music hand (which may become even a useful and lucrative commercial asset) should be trained rather on the lines of drawing.

The Editor wishes to express his thanks to Mr. A. P. Graves for his versions and new translations of many of the songs; to Mr. J. Lloyd Williams, Director of Music at Bangor University College, for the selection, explanation, and revision of the Welsh songs and texts; to Mr. L. Jones (Llew Tegid) for two new Welsh lyrics; to Professor Morris Jones for critical suggestions upon the Welsh section, and the adaptation of the Welsh words to the demands of the new system of Welsh spelling; to Mr. Fuller Maitland for his assistance in the collection of Rounds and Catches; and to Dr. Charles Wood for kind permission to use three Irish songs from his collection.

C. V. S.

*September, 1905.*

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* *Titles of old Airs.*

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# GLOSSARY OF SCOTCH WORDS

A' ..... all.
Aboon ..... above.
Ae ..... one.
Aff ..... off.
Aft ..... oft.
Ain ..... own.
An' ..... and.
Ance ..... once.
Ane ..... one.
Aught ..... anything.
Auld ..... old.
Awa' ..... away.
Aye ..... ever.

Bairn ..... child.
Baith ..... both.
Bandsters ..... sheaf-binders.
Bauk ..... cross-beam.
Ben (opposite to Butt) towards the inner apartment of a house.
Biggonet ..... linen cap.
Birk ..... birch.
Blaw ..... blow.
Bogle ..... spectre, hobgoblin.
Brae ..... slope, hill-side.
Braid ..... broad.
Braw ..... fine, smart, handsome.
Brent ..... fresh.
Brithers ..... brothers.
Bughts ..... sheep-folds.
Burn, burnie ..... brook, streamlet.

Ca' ..... call.
Caller ..... fresh.
Canna ..... cannot.
Cantie ..... happy, joyous.
Cauld ..... cold.
Clead ..... clothe.
Corrie ..... sea-cave.
Creel ..... basket.
Croodle ..... coo as a dove.
Crouse ..... happy, cozy.
Cuist, coost ..... cast.
Cushat ..... wood-pigeon.

Daff ..... to make sport.
Dang ..... upset, overthrow.
Daur ..... dare.
Dee ..... die.
Dinna ..... do not.
Dool ..... sadness.
Doon ..... down.
Douce ..... sedate, sober.
Dowf ..... dull, stupid.
Dowie ..... spiritless, dull.
Drap ..... drop.
Drumlie ..... muddy.
Dule ..... grief.

E'e ..... eye.
E'en ..... eyes.
E'en ..... even, evening.

Fa' ..... fall.
Fain ..... glad.
Farin' ..... fare, food.
Faulding ..... folding.
Fause ..... false.
Fecht ..... fight.
Fleeching ..... coaxing.
Fou ..... tipsy.
Frae ..... from.
Fu' ..... full.

Gabbin' ..... joking and chatting
Gae ..... go.
Ga'e ..... gave.
Gar ..... make, cause.
Gear ..... goods, wealth.
Genty ..... neat, trim.
Ghaist ..... ghost.
Gie, gien ..... give, gave, given.
Gin ..... if.
Glaiket ..... giddy.
Gloamin' ..... evening twilight.
Gowan ..... daisy.
Gowd ..... gold.
Grat ..... cried, wept.
Gree ..... pre-eminence.
Greet ..... cry, weep.
Gude, guid ..... good.

Ha' ..... hall.
Hae ..... have.
Hairst ..... harvest.
Hale ..... whole.
Hame ..... home.
Han', haun' ..... hand.
Haud ..... hold.
Hie ..... high.
Hieland ..... highland.
Hirpling ..... limping.
Hoddin ..... cloth, natural colour of the wool.
Hoo ..... how.
Hoose ..... house.

Ilk, ilka ..... each, every.

Kail-yard ..... cabbage garden.
Ken ..... know.
Kilted ..... tucked up.
Knowe ..... knoll.
Kurtch ..... a handkerchief tied over the head.

Lade ..... load.
Laith ..... loath.
Lane ..... alone.
Lang ..... long.
Lang-syne ..... long ago.
Lave ..... rest, others.
Laverock ..... lark.
Leal ..... true, loyal.
Leglen ..... milk-pail.
Lilt ..... song.
Linties ..... linnets.
Loaning ..... a broad lane.
Lo'e ..... love.
Loot ..... let.
Lyart ..... inclined to grey.

Mair ..... more.
Maist ..... almost.
Maun, maunna ..... must, must not.
Mavis ..... thrush.
Micht ..... might.
Min' ..... mind.
Mony ..... many.
Muckle ..... much, great.
Murlin ..... a shoulder-basket.

Na ..... not.
Nae ..... no, not.
Niest ..... next.
Nocht ..... nothing.
Noo ..... now.
Norlan' ..... northern.

O' ..... of.
O'ercome ..... burden, subject.
Owre, ower ..... over

Paidl't ..... paddled.
Parritch ..... porridge.
Pibroch ..... a peculiar kind of bag-pipe music.
Pu'd, pu'in ..... pulled, pulling.
Puir ..... poor.

Rin, rinnin' ..... run, running.
Runkled ..... wrinkled.

Sae ..... so.
Scorning ..... rallying.
Shearing ..... reaping.
Shoon ..... shoes.
Shouther ..... shoulder.
Sic, siccan ..... such.
Siller ..... silver.
Simmer ..... summer.
Sin' ..... since.
Slaes ..... sloes.
Snaw ..... snow.
Speer, speir ..... ask.
Stoup ..... measure.
Stown ..... stolen.
Swankies ..... active young fellows
Syne ..... since.

Tauld ..... told.
Tent ..... attend, take care.
Thirl'd ..... thrilled.
Thraw ..... twist.
Toun ..... town, village.
Twa ..... two.

Unco ..... very, extraordinary

Wa' ..... wall.
Wad ..... would.
Wadna ..... would not.
Wae, waefu' ..... sad, sorrowful.
Warl', warld ..... world.
Wauken ..... waken.
Waur ..... worse.
Wede ..... weeded.
Wee ..... little.
Weel ..... well.
Weir ..... war.
Wha ..... who.
Wham ..... whom.
Whaur ..... where.
Wi' ..... with.
Willy-waught ..... long draught.

Yestreen ..... yestereven.
Yett ..... gate.
Yon ..... that, yonder
Yont ..... beyond.
Yowe ..... ewe.

# THE

# NATIONAL SONG BOOK.

# BEGONE, DULL CARE!

*17th century.*
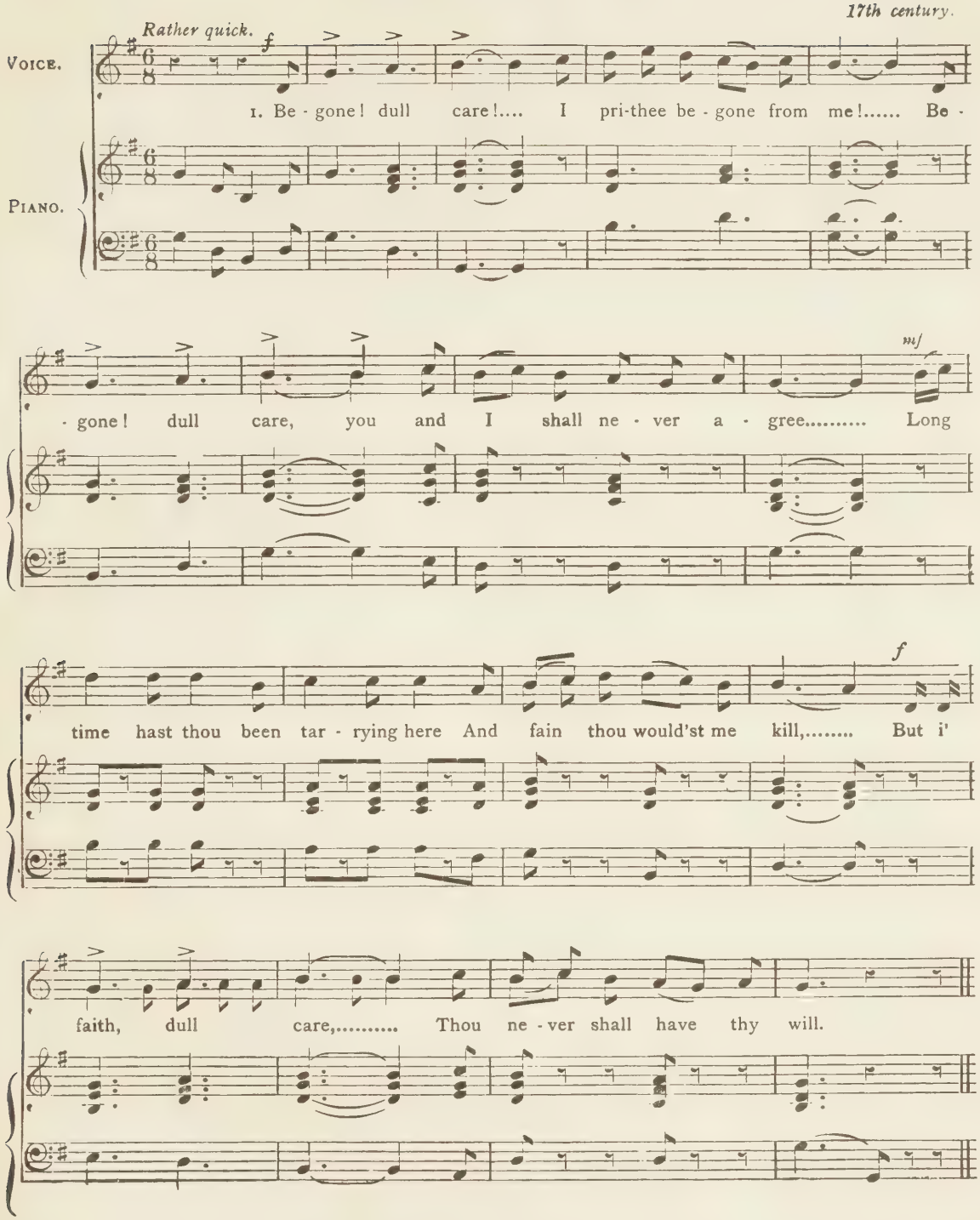
Rather quick.
f
Voice.
Piano.
1. Be - gone! dull care!.... I pri-thee be - gone from me!..... Be -
- gone! dull care, you and I shall ne - ver a - gree..... Long
mf
time hast thou been tar - rying here And fain thou would'st me kill,..... But i'
f
faith, dull care,..... Thou ne - ver shall have thy will.

2.

* Too much care will make a young man turn grey,
And too much care will turn an old man to clay.
My wife shall dance and I will sing,
So merrily pass the day,
For I hold it one of the wisest things
To drive dull care away.

* *Begin on second bar.*

# THE HUNT IS UP!

*Old English.*

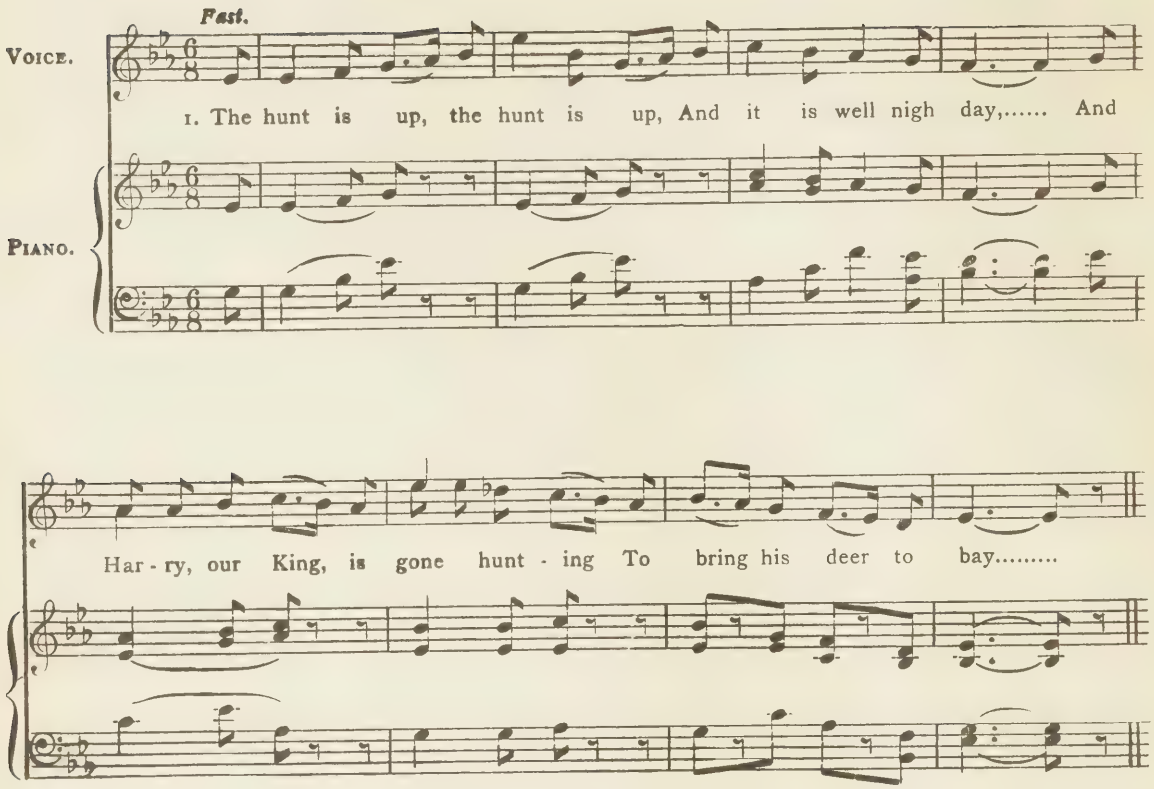
Fast.
Voice.
1. The hunt is up, the hunt is up, And it is well nigh day,..... And
Piano.
Har - ry, our King, is gone hunt - ing To bring his deer to bay.....

2.

The East is bright with morning light,
And darkness it is fled;
The merry horn wakes up the morn
To leave his idle bed.

3.

The sun is glad to see us clad
All in our lusty green,
And smiles in the sky, as he riseth high
To see and to be seen.

4.

Awake, all men, I say again,
Be merry as you may,
For Harry, our King, is gone hunting
To bring his deer to bay.

# THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.

(THE BUDGEON IS A DELICATE TRADE.)
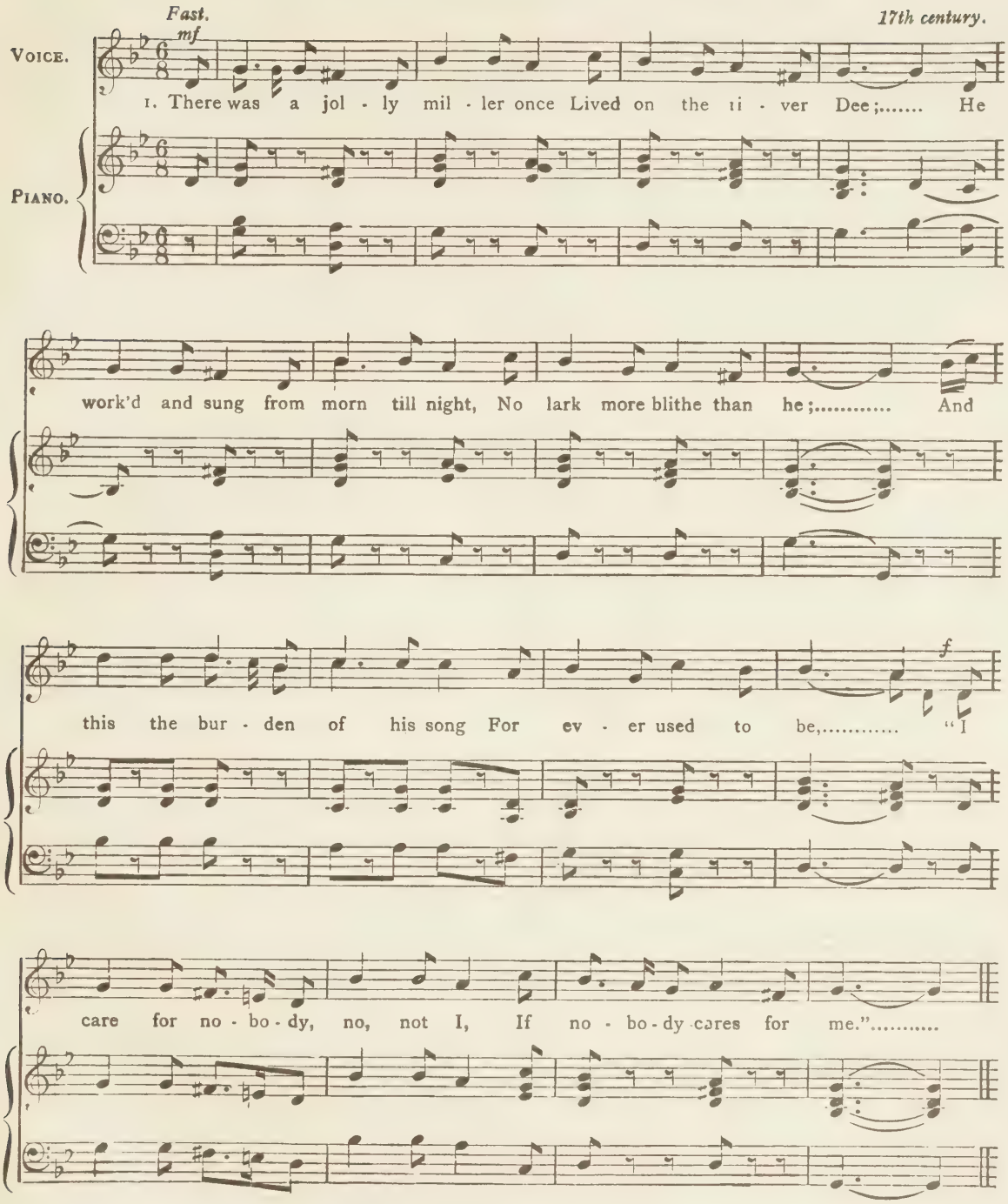
Fast.
mf
17th century.
Voice.
Piano.
1. There was a jol - ly mil - ler once Lived on the ri - ver Dee;..... He
work'd and sung from morn till night, No lark more blithe than he;..... And
this the bur - den of his song For ev - er used to be,..... "I
f
care for no - bo - dy, no, not I, If no - bo - dy cares for me."

2.

"I live by my mill, she is to me
Like parent, child and wife,
I would not change my station
For any other in life;
No lawyer, surgeon or doctor,
E'er had a groat from me,
And I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me."

# THE KEEL ROW.

(SMILING POLLY.)

*Northumbrian Tune, 18th century.*

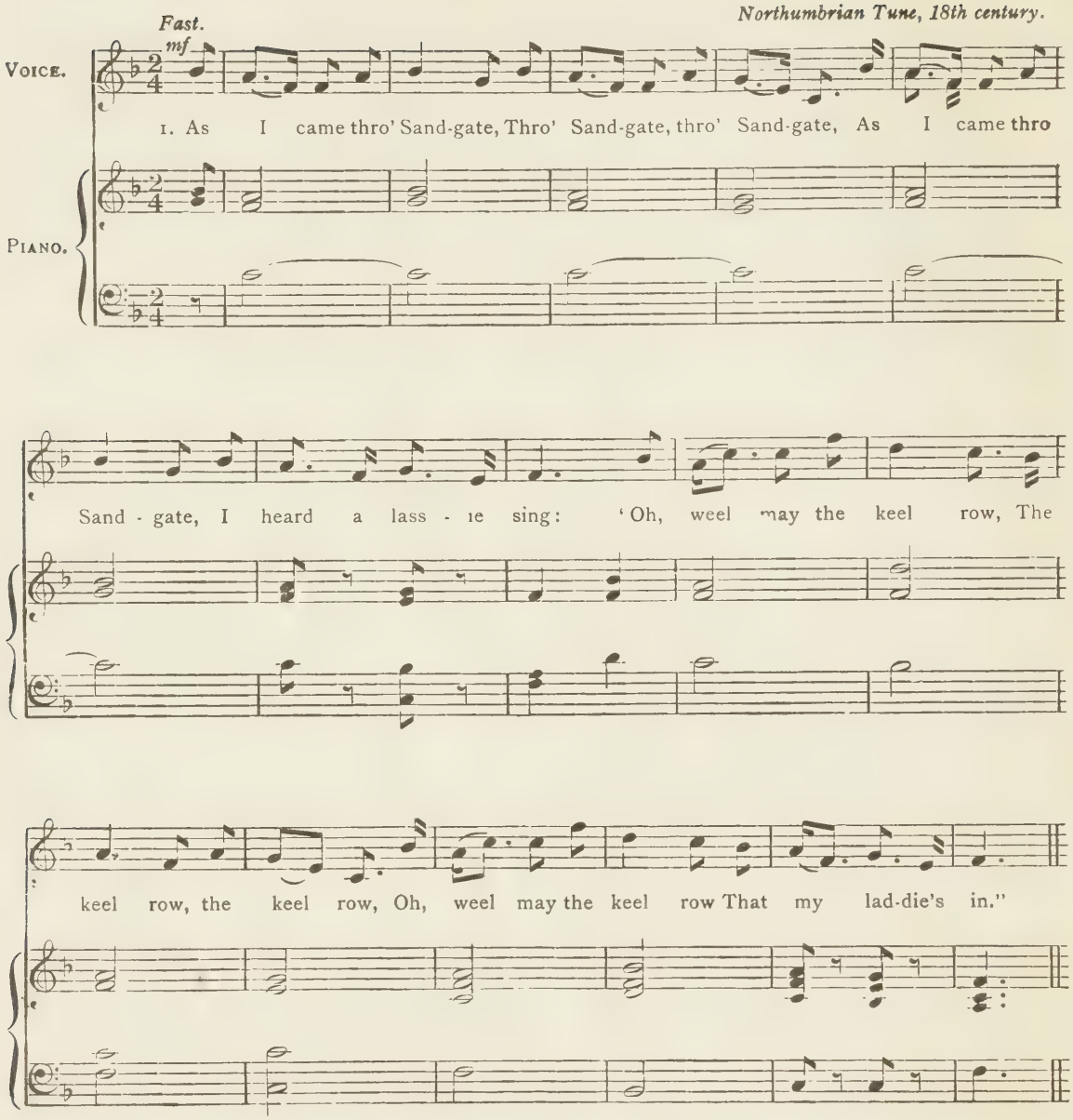
Fast.
mf
Voice.
Piano.
1. As I came thro' Sand-gate, Thro' Sand-gate, thro' Sand-gate, As I came thro
Sand - gate, I heard a lass - ie sing: 'Oh, weel may the keel row, The
keel row, the keel row, Oh, weel may the keel row That my lad-die's in."

2.

O wha's like my Johnny,
Sae leish, sae blithe, sae bonny?
He's foremost among the mony
Keel lads o' coaly Tyne:
He'll set and row so tightly,
Or in the dance—so sprightly—
He'll cut and shuffle sightly;
'Tis true—were he not mine.

3.

He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet;
He wears a blue bonnet,
A dimple in his chin;
And weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row,
That my laddie's in.

# NOW, ROBIN, LEND TO ME THY BOW.

*Fairly quick.* *Old English.*

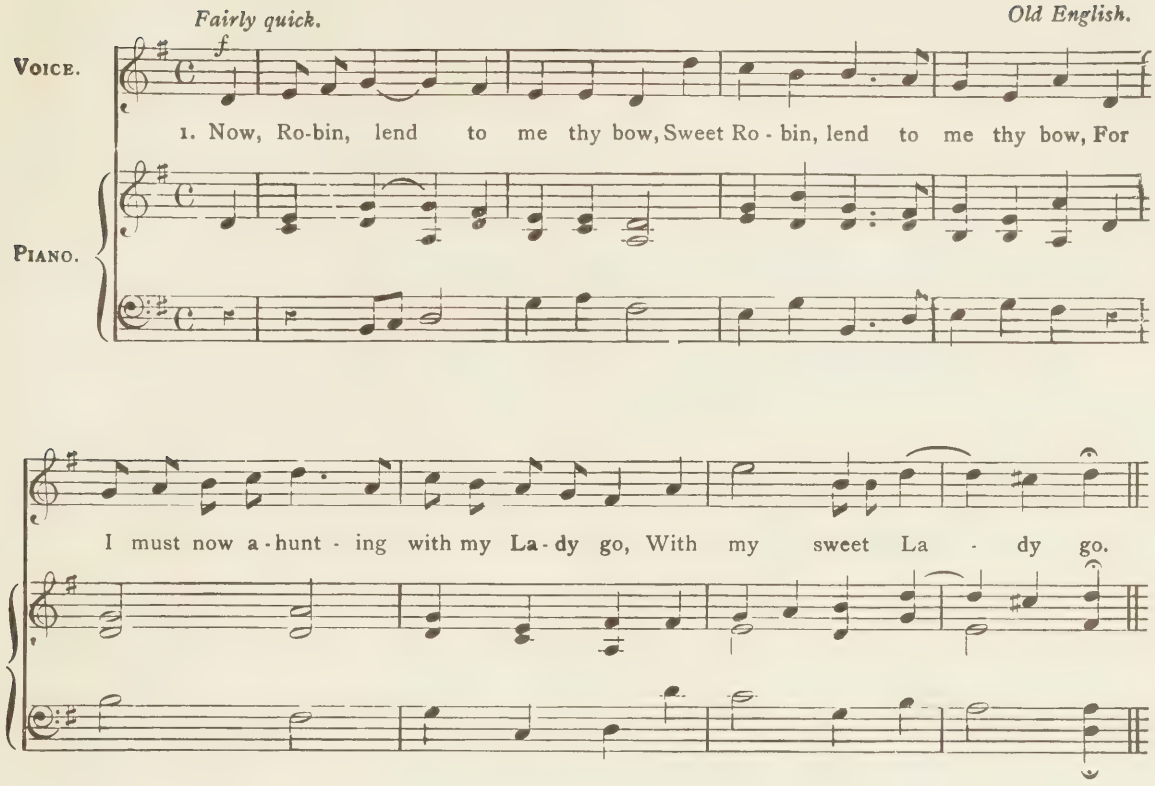
Voice.
Piano.
f
1. Now, Ro-bin, lend to me thy bow, Sweet Ro - bin, lend to me thy bow, For
I must now a-hunt - ing with my La-dy go, With my sweet La - dy go.

2.

"And whither will thy Lady go?
Sweet Wilkin, tell it unto me;
And thou shalt have my hawk, my hound, and eke my bow,
To wait on thy Lady."

3.

"My Lady will to Uppingham,
To Uppingham, forsooth, will she;
And I myself appointed for to be the man
To wait on my Lady."

4.

"Farewell, good Wilkin, all beshrew'd,
Thy hunting nothing pleaseth me;
But yet beware thy babbling hounds stray not abroad,
For ang'ring of thy Lady."

5.

"My hounds shall be led in a line,
So well I can assure it thee;
Unless by strain of view some pursue I may find
To please my sweet Lady."

6.

With that the Lady she came in,
And willed them all for to agree;
For honest hunting never was accounted sin,
Nor never shall for me.

# JOHN PEEL.

*Old Hunting Song.*
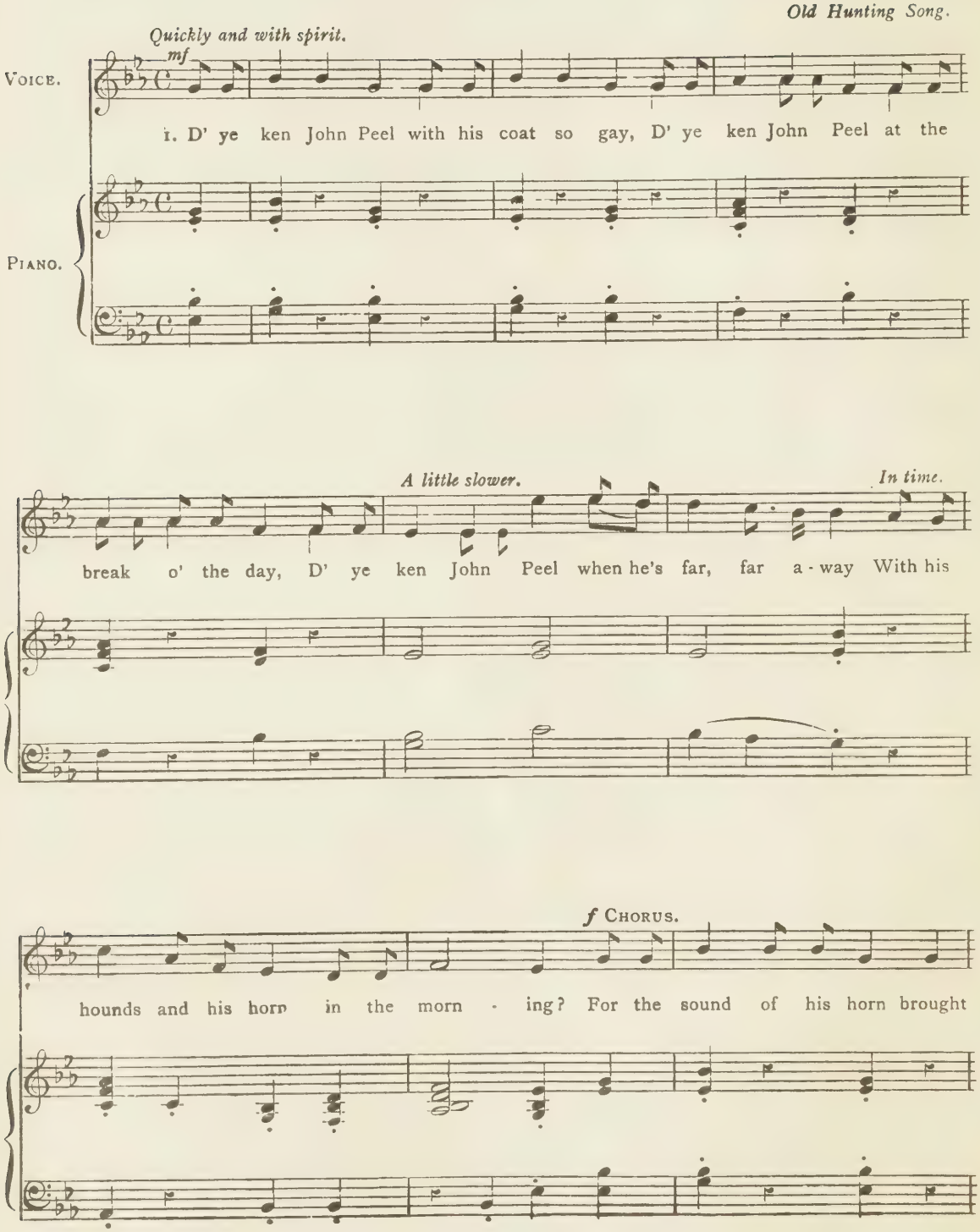
Quickly and with spirit.
mf
Voice.
1. D' ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay, D' ye ken John Peel at the
Piano.
A little slower.
In time.
break o' the day, D' ye ken John Peel when he's far, far a-way With his
f Chorus.
hounds and his horn in the morn-ing? For the sound of his horn brought
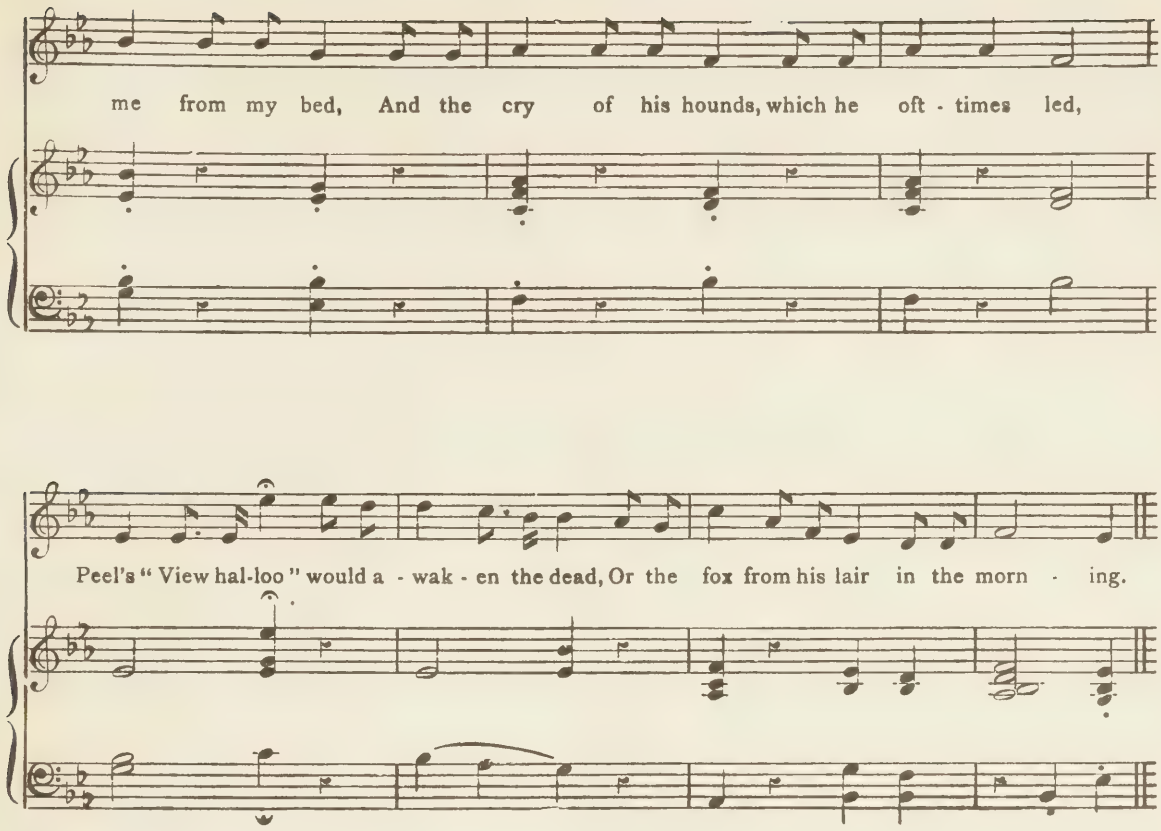
me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds, which he oft - times led,
Peel's "View hal-loo" would a - wak - en the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn - ing.

2.

Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby too,
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True;
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.

For the sound of his horn, &c.

3.

Then here's to John Peel, from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl;
We'll follow John Peel, through fair and through foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

For the sound of his horn, &c.

4.

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
He liv'd at Troutbeck once on a day;
Now he has gone far, far away,
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

For the sound of his horn, &c.

# YOU GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

*Boldly.* *17th century.*

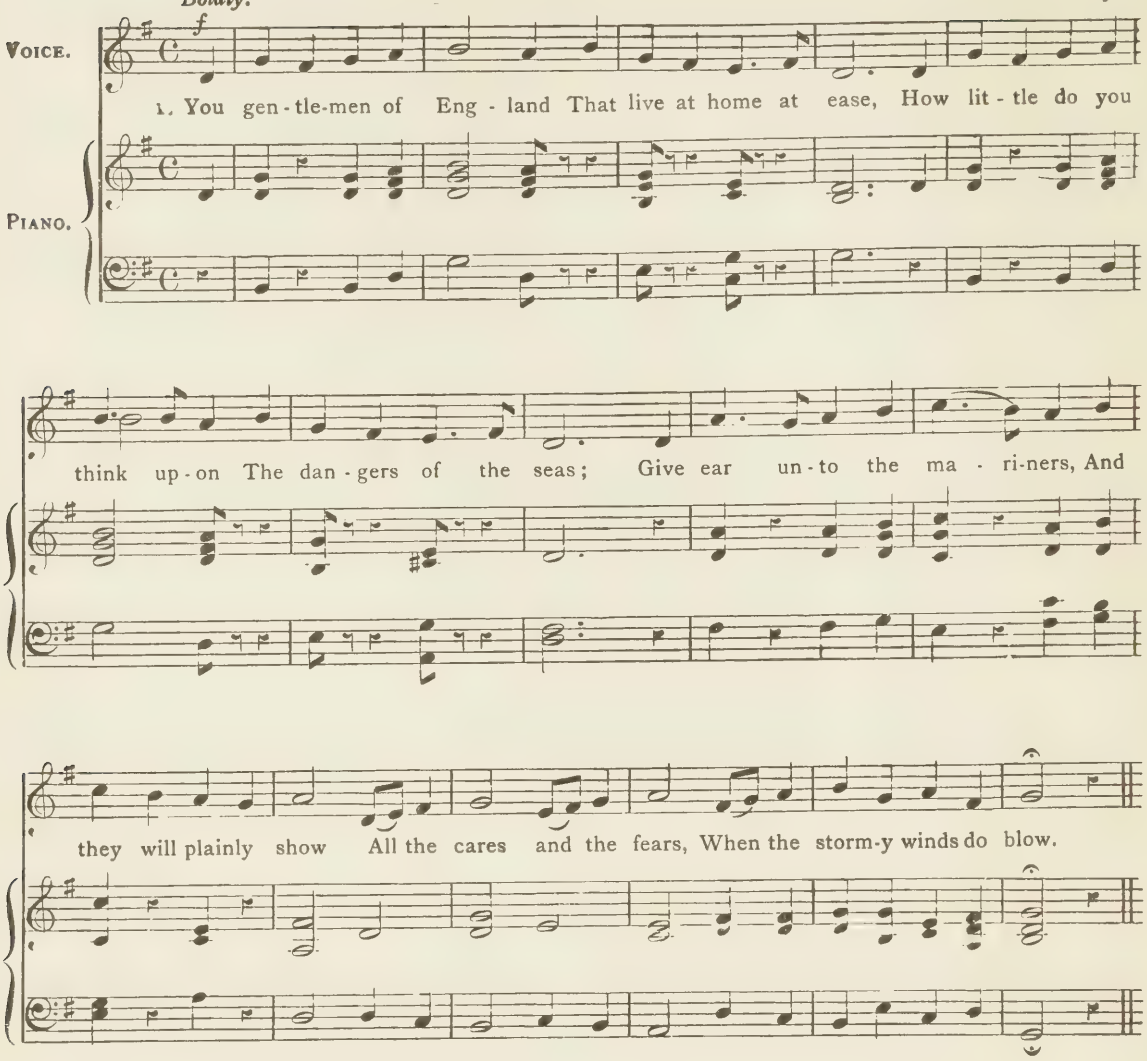
Voice.
Piano.
1. You gen-tle-men of Eng-land That live at home at ease, How lit-tle do you
think up-on The dan-gers of the seas; Give ear un-to the ma-ri-ners, And
they will plainly show All the cares and the fears, When the storm-y winds do blow.

2.

If enemies oppose us,
And England is at war
With any foreign nation,
We fear not wound or scar;
To humble them, come on, lads,
Their flags we'll soon lay low—
Clear the way for the fray,
Though the stormy winds do blow.

3.

A sailor must have courage,
No danger he must shun,
In ev'ry kind of weather
His course he still must run:
Now mounted on the topmast,
How fearful 'tis below,
Then we ride as the tide,
When the stormy winds do blow

4.

But when the danger's over,
And safe we come on shore,
The horrors of the tempest
We think upon no more;
We find a hearty welcome
Wherever we may go,
Safe and sound on dry ground,
When the stormy winds do blow

# THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

*Traditional.*

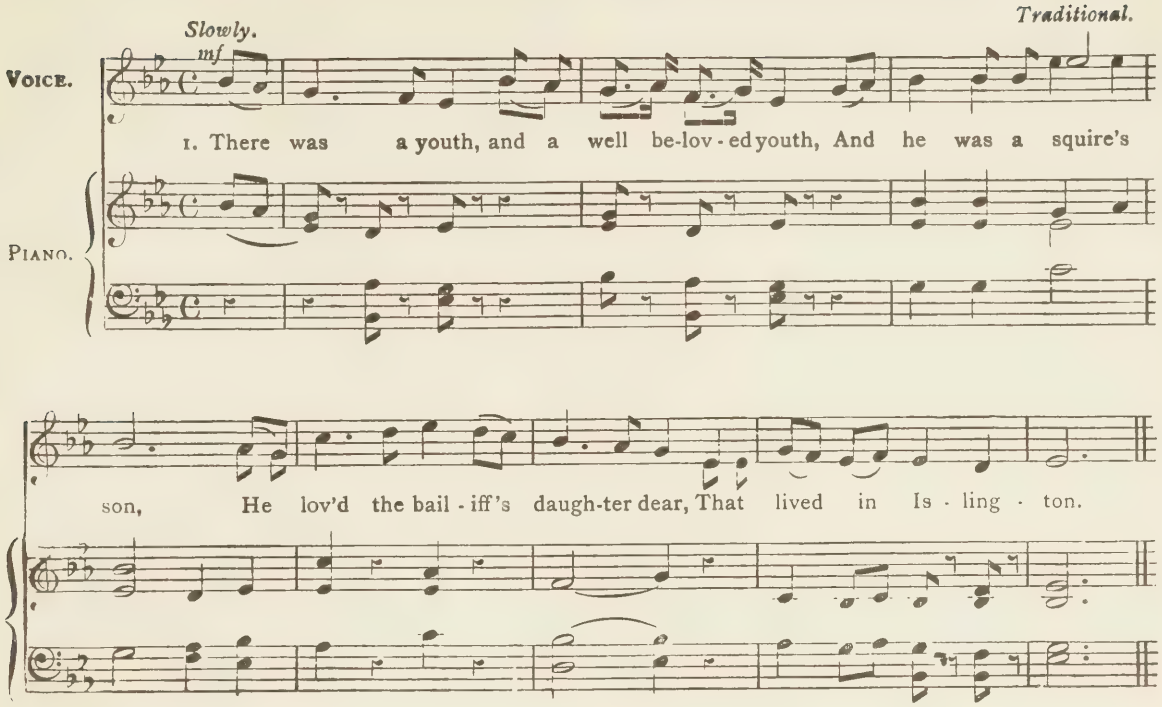
Slowly.
mf
Voice.
Piano.
1. There was a youth, and a well be-lov-ed youth, And he was a squire's
son, He lov'd the bail-iff's daugh-ter dear, That lived in Is-ling-ton.

2.

But she was coy and never would
On him her heart bestow
'Till he was sent to London town
Because he loy'd her so.

3.

When seven years had pass'd away
She put on mean attire,
And straight to London she would go
About him to enquire.

4.

And as she went along the road,
Through weather hot and dry,
She rested on a grassy load
And her love came riding by.

5.

"Give me a penny, thou 'prentice good,
Relieve a maid forlorn!"
"Before I give you a penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born."

6.

"Oh I was born at Islington."
"Then tell me if you know
The bailiff's daughter of that place."
"She died, sir, long ago."

7.

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also,
For I will to some distant land
Where no man shall me know."

8.

"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side!
She's here, alive, she is not dead,
But ready to be thy bride!"

# BARBARA ALLEN.

*Old English.*
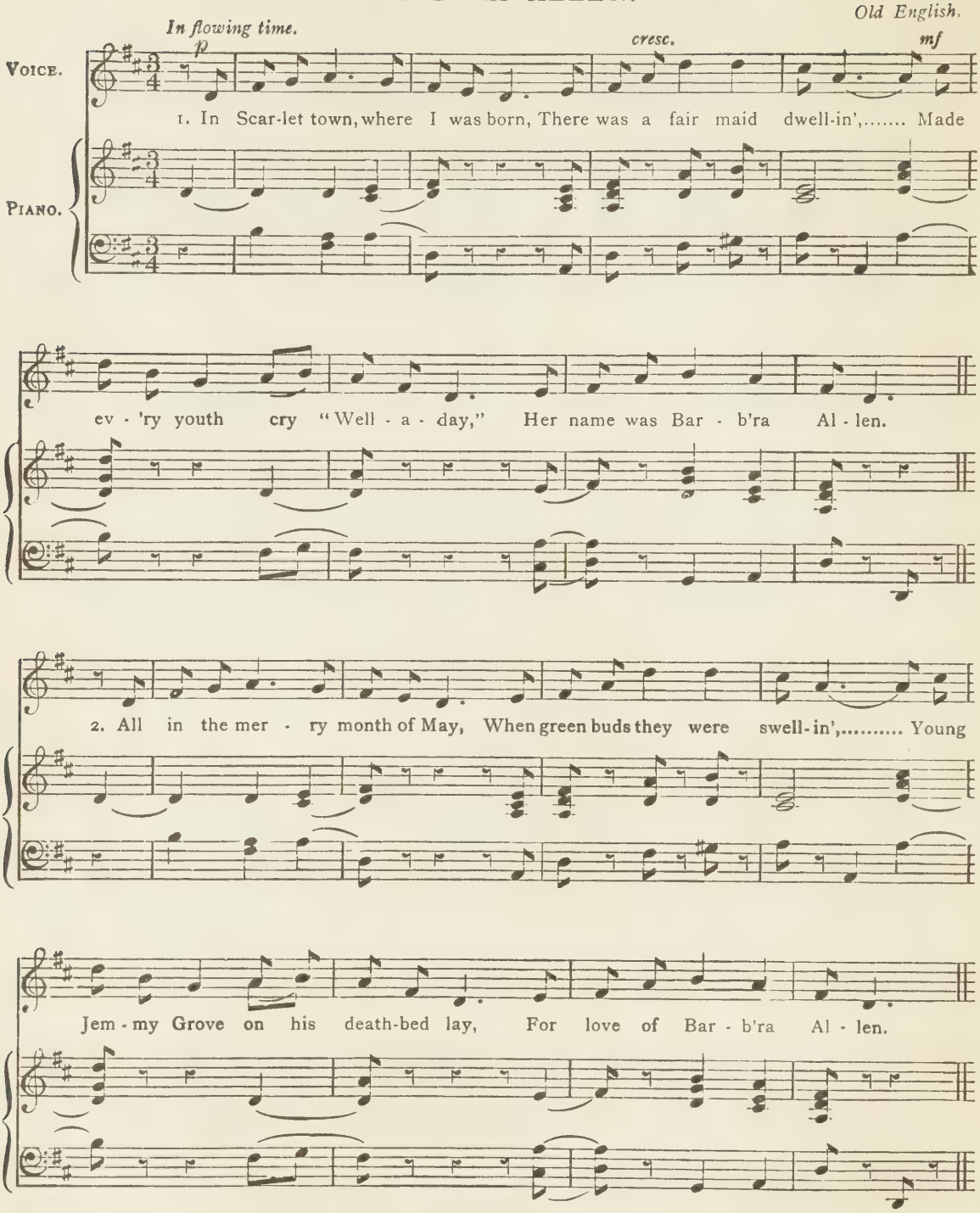
In flowing time.
p
cresc.
mf
Voice.
Piano.
1. In Scar-let town, where I was born, There was a fair maid dwell-in',..... Made
ev - 'ry youth cry "Well - a - day," Her name was Bar - b'ra Al - len.
2. All in the mer - ry month of May, When green buds they were swell-in',..... Young
Jem - my Grove on his death-bed lay, For love of Bar - b'ra Al - len.

3.

And death is printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealin';
Then haste away to comfort him,
Oh! lovely Barbara Allen.

4.

So slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him;
And all she said, when there she came,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

5.

When he was dead and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow;
O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die to-morrow.

6.

"Farewell!" she said, "ye maidens all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

# THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

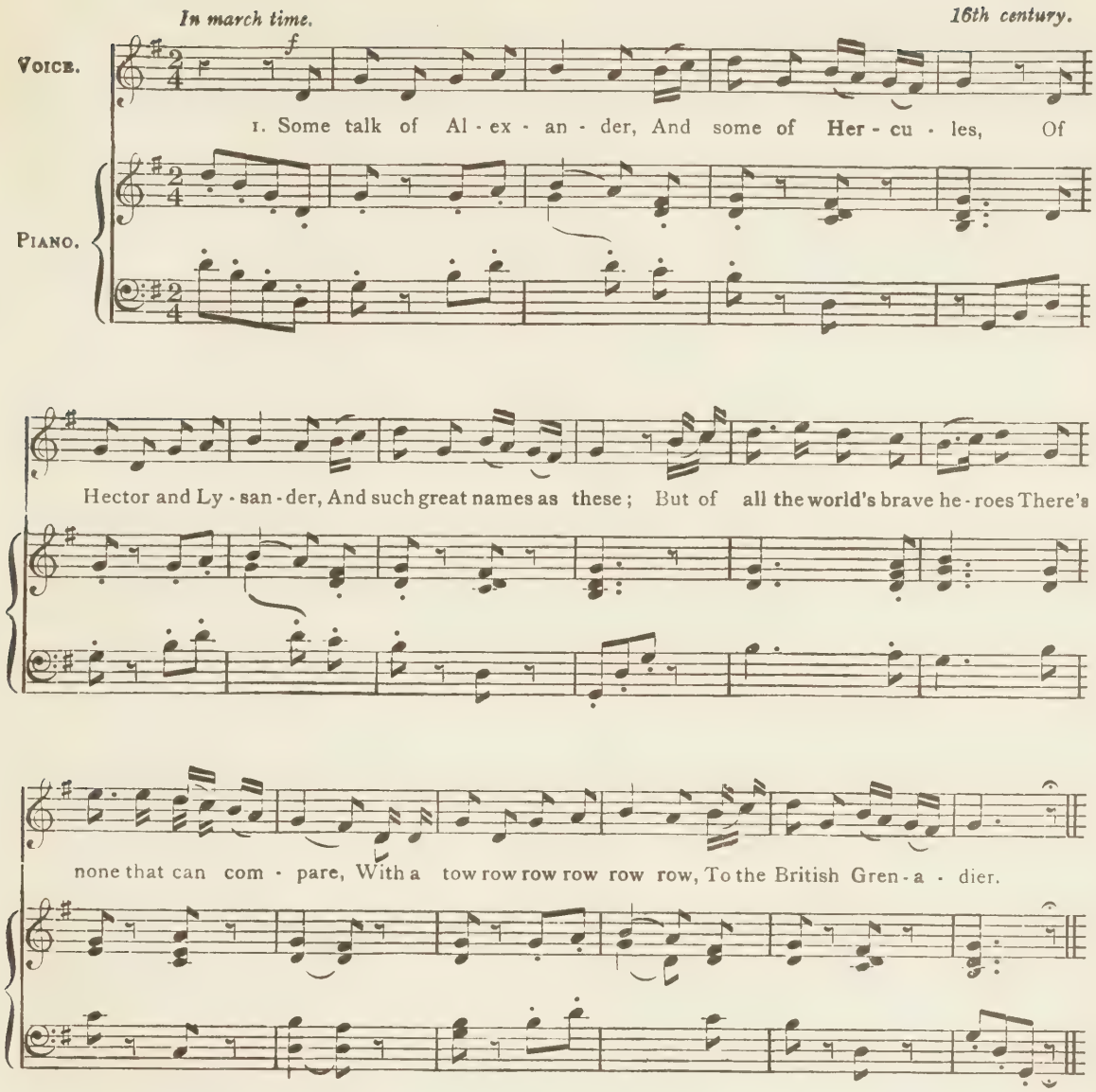
In march time.
16th century.
Voice.
Piano.
f
1. Some talk of Al - ex - an - der, And some of Her - cu - les, Of
Hector and Ly - san - der, And such great names as these; But of all the world's brave he - roes There's
none that can com - pare, With a tow row row row row row, To the British Gren - a - dier.

2.

Whene'er we are commanded
To storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses,
And we with hand grenades;
We throw them from the glacis
About the enemies' ears,
Sing tow row row row row row
The British Grenadiers.

3.

Then let us fill a bumper,
And drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches,
And wear the loupéd clothes;
May they and their commanders
Live happy all their years,
With a tow row row row row row
For the British Grenadiers.

# DRINK TO ME ONLY.

*Poem by* BEN JONSON.

*In moderate time and flowingly.*

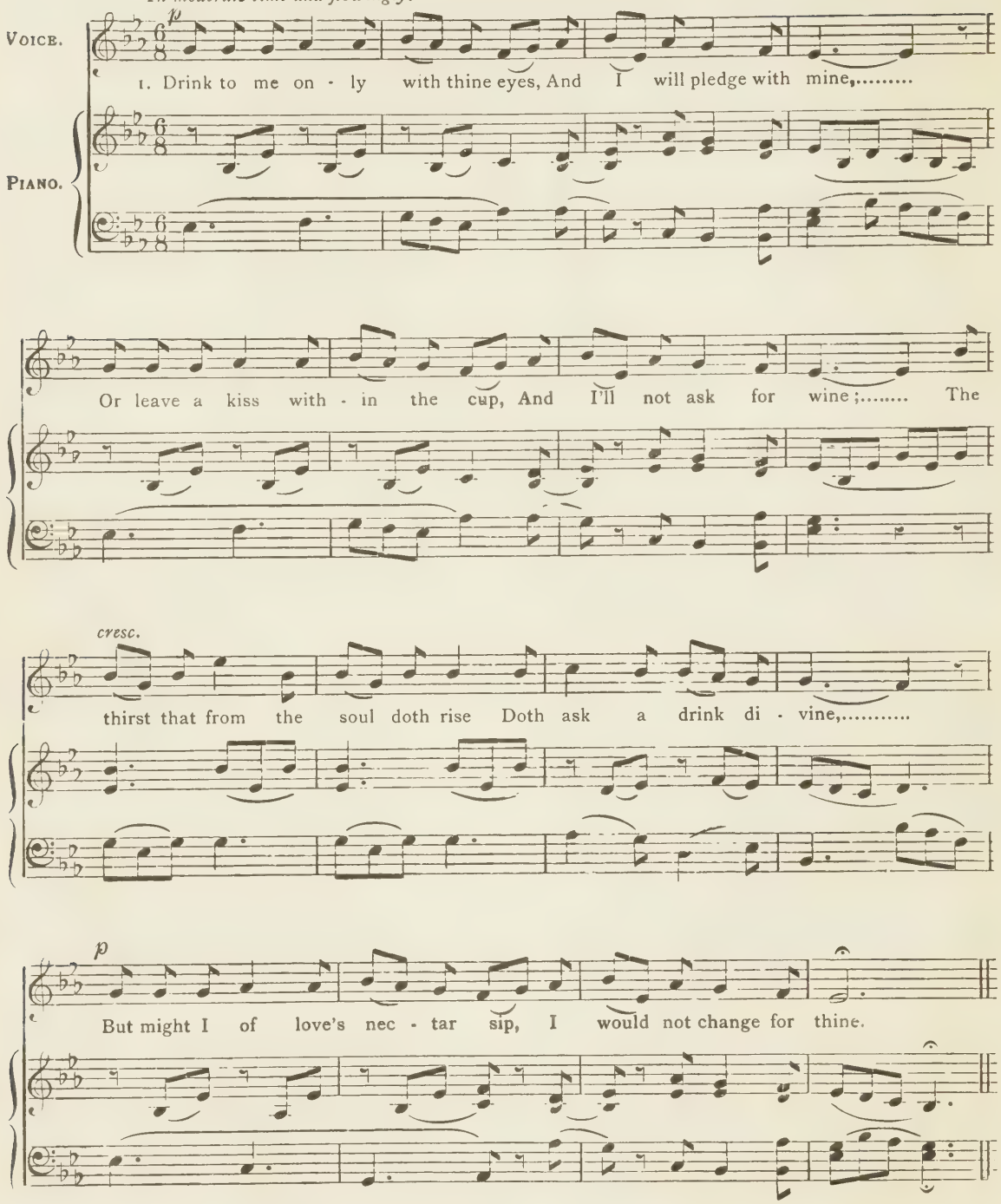
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,.....
Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine;..... The
cresc.
thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine,.....
p
But might I of love's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.

2.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear
Not of itself, but thee.

# EARLY ONE MORNING.

*Old English.*
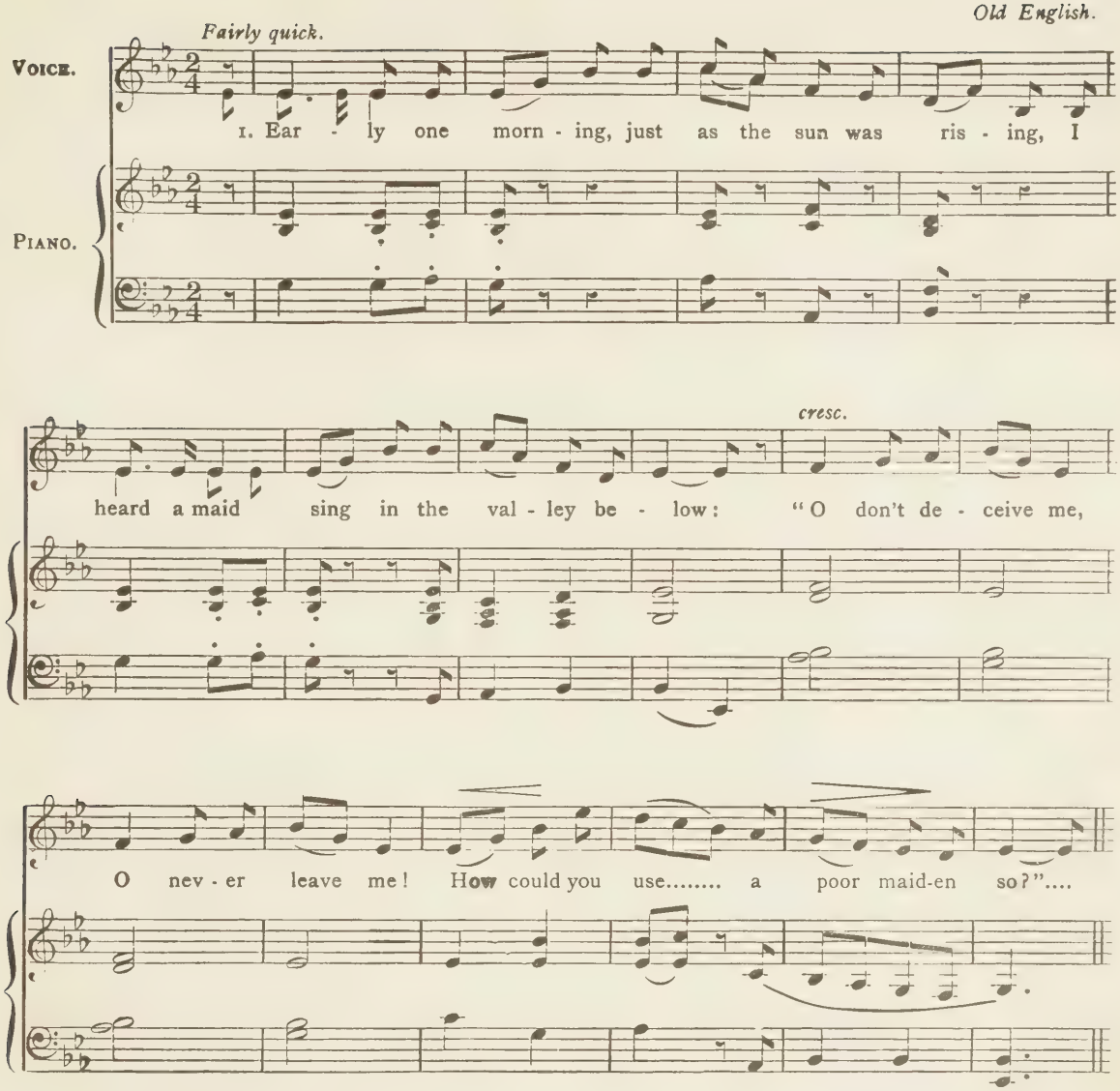
Fairly quick.
Voice.
Piano.
1. Ear - ly one morn - ing, just as the sun was ris - ing, I
cresc.
heard a maid sing in the val - ley be - low: "O don't de - ceive me,
O nev - er leave me! How could you use..... a poor maid-en so?"....

2.

"Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
Remember the bow'r where you vowed to be true;
O don't deceive me. O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

3.

"O gay is the garland, and fresh are the roses,
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow,
O don't deceive me, O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

4.

Thus sung the poor maiden, her sorrows bewailing,
Thus sung the poor maid in the valley below:
"O don't deceive me, O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

# WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS.

*In moderate time.* *1609.*

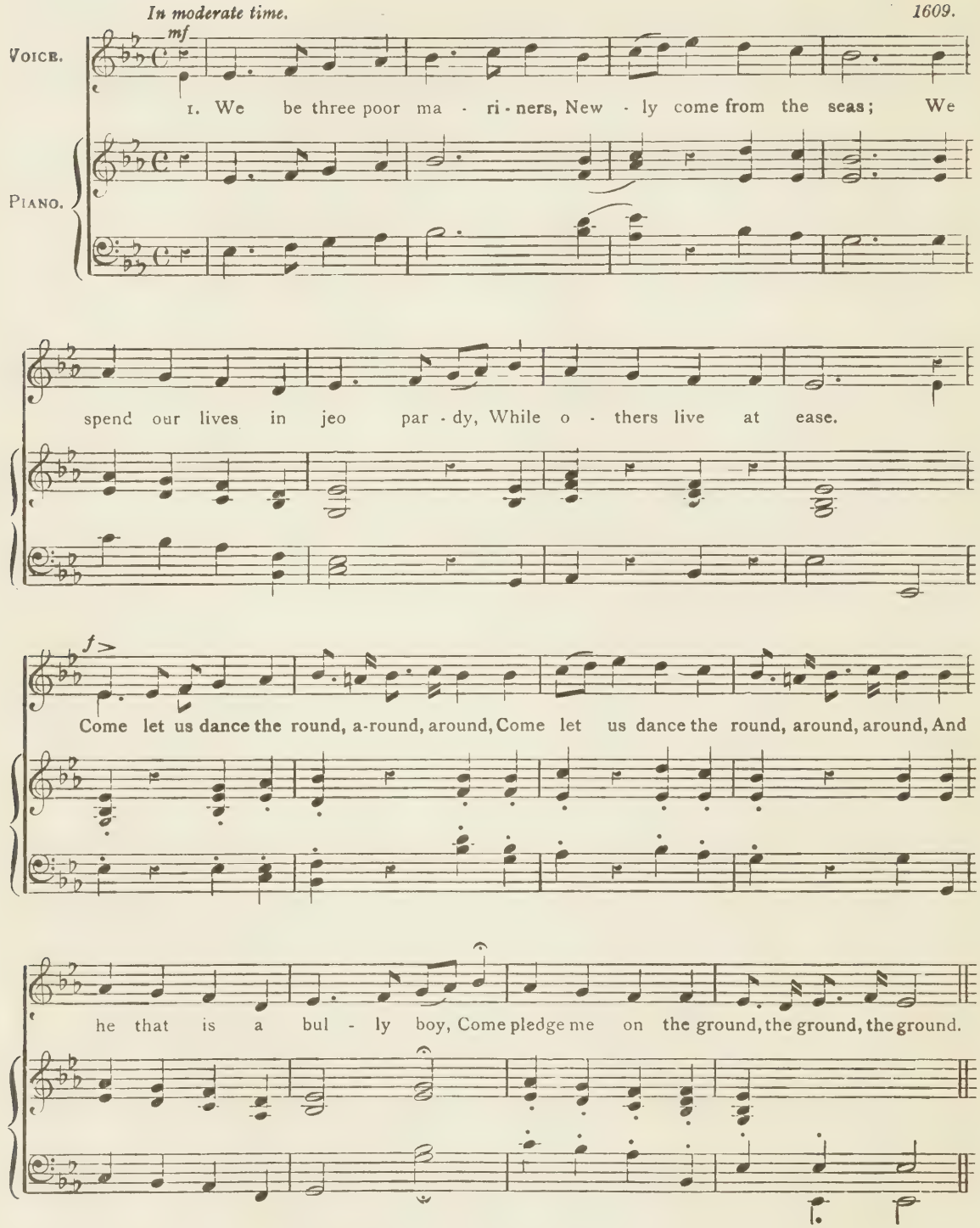
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. We be three poor ma - ri - ners, New - ly come from the seas; We
spend our lives in jeo par - dy, While o - thers live at ease.
f
Come let us dance the round, a-round, around, Come let us dance the round, around, around, And
he that is a bul - ly boy, Come pledge me on the ground, the ground, the ground.

2.

We care not for those martial men
That do our States disdain;
But we care for the merchant-men
Who do our States maintain.
To them we dance this round, around, around.
To them we dance this round, around, around,
And he that is a bully boy,
Come pledge me on the ground, the ground, the ground.

# OH! THE OAK AND THE ASH.

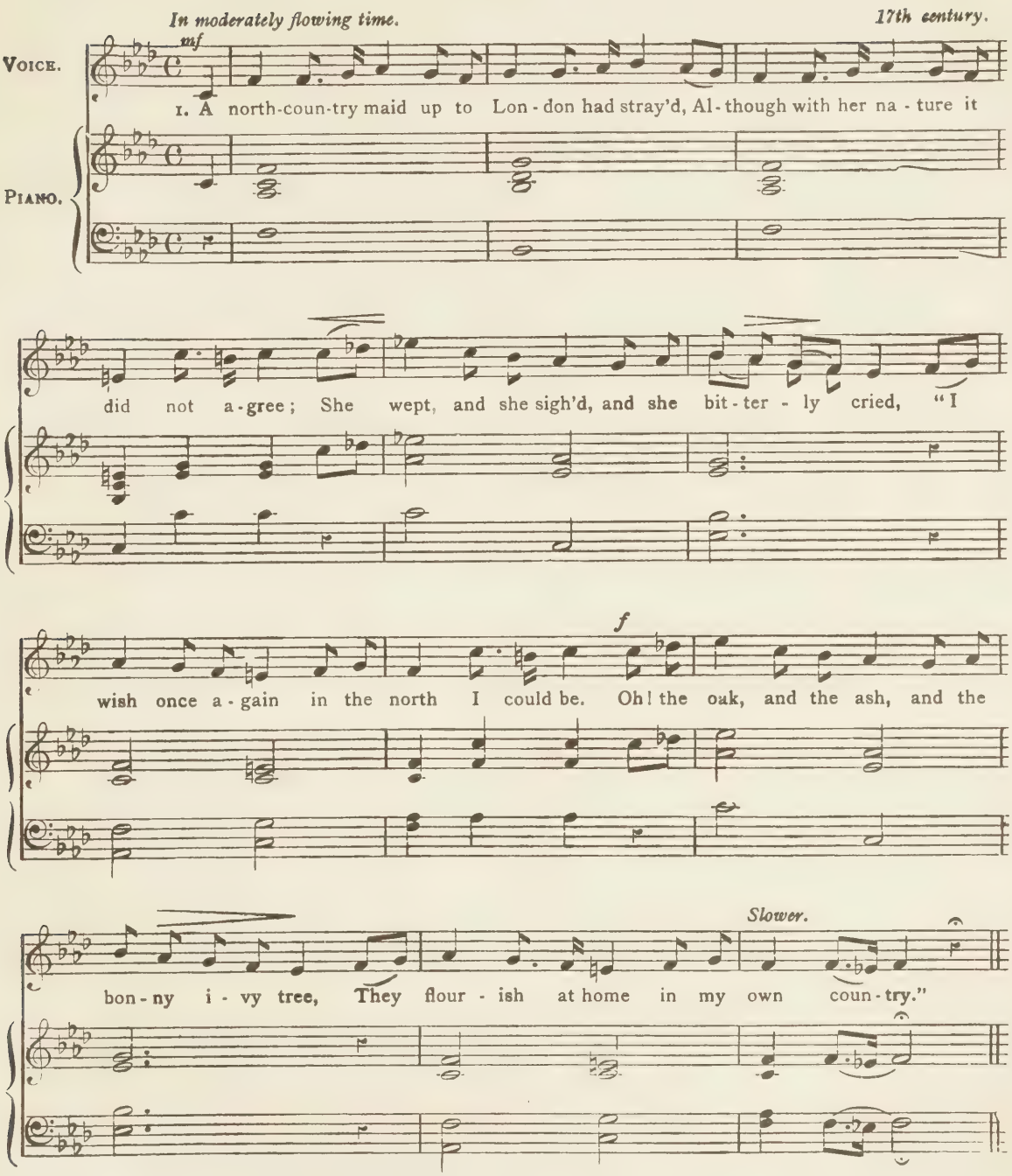
In moderately flowing time.
17th century.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. A north-coun-try maid up to Lon-don had stray'd, Al-though with her na-ture it
did not a-gree; She wept, and she sigh'd, and she bit-ter-ly cried, "I
f
wish once a-gain in the north I could be. Oh! the oak, and the ash, and the
Slower.
bon-ny i-vy tree, They flour-ish at home in my own coun-try."

2. "While sadly I roam I regret my dear home,
Where lads and young lasses are making the hay;
The merry bells ring, and the birds sweetly sing,
And maidens and meadows are pleasant and gay.
Oh! the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country."

3. "No doubt, did I please, I could marry with ease;
Where maidens are fair many lovers will come:
But he whom I wed must be north-country bred,
And carry me back to my north-country home.
Oh! the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country."

# THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

*Poem and Music by* LEVERIDGE.
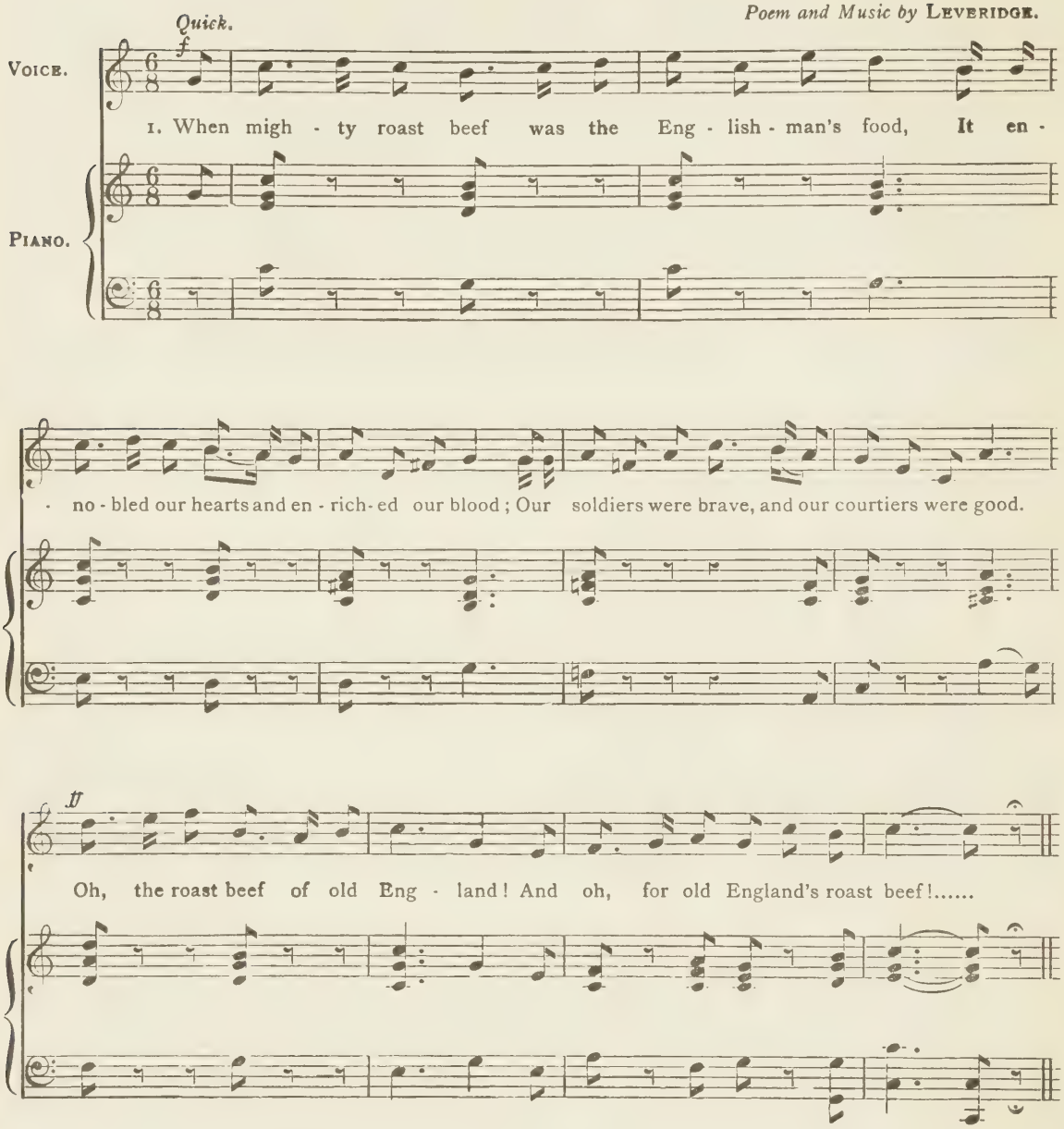
Quick.
f
Voice.
Piano.
1. When migh - ty roast beef was the Eng - lish - man's food, It en -
- no - bled our hearts and en - rich - ed our blood; Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good.
ff
Oh, the roast beef of old Eng - land! And oh, for old England's roast beef!.....

2.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept open house, with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song:
Oh, the roast beef, &c.

3.

In *those* days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back again;
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.
Oh, the roast beef, &c.

# A-HUNTING WE WILL GO.

*Poem by* FIELDING.

*Fast.* *mf* *18th century.*

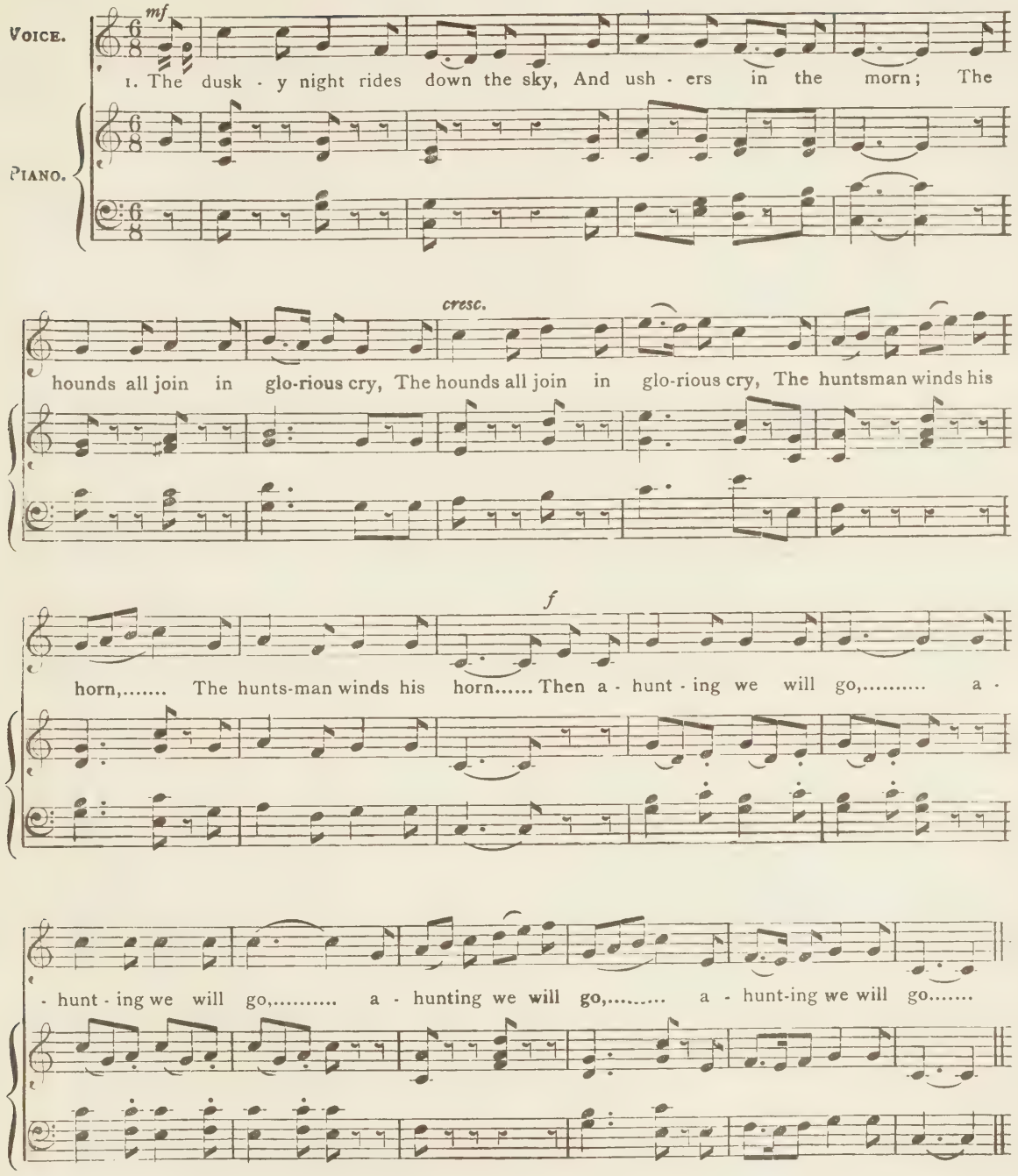
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. The dusk - y night rides down the sky, And ush - ers in the morn; The
cresc.
hounds all join in glo-rious cry, The hounds all join in glo-rious cry, The huntsman winds his
f
horn,..... The hunts-man winds his horn..... Then a - hunt - ing we will go,..... a -
- hunt - ing we will go,..... a - hunting we will go,..... a - hunt-ing we will go.....

2. The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay—
"My dear! it rains, it hails, it blows,
You cannot hunt to-day."
But a-hunting we will go, &c.

3. The uncavern'd fox like lightning flies,
His cunning's all awake,
To gain the race he eager tries,
His forfeit—life—the stake.
When a-hunting we do go, &c.

4. At length his strength to faintness worn,
The hounds arrest his flight,
Then hungry homeward we return,
To feast away the night.
So a-hunting we will go, &c.

# THE VICAR OF BRAY.

(THE COUNTRY GARDEN.)

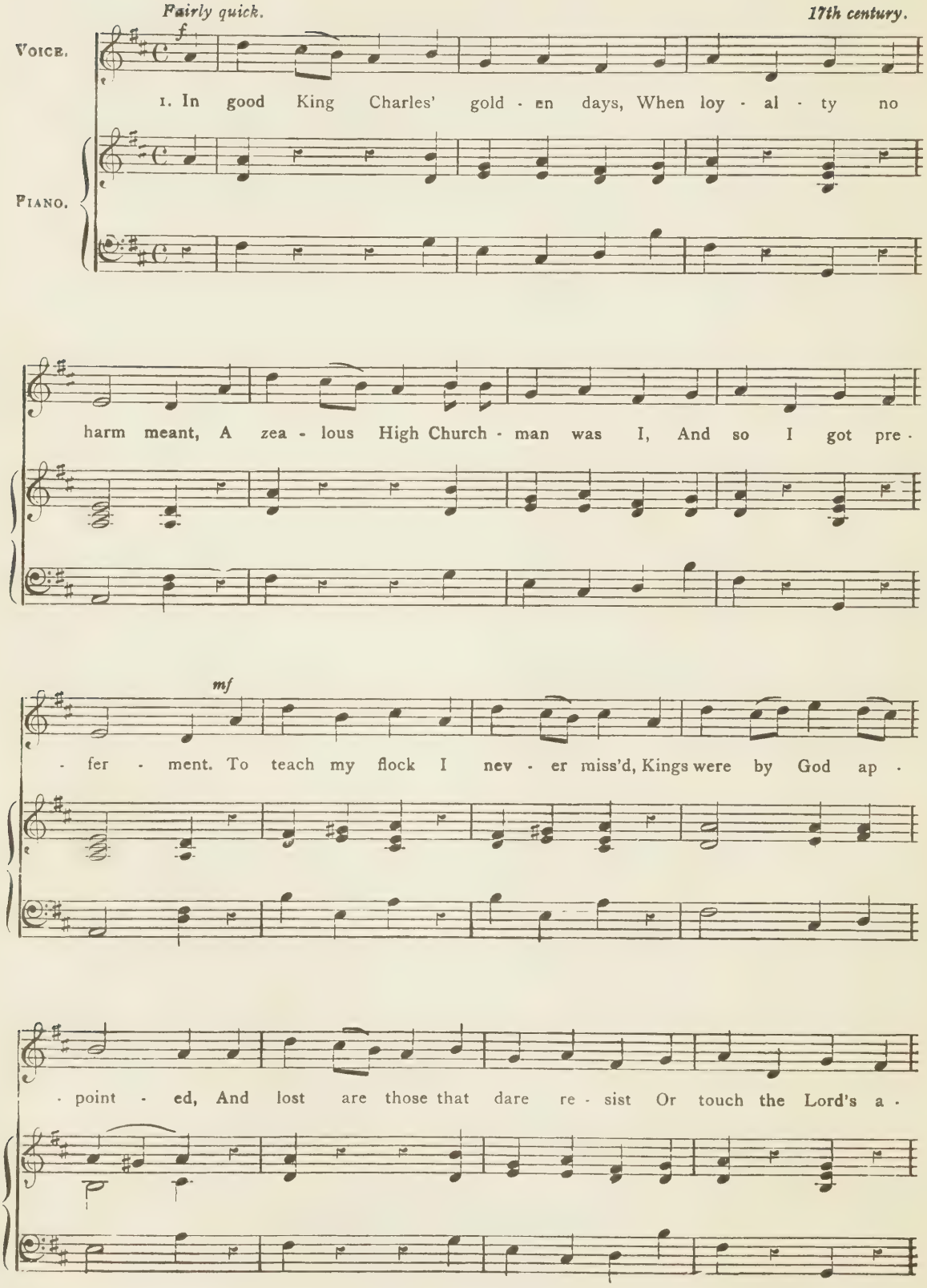
Fairly quick.
17th century.
f
Voice.
Piano.
1. In good King Charles' gold - en days, When loy - al - ty no
harm meant, A zea - lous High Church - man was I, And so I got pre -
mf
- fer - ment. To teach my flock I nev - er miss'd, Kings were by God ap -
- point - ed, And lost are those that dare re - sist Or touch the Lord's a -

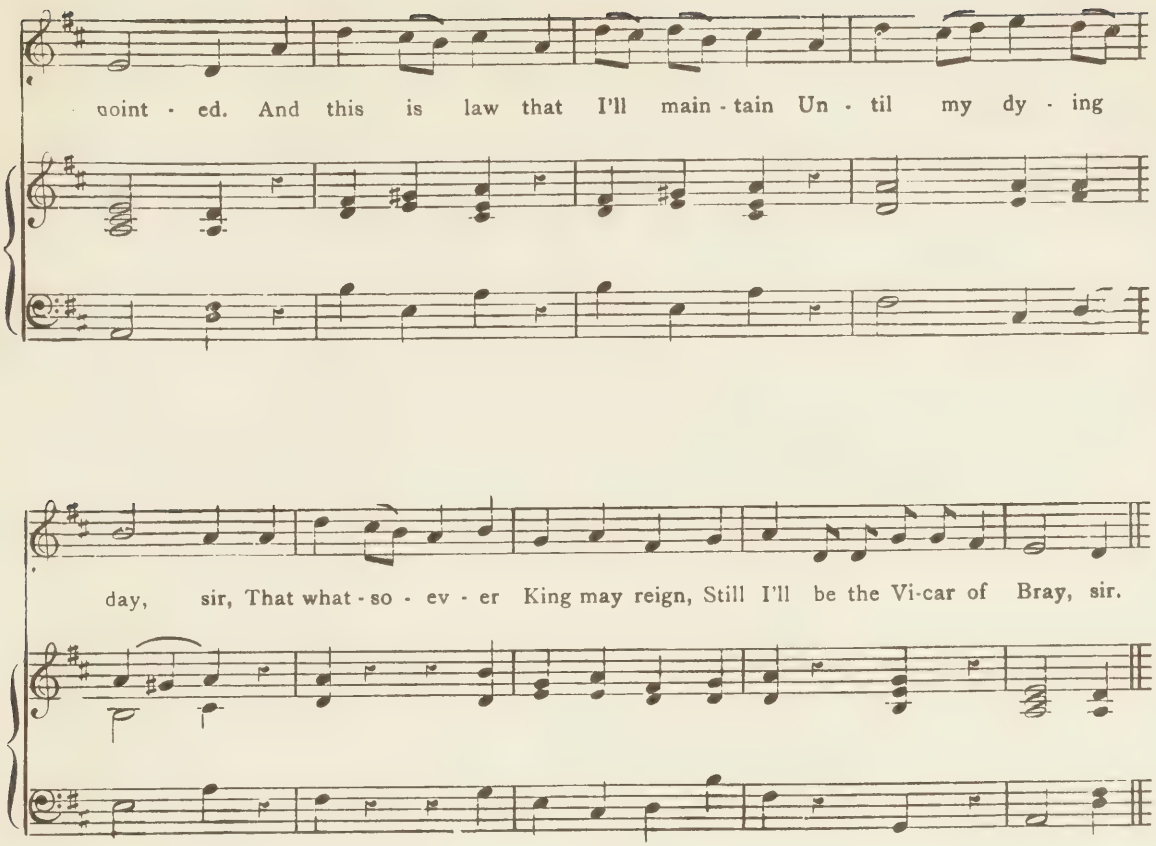
noint - ed. And this is law that I'll main - tain Un - til my dy - ing
day, sir, That what - so - ev - er King may reign, Still I'll be the Vi-car of Bray, sir.

2.

When royal James obtain'd the crown,
And Pop'ry came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration;
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.

And this is law, &c.

3.

When William was our King declar'd,
To ease a nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.

And this is law, &c.

4.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
I turned a cat-in-the-pan once more,
And so became a Whig, sir;
And thus preferment I procured
From our new Faith's defender,
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.

And this is law, &c.

5.

The illustrious house of Hanover
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear,—
While they can keep possession;
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be—
Until the times do alter.

And this is law, &c.

# COME, LASSES AND LADS.

*17th century.*

*Quickly and with spirit.*

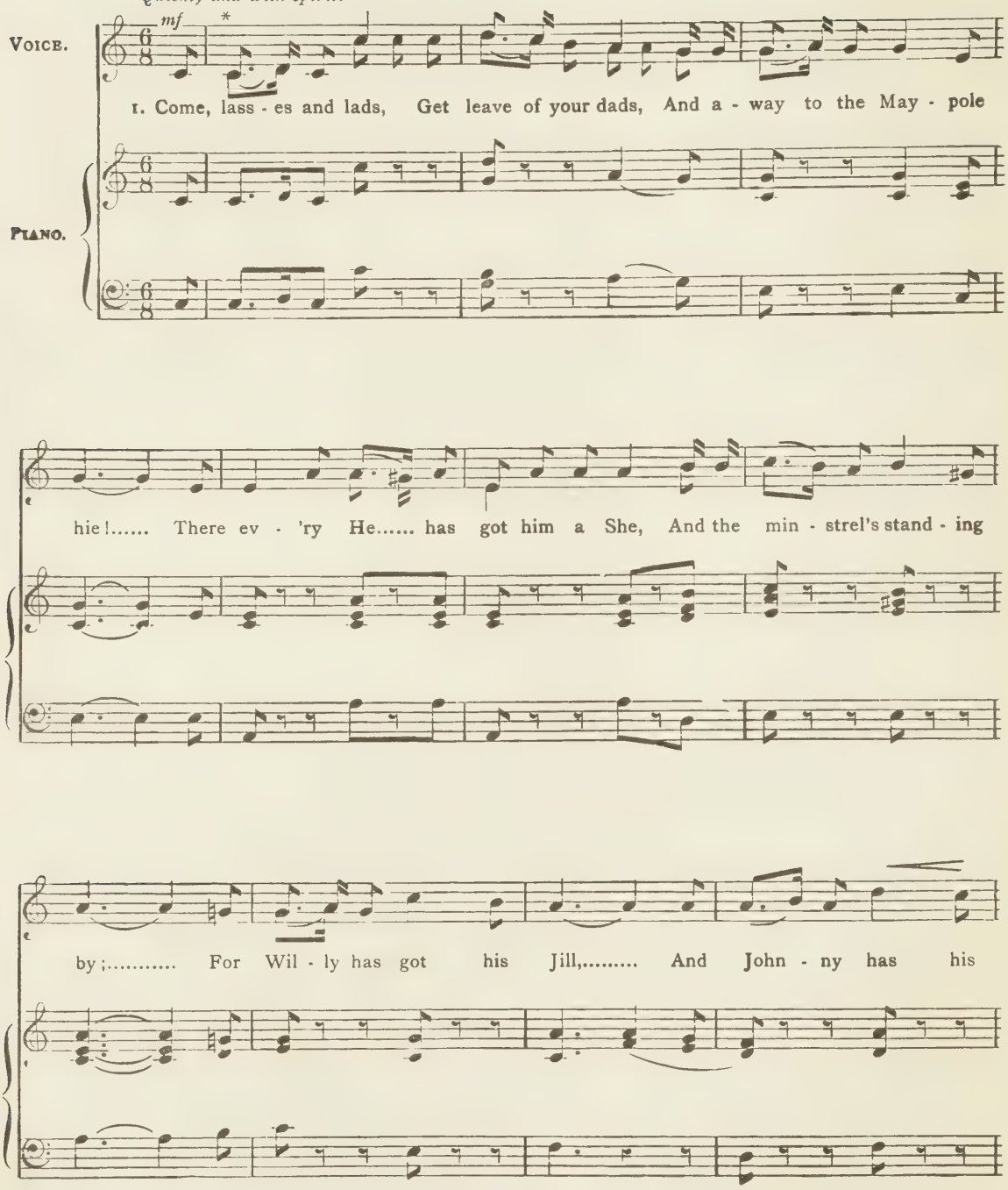
mf
*
Voice.
Piano.
1. Come, lass - es and lads, Get leave of your dads, And a - way to the May - pole
hie!..... There ev - 'ry He..... has got him a She, And the min - strel's stand - ing
by;..... For Wil - ly has got his Jill,..... And John - ny has his

** The attention of teachers should be especially given to the accurate rendering of the rhythm . The tendency is always to shorten the last quaver and lengthen the first, which destroys the character, and this should be corrected at once and the true rhythm insisted on until it is mastered.*

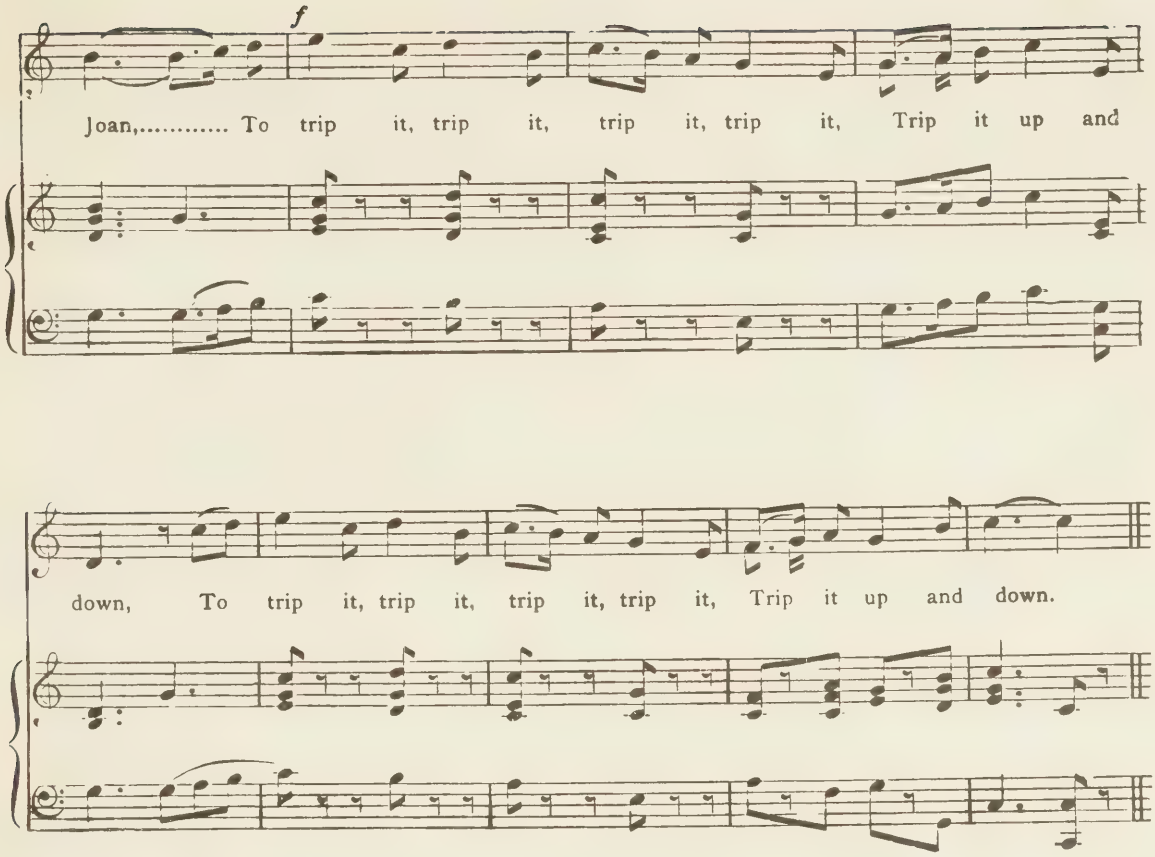


2.

"You're out," says Dick, "not I," says Nick,
"'Twas the fiddler played it wrong";
"'Tis true," says Hugh, and so says Sue,
And so says every one.
The fiddler then began
To play the tune again,
And every girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men.

3.

"Good-night," says Harry, "good-night," says Mary,
"Good-night," says Poll to John;
"Good-night," says Sue, to her sweetheart Hugh,
"Good-night," says ev'ry one.
Some walk'd and some did run,
Some loiter'd on the way,
And bound themselves, by kisses twelve,
To meet the next holiday.

# THE HAPPY CLOWN.

## (THE HAPPY FARMER.)

*Poem by* A. P. GRAVES. *18th century.*
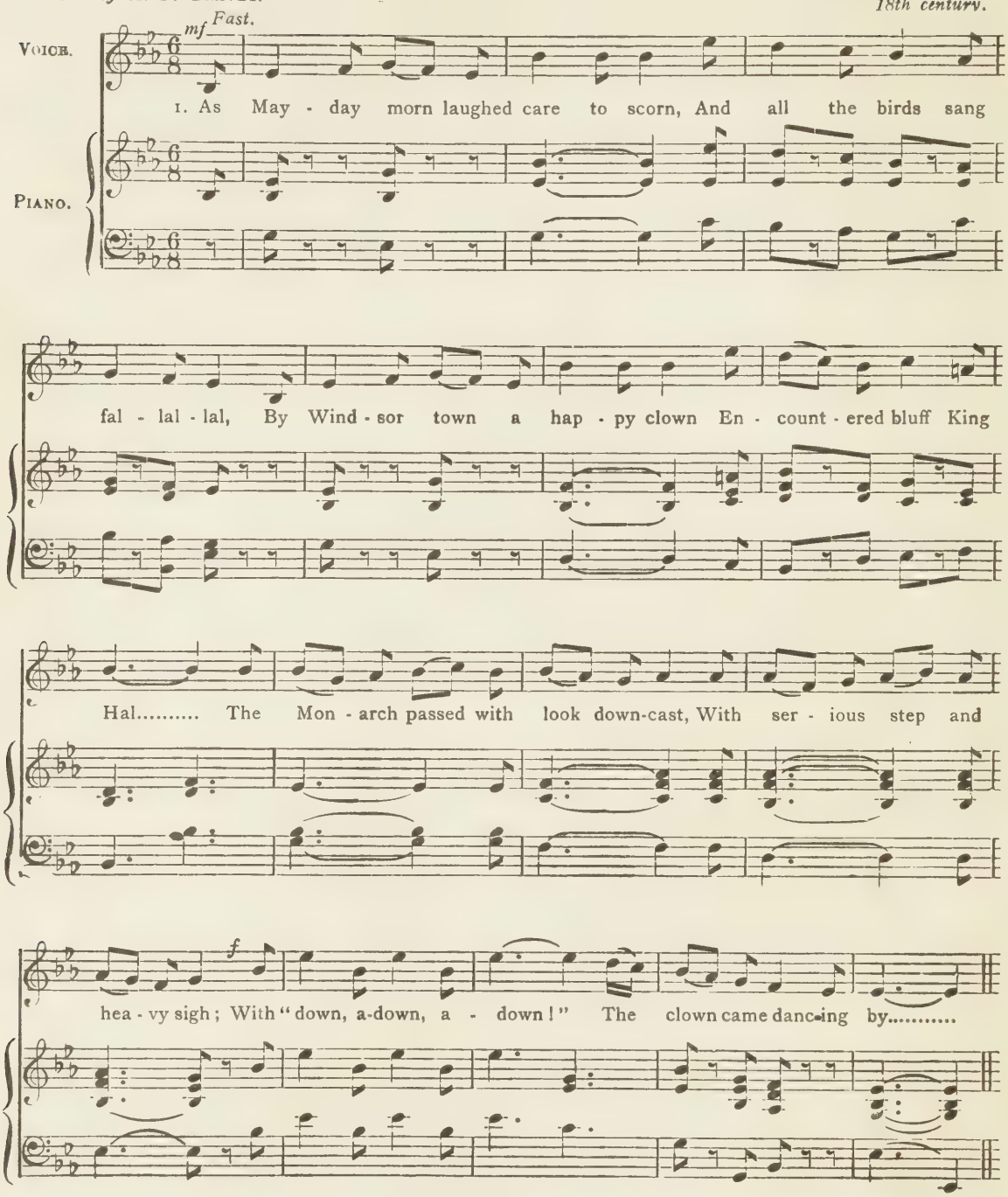
mf Fast.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. As May - day morn laughed care to scorn, And all the birds sang
fal - lal - lal, By Wind - sor town a hap - py clown En - count - ered bluff King
Hal..... The Mon - arch passed with look down-cast, With ser - ious step and
f
hea - vy sigh; With "down, a-down, a - down!" The clown came danc-ing by.....

2.

"Lord's sake, Lord's sake," the clown outspake,
"What death's-head knave is this, I pray,
That through our merry monarch's woods
Goes blackening the May?"
Thereat beguiled, King Harry smiled,
And joked him so from heel to crown
"Well done!" the jester cried,
"Thou should'st have been the clown!"

# TO THE MAYPOLE HASTE AWAY.

*Boldly and rather quick.* *Time of Queen Elizabeth.*
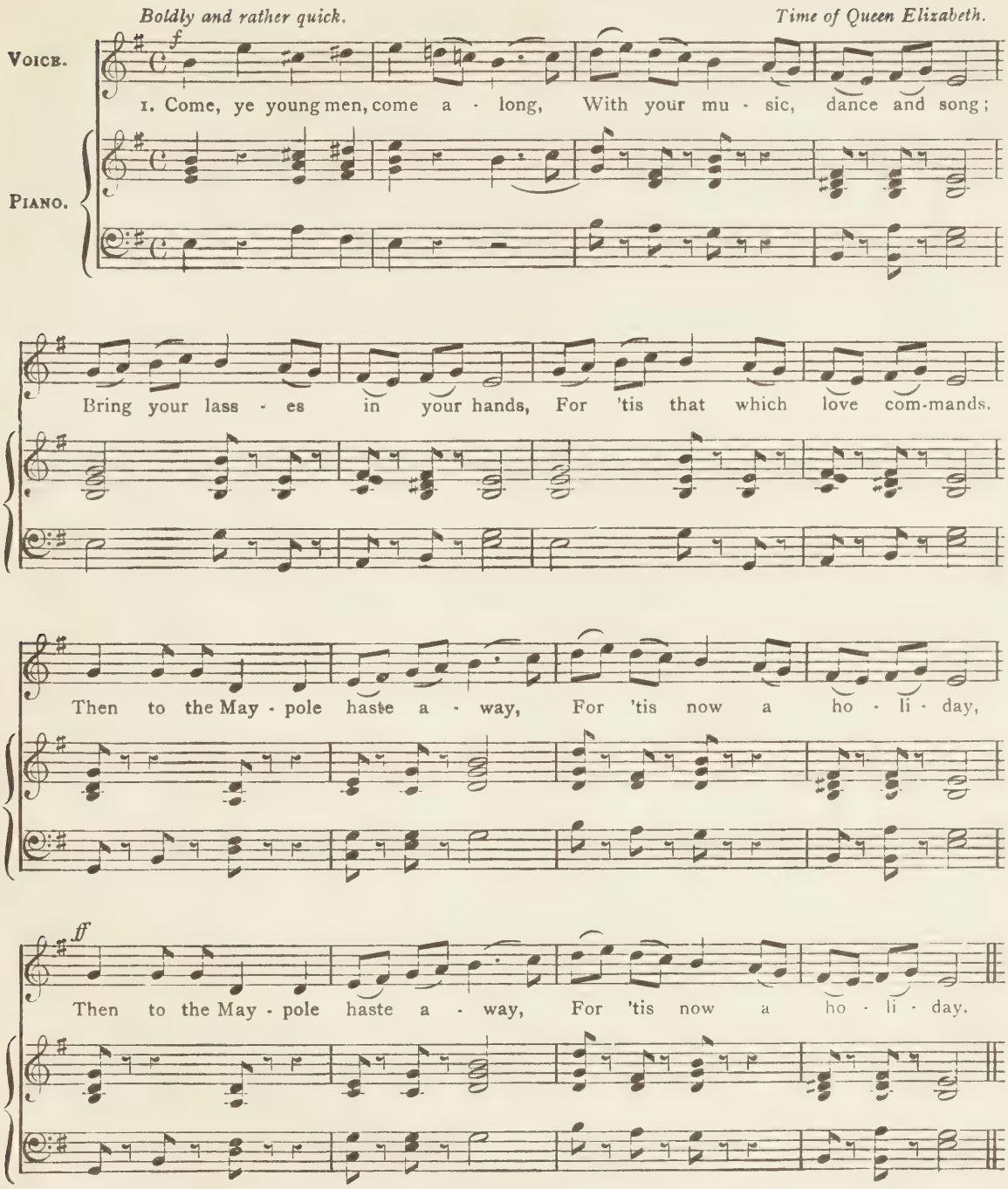
Voice.
Piano.
f
1. Come, ye young men, come a - long, With your mu - sic, dance and song;
Bring your lass - es in your hands, For 'tis that which love com-mands.
Then to the May - pole haste a - way, For 'tis now a ho - li - day,
ff
Then to the May - pole haste a - way, For 'tis now a ho - li - day.

2.

'Tis the choice time of the year,
For the violets now appear:
Now the rose receives its birth,
And pretty primrose decks the earth
Then to the Maypole, &c.

3.

When you thus have spent your time,
Till the day be past its prime,
To your beds repair at night,
And dream there of your day's delight.
Then to the Maypole, &c.

# THE MERMAID.
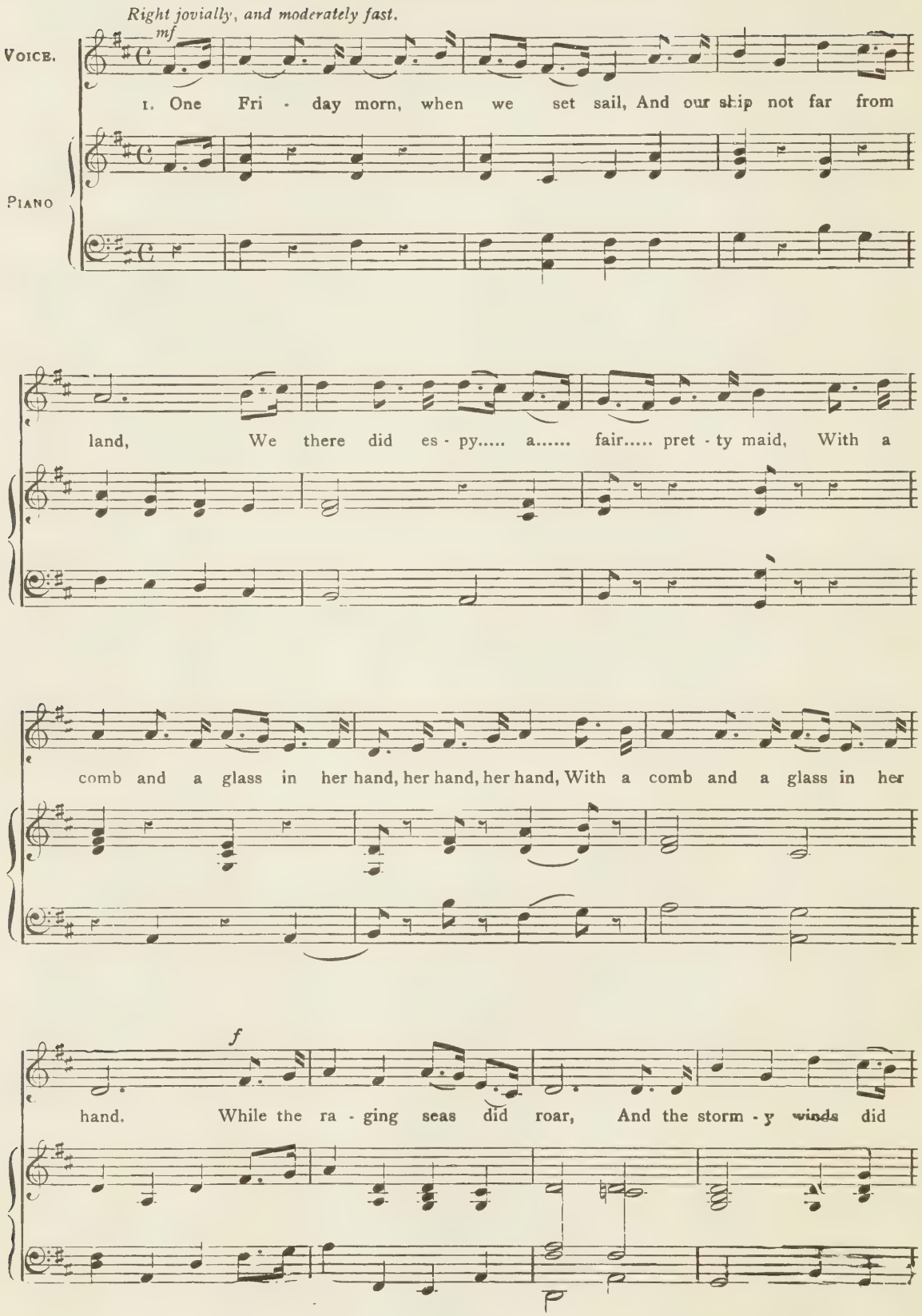
Right jovially, and moderately fast.
mf
Voice.
Piano
1. One Fri - day morn, when we set sail, And our ship not far from
land, We there did es - py..... a..... fair..... pret - ty maid, With a
comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand, With a comb and a glass in her
f
hand. While the ra - ging seas did roar, And the storm - y winds did

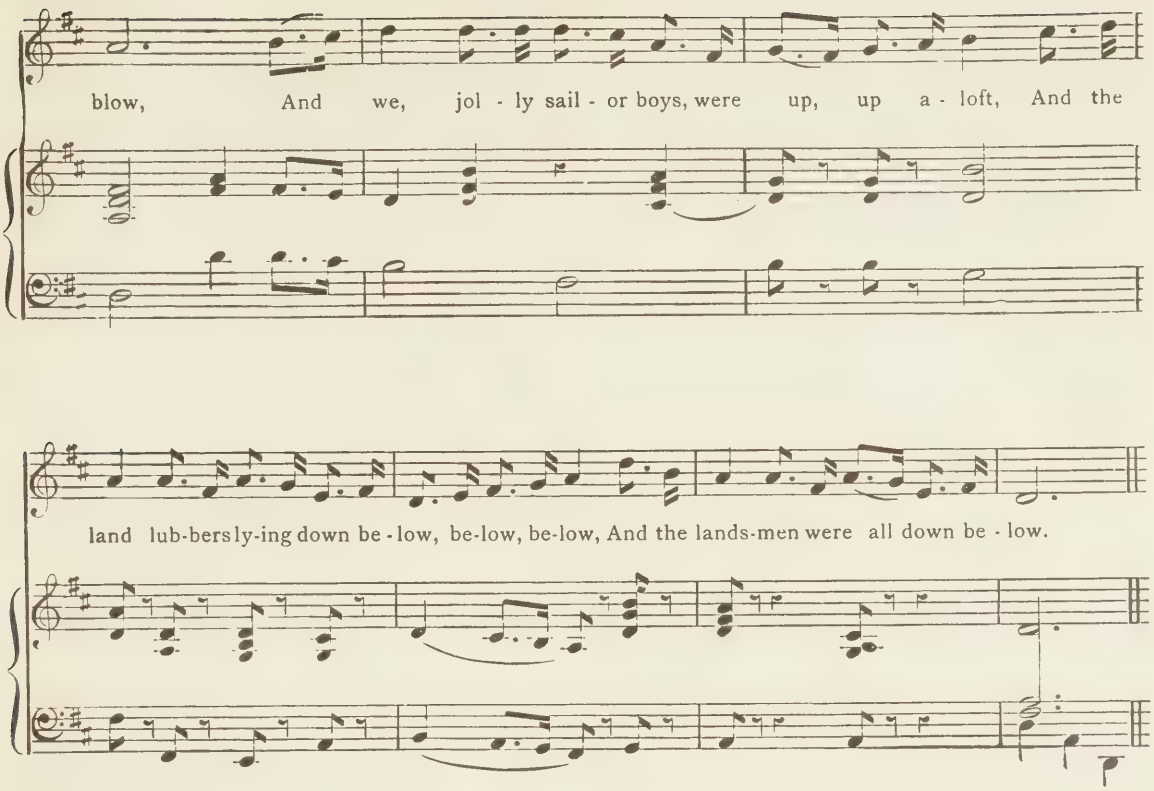
blow, And we, jol - ly sail - or boys, were up, up a - loft, And the
land lub-bers ly-ing down be - low, be-low, be-low, And the lands-men were all down be - low.

2.

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
Who at once did our peril see,
"I have married a wife in fair London town,
And this night she a widow will be."

For the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
And we, jolly sailor boys, were up, up aloft,
And the land lubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the landsmen were all down below.

3.

And then up spoke the little cabin boy,
And a fair hair'd boy was he;
"I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth town,
And this night they will weep for me."

For the raging seas, &c.

4.

Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she;
For the want of a lifeboat they both went down,
As she sunk to the bottom of the sea."

For the raging seas, &c.

# THE SPRING IS COMING.

*Poem by* G. MACFARREN.

*In moderate time.* *About 1700.*
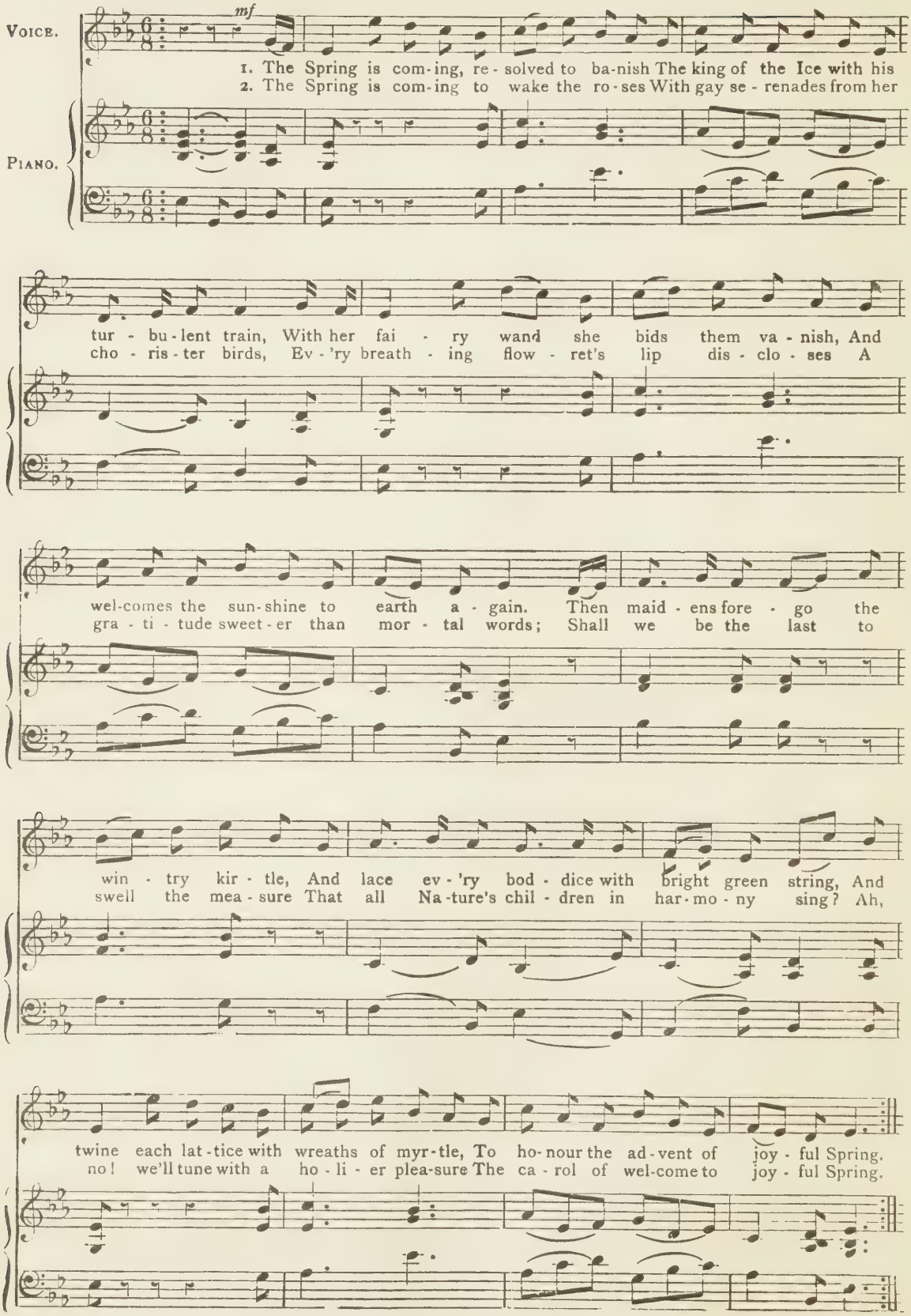
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. The Spring is com-ing, re-solved to ba-nish The king of the Ice with his
2. The Spring is com-ing to wake the ro-ses With gay se-renades from her
tur-bu-lent train, With her fai-ry wand she bids them va-nish, And
cho-ris-ter birds, Ev-'ry breath-ing flow-ret's lip dis-clo-ses A
wel-comes the sun-shine to earth a-gain. Then maid-ens fore-go the
gra-ti-tude sweet-er than mor-tal words; Shall we be the last to
win-try kir-tle, And lace ev-'ry bod-dice with bright green string, And
swell the mea-sure That all Na-ture's chil-dren in har-mo-ny sing? Ah,
twine each lat-tice with wreaths of myr-tle, To ho-nour the ad-vent of joy-ful Spring,
no! we'll tune with a ho-li-er plea-sure The ca-rol of wel-come to joy-ful Spring.

# THE BAY OF BISCAY.

*Poem by* ANDREW CHERRY.

*Moderately quick.* *Music by* DAVY.

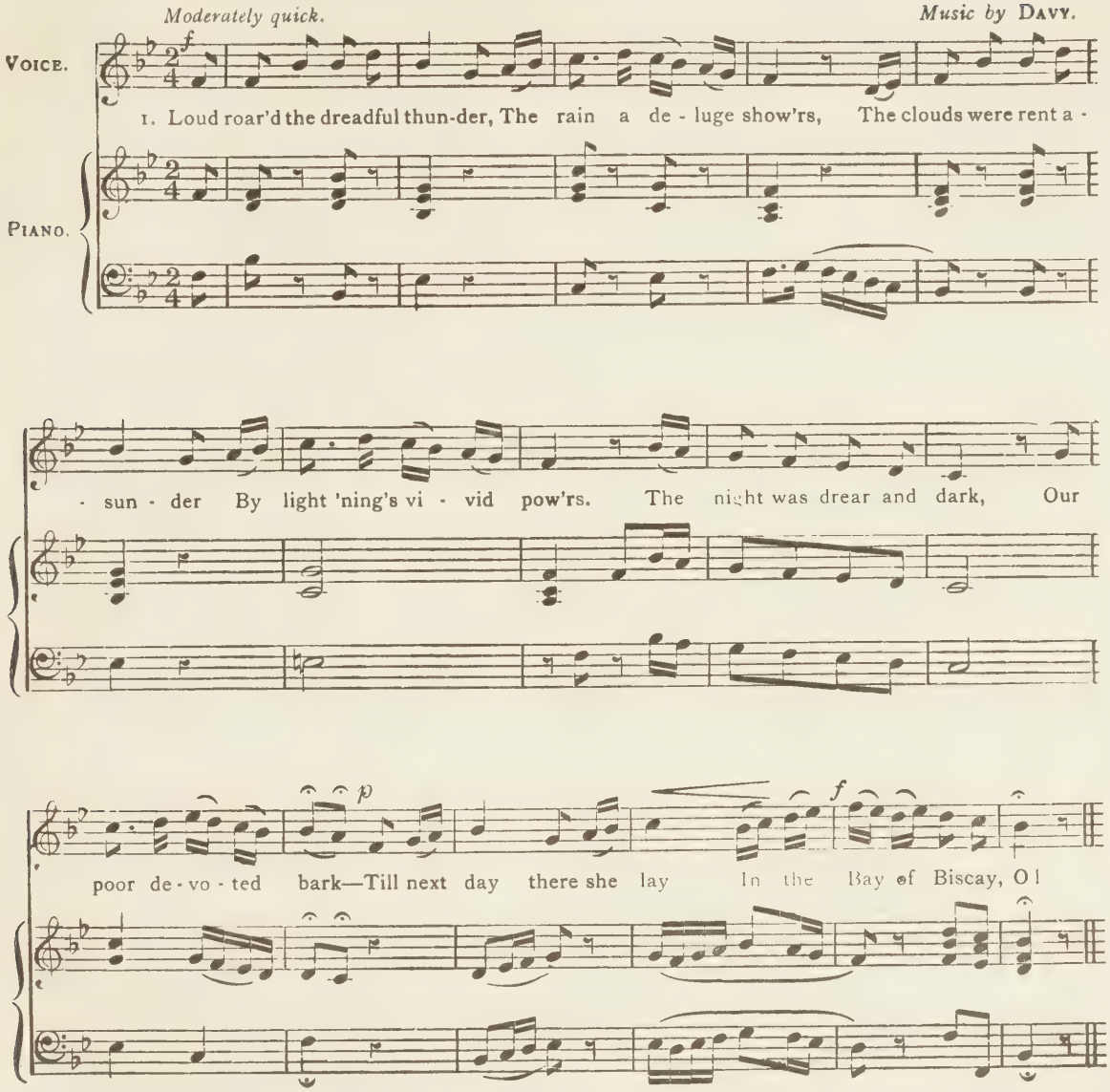
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
1. Loud roar'd the dreadful thun-der, The rain a de - luge show'rs, The clouds were rent a -
- sun - der By light 'ning's vi - vid pow'rs. The night was drear and dark, Our
p
poor de - vo - ted bark—Till next day there she lay In the Bay of Biscay, O!
f

2.

Now dash'd upon the billow,
Her op'ning timbers creak,
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak.
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay till next day
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

3.

At length the wish'd-for morrow
Broke thro' the hazy sky,
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heav'd a bitter sigh.
The dismal wreck to view
Struck horror in the crew,
As she lay all that day
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

4.

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When Heav'n, all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent.
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers,
Now we sail, with the gale.
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

# UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

*17th century.*

*Moderately quick and gaily.*

*mf*

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. In sum - mer time, when flow'rs do spring, And birds sit on each tree,..... Let

lords and knights say what they will, There's none so mer - ry as we :..... There's

Tom with Nell, who bears the bell, And Wil - ly with pret - ty Bet - ty, O

*f*

how they skip it, ca - per and trip it, Un - der the green-wood tree..... In

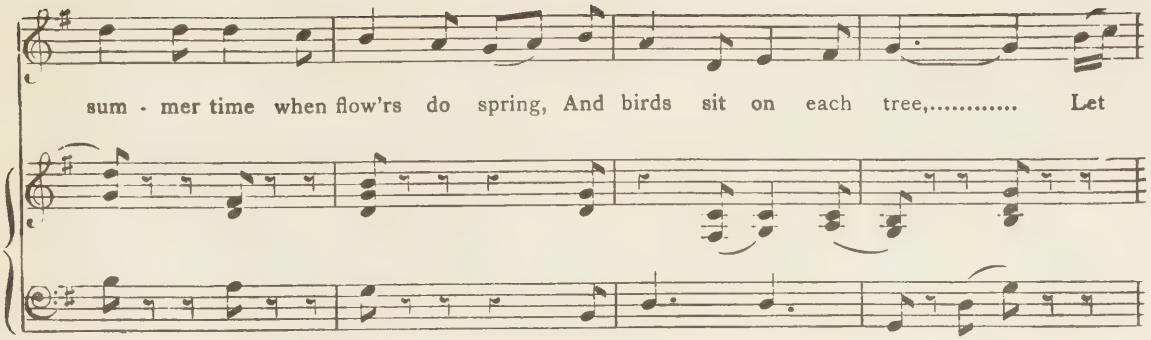


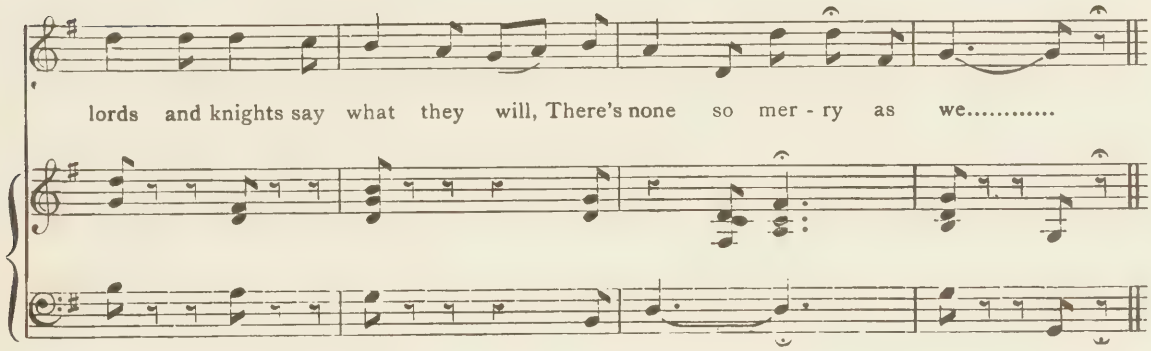


2.

My lord's son must not be forgot,
So full of merry jest,
He laughs to see the girls, I wot,
And jumps it with the rest:
No time is spent with more content
In camp or court or city,
So long as we skip it, frisk and trip it,
Under the greenwood tree.

In summer time, &c.

3.

Our music is a little pipe
That can so sweetly play,
We hire old Hal from Whitsuntide
Till latter Lammas day:
On high days and on holy days
After ev'ning pray'r comes he,
And then we do skip it, caper and trip it,
Under the greenwood tree.

In summer time, &c.

4.

We oft go to Sir William's ground,—
And a rich old cub is he,
And there we dance around, around,
But never a penny we see:
When the day is spent, with one consent,
Again we all agree
To caper and skip it, trample and trip it,
Under the greenwood tree.

In summer time, &c.

# HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY.

*17th century.*

*In moderately quick time.*

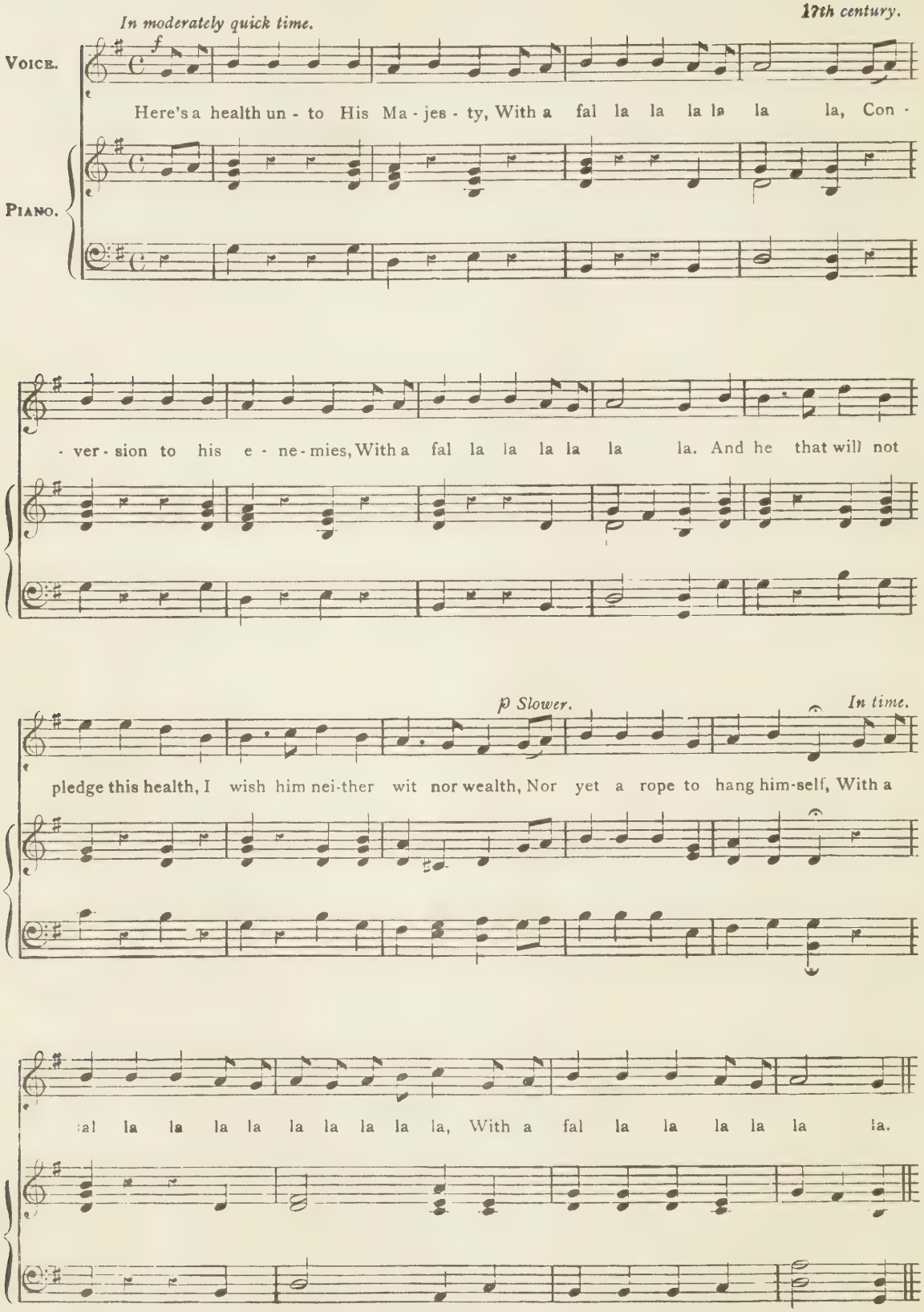
Voice.
Piano.
f
Here's a health un - to His Ma - jes - ty, With a fal la la la la la la, Con -
- ver - sion to his e - ne - mies, With a fal la la la la la la. And he that will not
p Slower.
In time.
pledge this health, I wish him nei-ther wit nor wealth, Nor yet a rope to hang him-self, With a
:al la la la la la la la la la, With a fal la la la la la la.

# TOM BOWLING.

*Rather slow.* *Words and music by* DIBDIN.

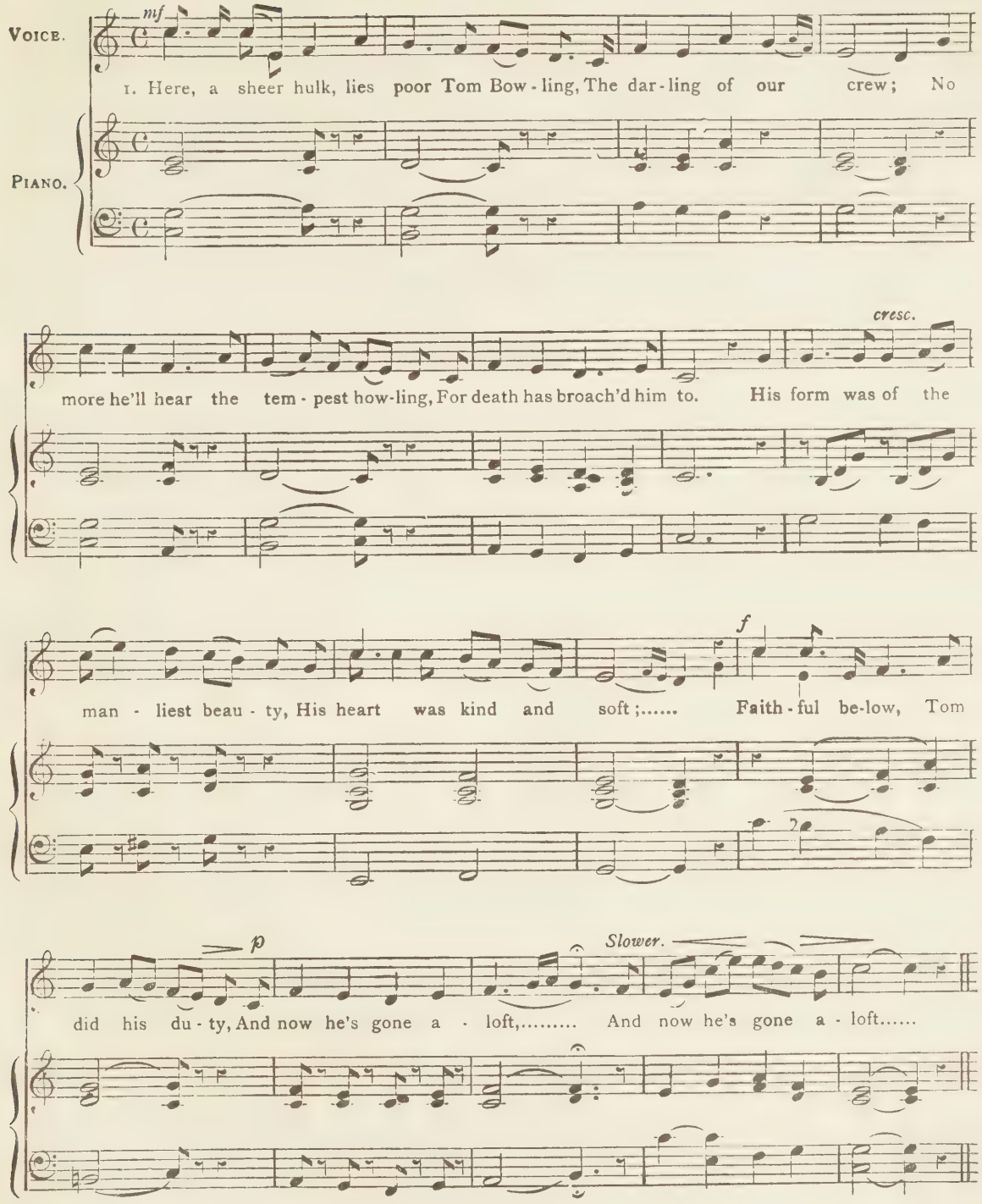
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
1. Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bow-ling, The dar-ling of our crew; No
cresc.
more he'll hear the tem-pest how-ling, For death has broach'd him to. His form was of the
f
man-liest beau-ty, His heart was kind and soft;..... Faith-ful be-low, Tom
p
Slower.
did his du-ty, And now he's gone a-loft,..... And now he's gone a-loft.....

2.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare:
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

3.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands:
Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life hath doff'd,
For though his body's under hatches
His soul is gone aloft.

# HOPE, THE HERMIT.

TUNE, "LADY FRANCES NEVILL'S DELIGHT."

*Poem by* JOHN OXENFORD.

*Boldly, and in moderate time.*

*17th century.*

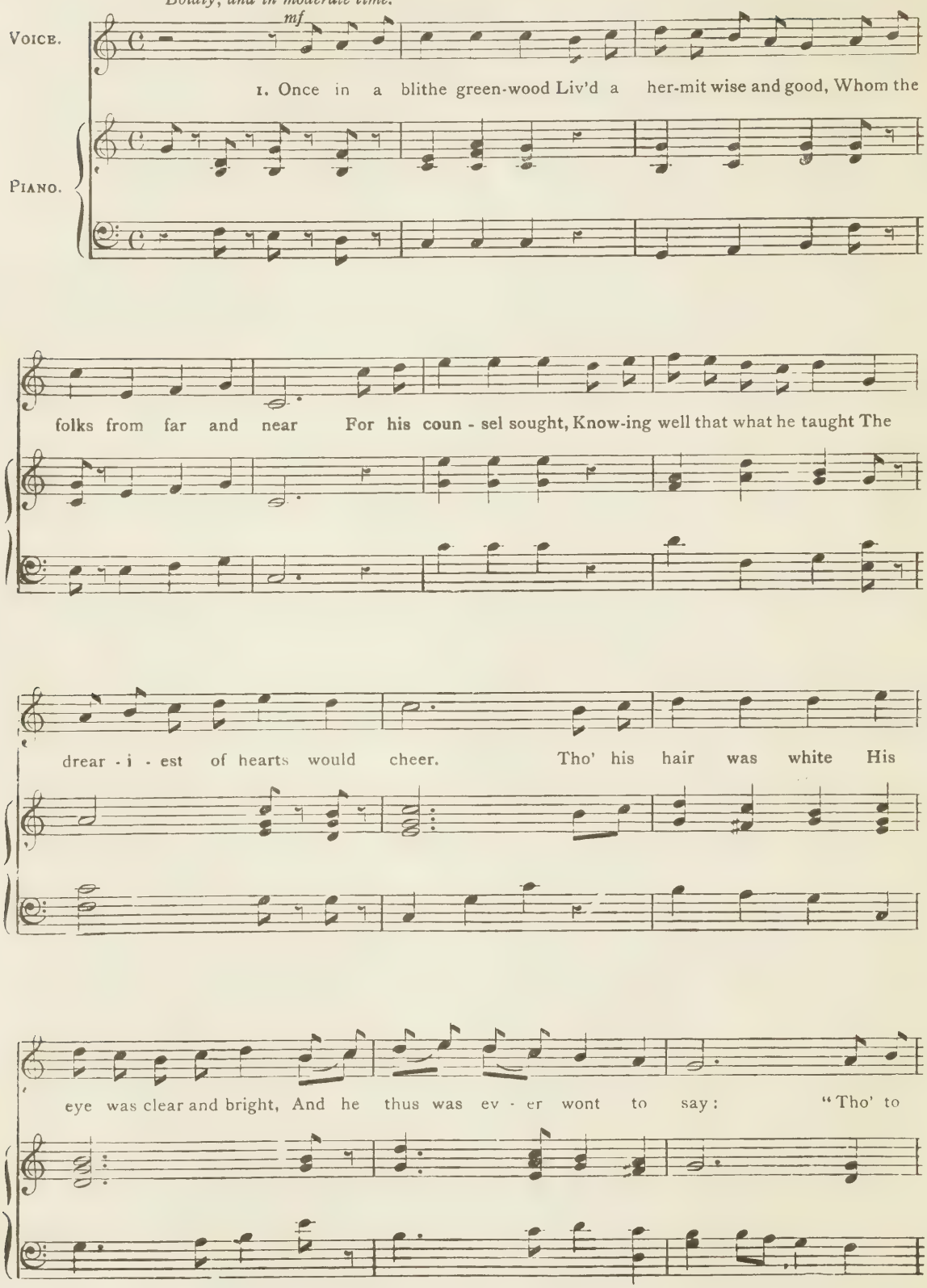
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
1. Once in a blithe green-wood Liv'd a her-mit wise and good, Whom the
folks from far and near For his coun - sel sought, Know-ing well that what he taught The
drear - i - est of hearts would cheer. Tho' his hair was white His
eye was clear and bright, And he thus was ev - er wont to say: "Tho' to

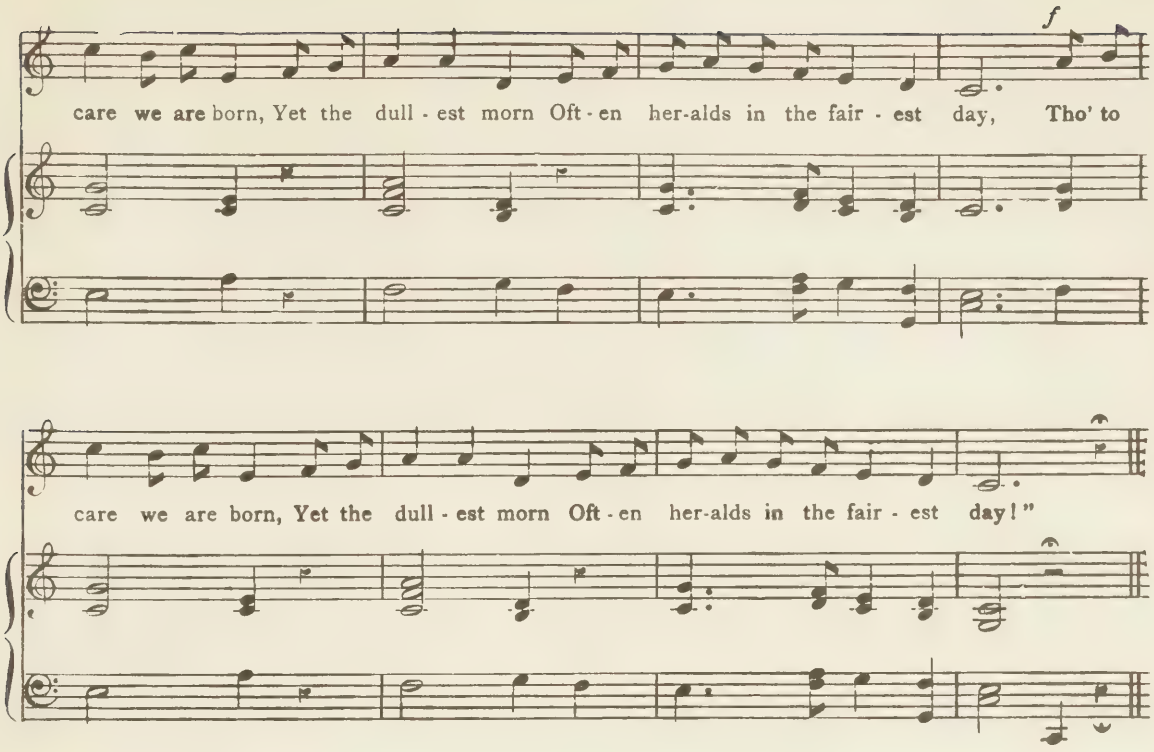
f
care we are born, Yet the dull - est morn Oft - en her-alds in the fair - est day, Tho' to
care we are born, Yet the dull - est morn Oft - en her-alds in the fair - est day!"

2.

"The very longest lane
Has a turning, it is plain,
E'en the blackest clouds will fly;
And what can't be cur'd
Must with patience be endur'd;
As cheaply can we laugh as cry."
And the people gaz'd,
At words so deep amaz'd,
While the Sage went on to say:
"Though to care we are born,
Yet the dullest morn
Often heralds in the fairest day!"

"Though to care we are born," &c.

3.

Pray, is the hermit dead?
From the forest has he fled?
No, he lives to counsel all
Who an ear will lend
To their wisest, truest friend,
And Hope the hermit's name they call;
Still he sits, I ween,
'Mid branches ever green,
And cheerly you may hear him say:
"Though to care we are born,
Yet the dullest morn
Often heralds in the fairest day:'

"Though to care we are born," &c.

# SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.

*Poem by* SHAKESPEARE. *Music by* R. J. S. STEVENS.

*Moderately quick.*

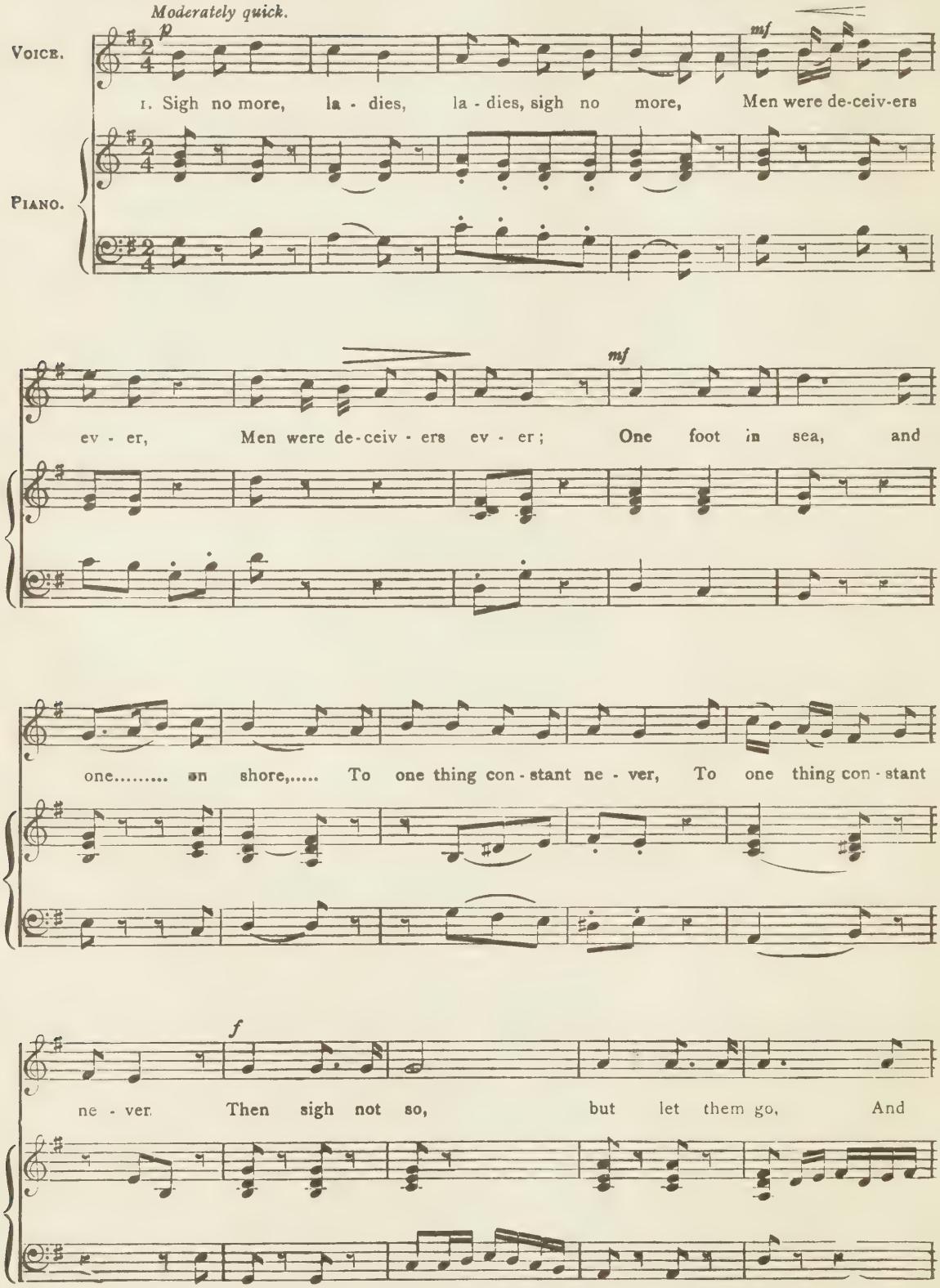
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
mf
1. Sigh no more, la - dies, la - dies, sigh no more, Men were de-ceiv-ers
ev - er, Men were de-ceiv - ers ev - er; One foot in sea, and
one..... on shore,..... To one thing con - stant ne - ver, To one thing con - stant
f
ne - ver. Then sigh not so, but let them go, And

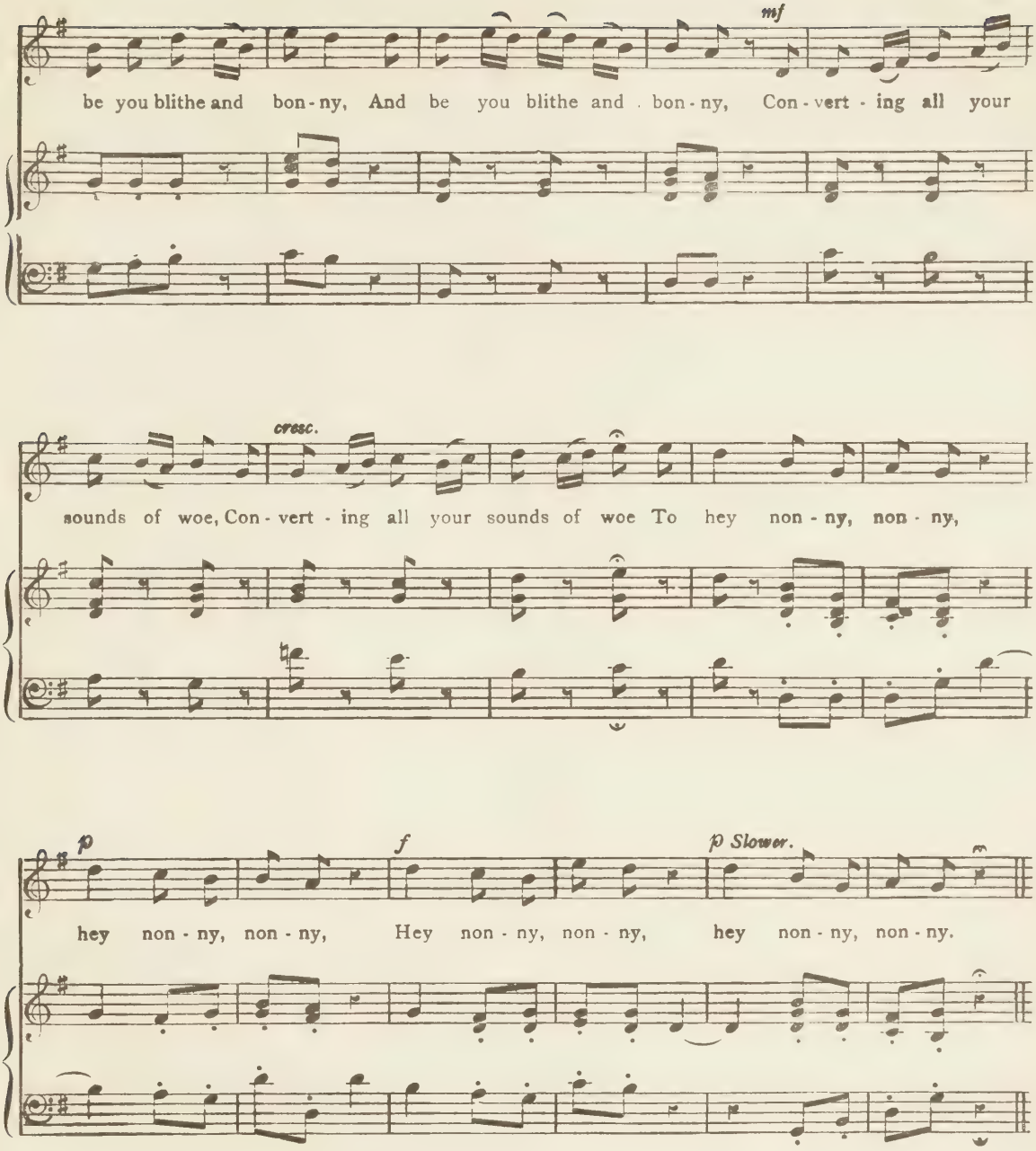
mf
be you blithe and bon - ny, And be you blithe and bon - ny, Con - vert - ing all your
cresc.
sounds of woe, Con - vert - ing all your sounds of woe To hey non - ny, non - ny,
p
hey non - ny, non - ny,
f
Hey non - ny, non - ny,
p Slower.
hey non - ny, non - ny.

2.

Sing no more ditties, ladies, sing no more,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
To hey nonny, nonny.

# YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

*Poem by* CAMPBELL.

*With spirit and not too slow.*

*Music by* DR. CALLCOTT.

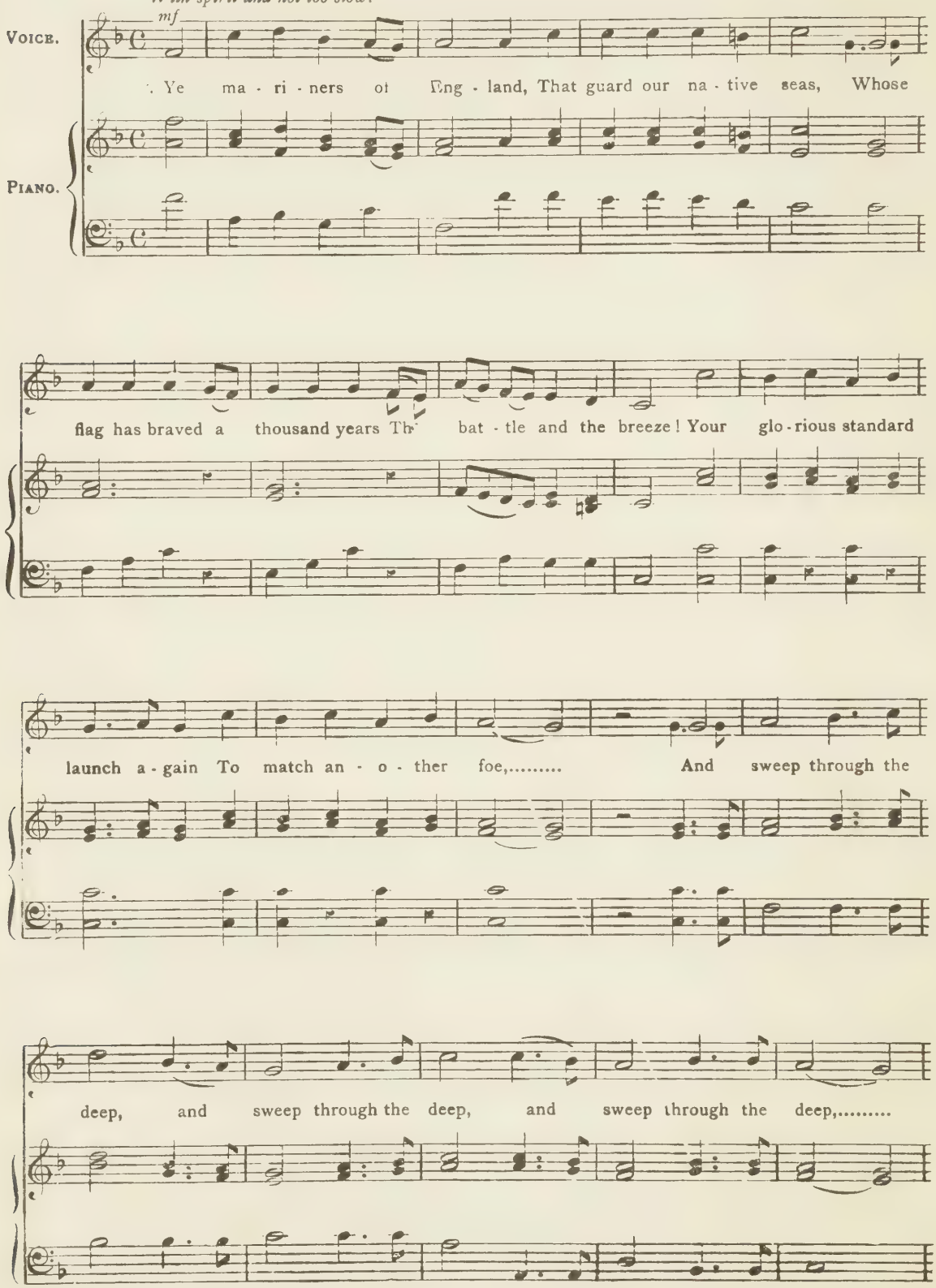
mf
Voice.
Piano.
Ye ma - ri - ners of Eng - land, That guard our na - tive seas, Whose
flag has braved a thousand years Th' bat - tle and the breeze! Your glo - rious standard
launch a - gain To match an - o - ther foe,..... And sweep through the
deep, and sweep through the deep, and sweep through the deep,.....

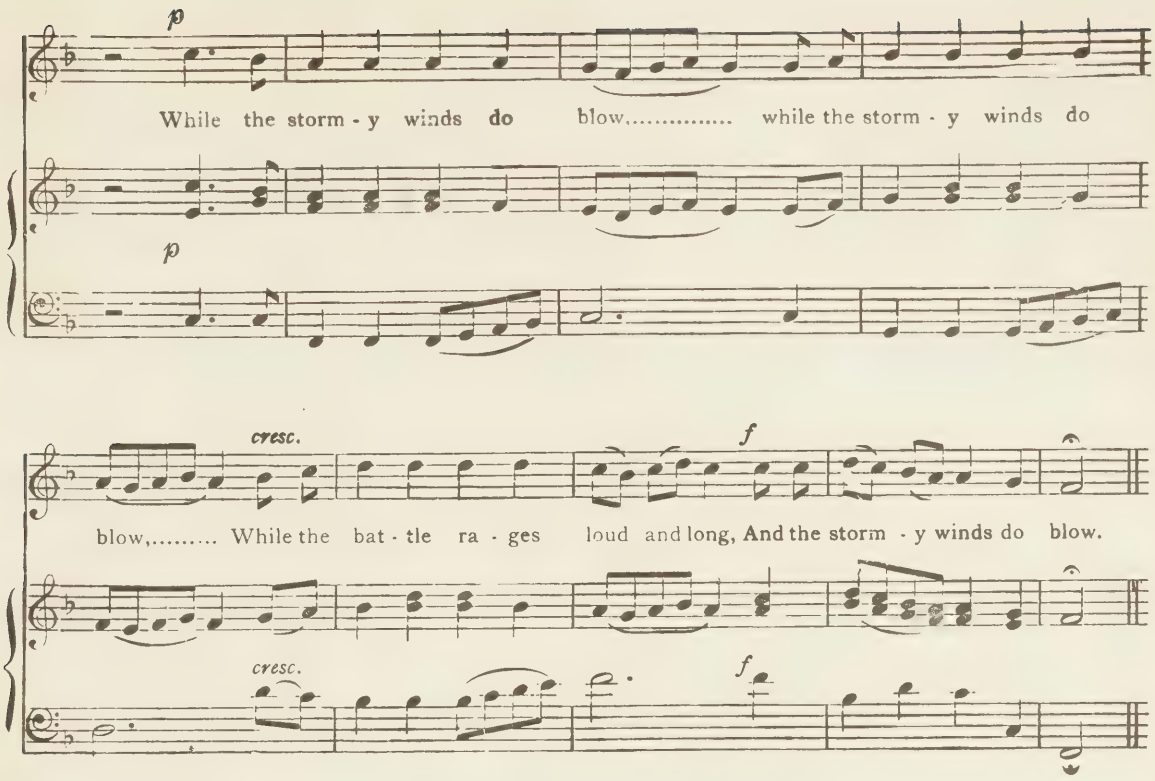
p
While the storm - y winds do blow,..... while the storm - y winds do
p
cresc.
f
blow,..... While the bat - tle ra - ges loud and long, And the storm - y winds do blow.
cresc.
f

2.

The spirit of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long.
And the stormy winds do blow.

3.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow,
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

4

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

# DULCE DOMUM.

*17th century.*

*Moderate time, and smoothly.*

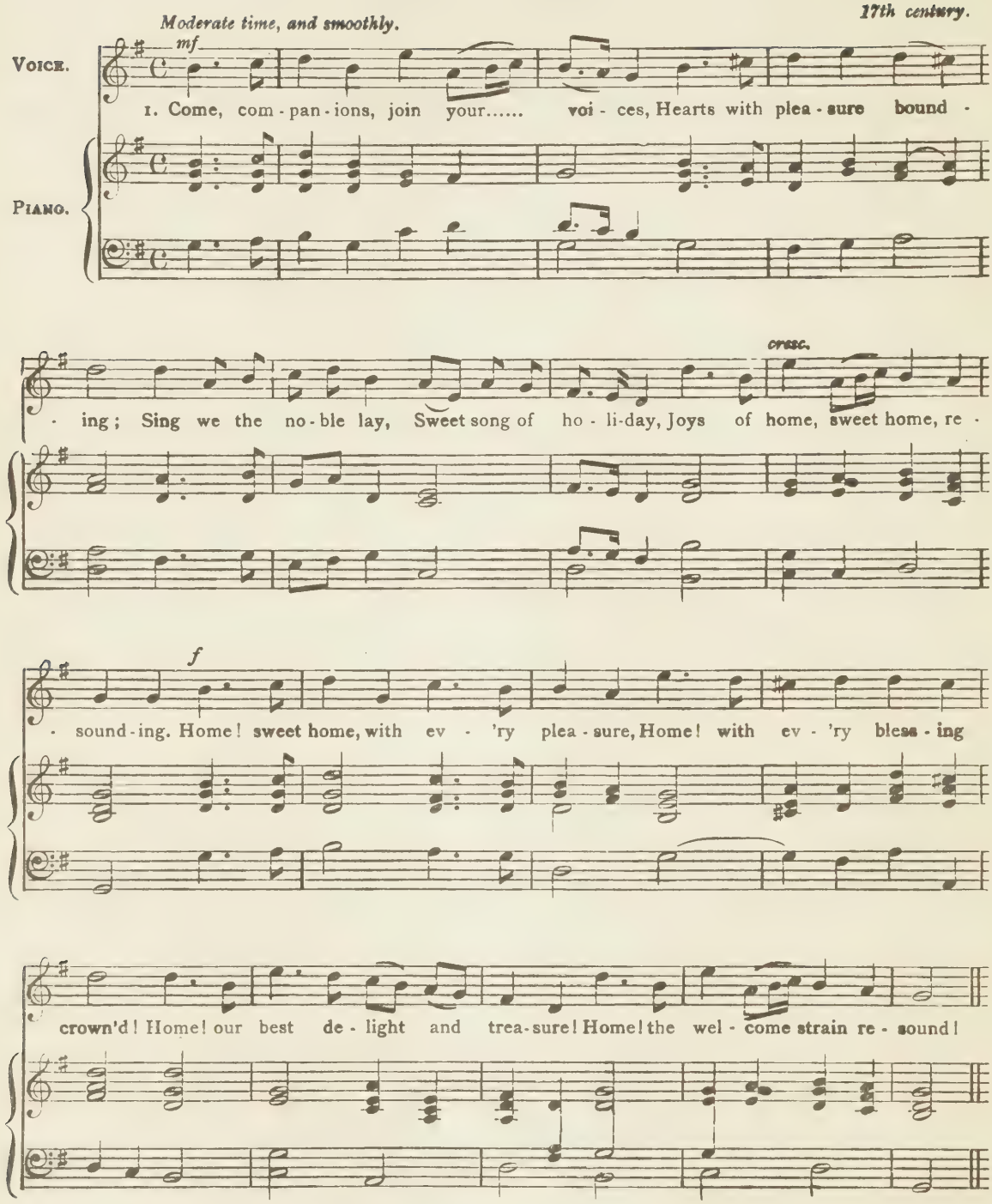
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. Come, com - pan - ions, join your..... voi - ces, Hearts with plea - sure bound -
cresc.
- ing; Sing we the no - ble lay, Sweet song of ho - li-day, Joys of home, sweet home, re -
f
- sound - ing. Home! sweet home, with ev - 'ry plea - sure, Home! with ev - 'ry bless - ing
crown'd! Home! our best de - light and trea - sure! Home! the wel - come strain re - sound!

2.

Quit, my weary muse, your labours.
Quit your books and learning;
Banish all cares away,
Welcome the holiday,
Hearts for home and freedom yearning.
Home! sweet home, with ev'ry pleasure,
Home! with ev'ry blessing crown'd!
Home! our best delight and treasure!
Home! the welcome strain resound!

# FAREWELL, MANCHESTER.

## (FELTON'S GAVOTTE.)

*Poem by* JOHN OXENFORD.

*Charles Stuart's Farewell in 1745.*

*In moderate time and smoothly.*

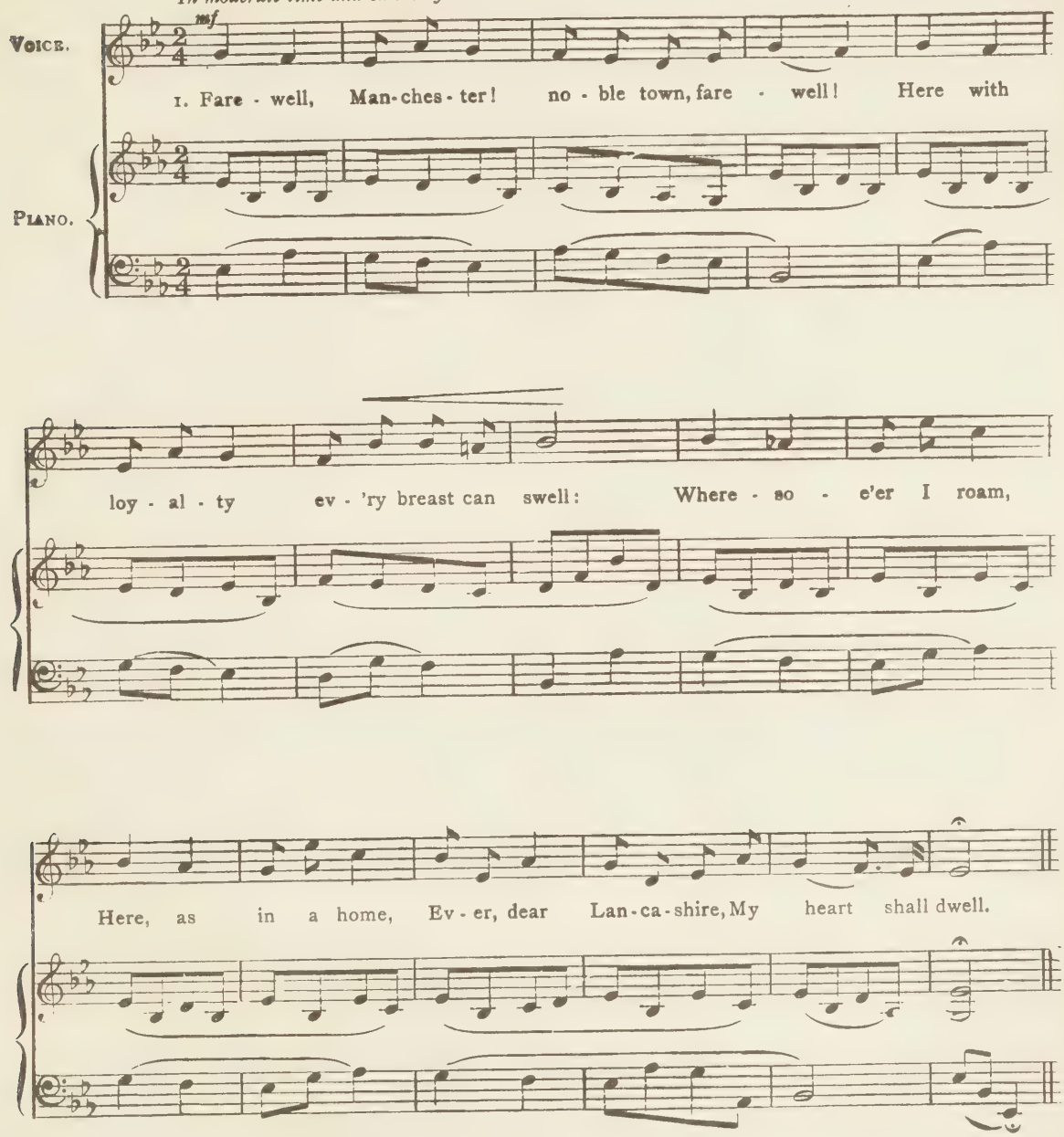
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
1. Fare - well, Man-ches - ter! no - ble town, fare - well! Here with
loy - al - ty ev - 'ry breast can swell: Where - so - e'er I roam,
Here, as in a home, Ev - er, dear Lan - ca - shire, My heart shall dwell.

2.

Farewell, Manchester! sadly I depart,
Tear-drops bodingly from their prison start;
Though I toil anew
Shadows to pursue,
Shadows vain—thou'lt remain
Within my heart.

# PRETTY POLLY OLIVER.

*Poem by* A. P. GRAVES.

*In moderate time.*

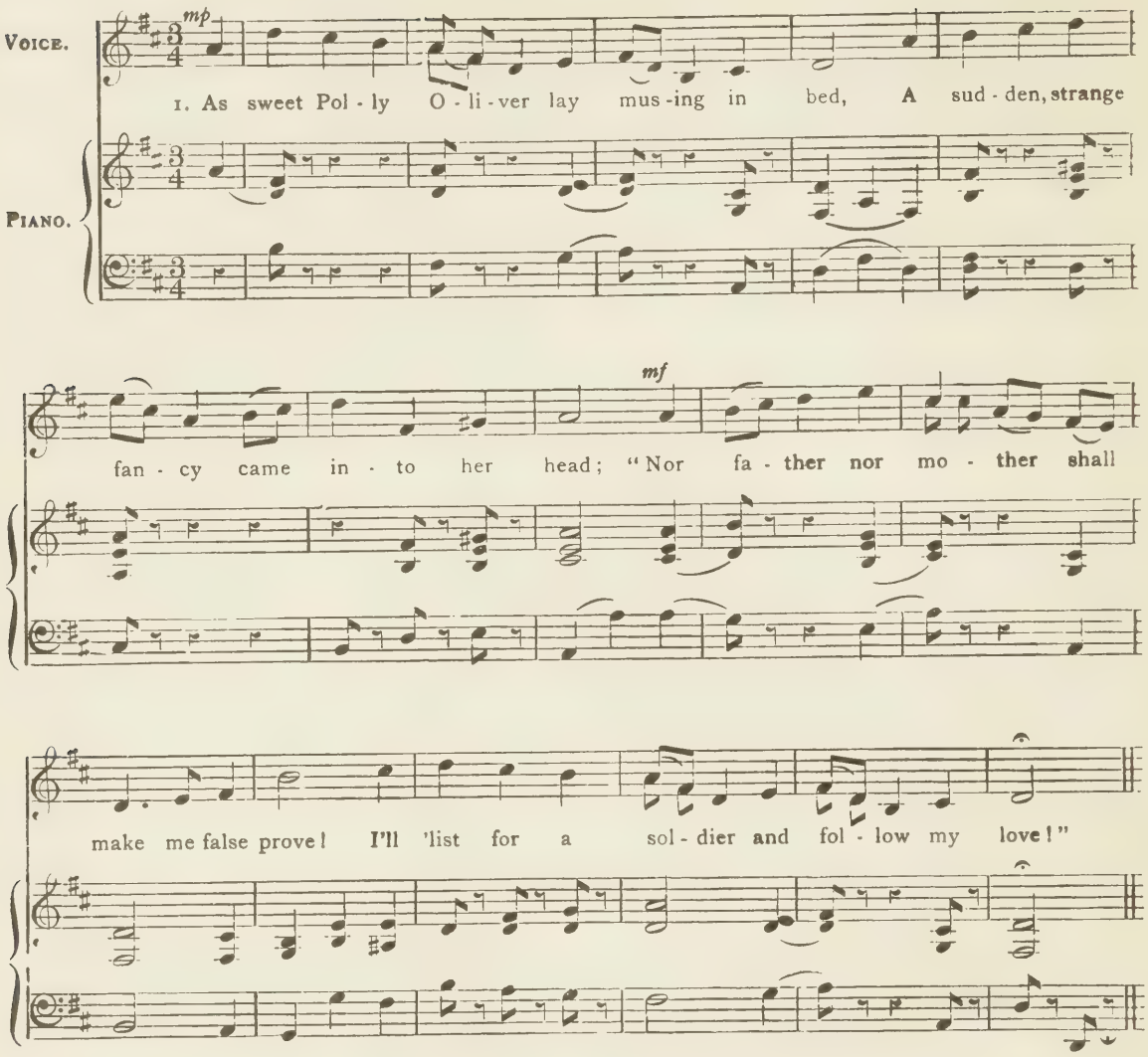
VOICE.
PIANO.
mp
1. As sweet Pol - ly O - li - ver lay mus - ing in bed, A sud - den, strange
mf
fan - cy came in - to her head; "Nor fa - ther nor mo - ther shall
make me false prove! I'll 'list for a sol - dier and fol - low my love!"

2.

So early next morning she softly arose,
And dressed herself up in her dead brother's clothes;
She cut her hair close and she stained her face brown.
And went for a soldier to fair London town.

3.

Then up spake the sergeant one day at his drill:
"Now who's good for nursing? a Captain lies ill!"
"I'm ready," said Polly: to nurse him she's gone,
And finds 'tis her true love all wasted and wan.

4.

The first week the doctor kept shaking his head:
"No nursing, young fellow, can save him," he said.
But when Polly Oliver had nursed back his life,
He cried, "You have cherished him as if you were his wife!"

5.

Oh then Polly Oliver she burst into tears,
And told the good doctor her hopes and her fears;
And very soon after, for better for worse,
The Captain took joyfully his pretty soldier nurse!

# HEART OF OAK.

*Poem by* DAVID GARRICK.

*In moderate time.*

*Music by* DR. BOYCE.

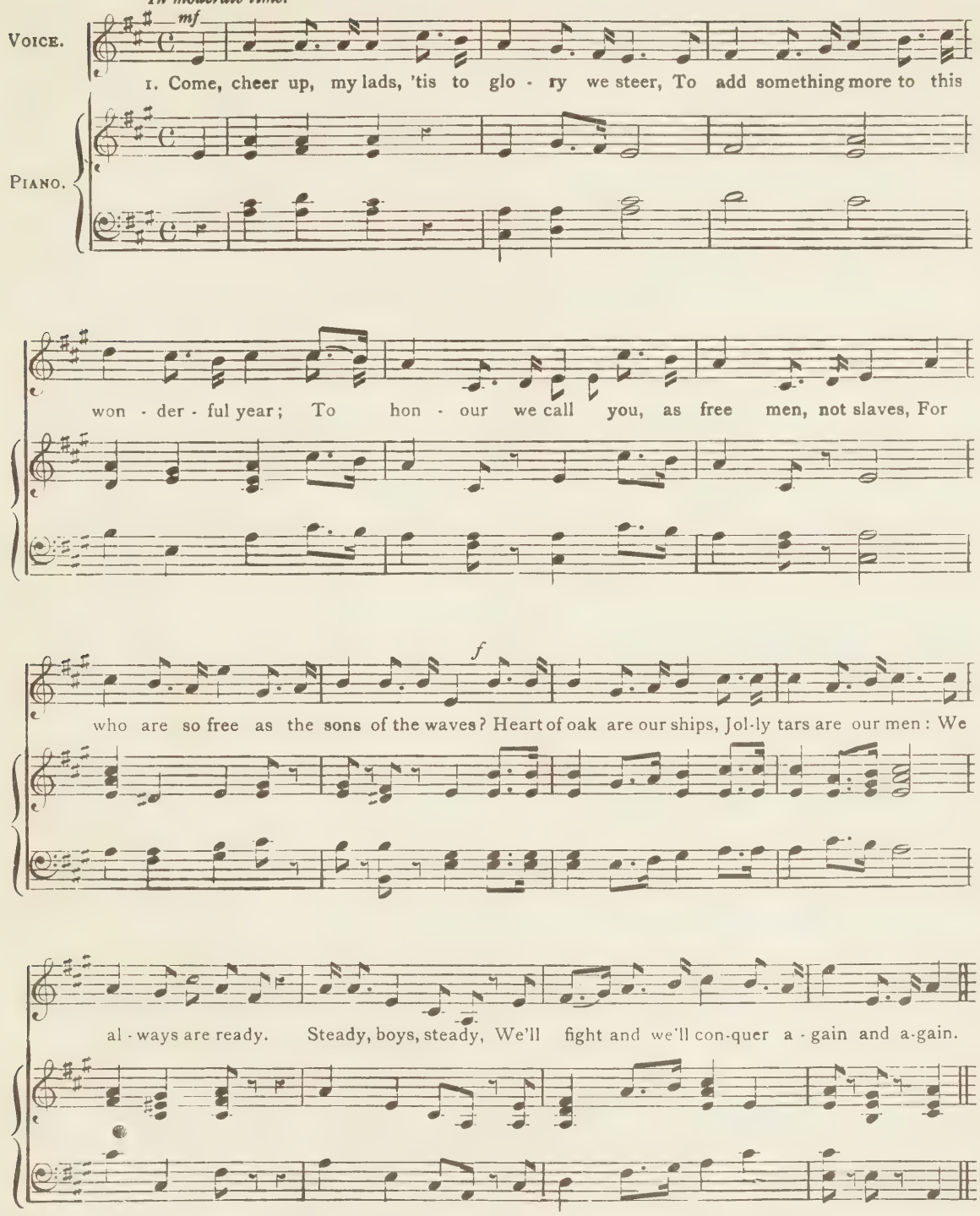
VOICE.
mf
1. Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glo - ry we steer, To add something more to this
PIANO.
won - der - ful year; To hon - our we call you, as free men, not slaves, For
f
who are so free as the sons of the waves? Heart of oak are our ships, Jol-ly tars are our men: We
al - ways are ready. Steady, boys, steady, We'll fight and we'll con-quer a - gain and a-gain.

2.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay;
They never see us but they wish us away:
If they run, why, we follow, and run them ashore,
For, if they won't fight us, what can we do more?
Heart of oak, &c.

3.

We'll still make them fear, and we'll still make them flee,
And drub 'em on shore, as we've drubb'd 'em at sea:
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen and king.
Heart of oak, &c.

# JOAN, TO THE MAYPOLE.

*17th century*

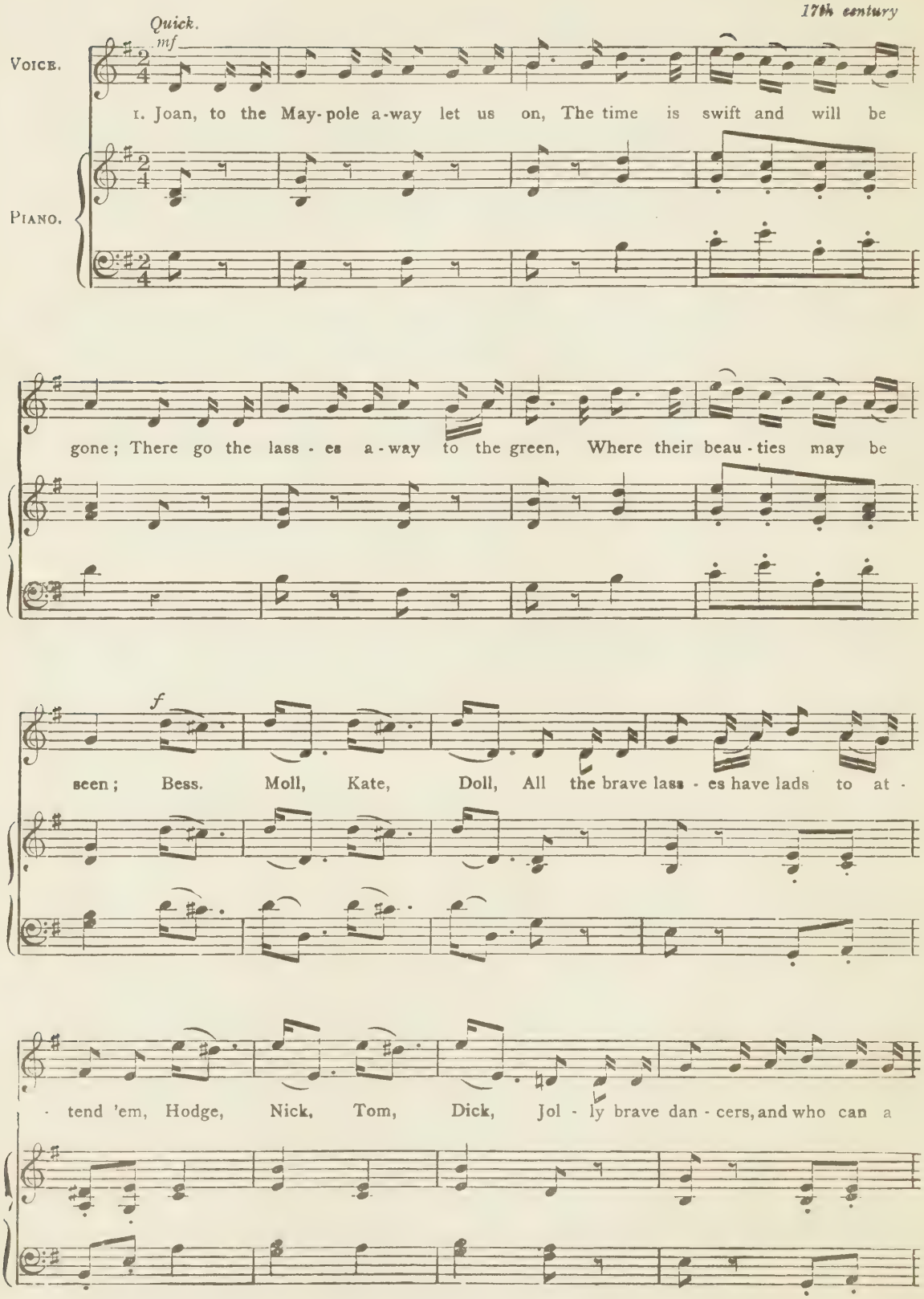
Quick.
mf
Voice.
Piano.
1. Joan, to the May-pole a-way let us on, The time is swift and will be
gone; There go the lass-es a-way to the green, Where their beau-ties may be
f
seen; Bess. Moll, Kate, Doll, All the brave lass-es have lads to at-
-tend 'em, Hodge, Nick, Tom, Dick, Jol-ly brave dan-cers, and who can a

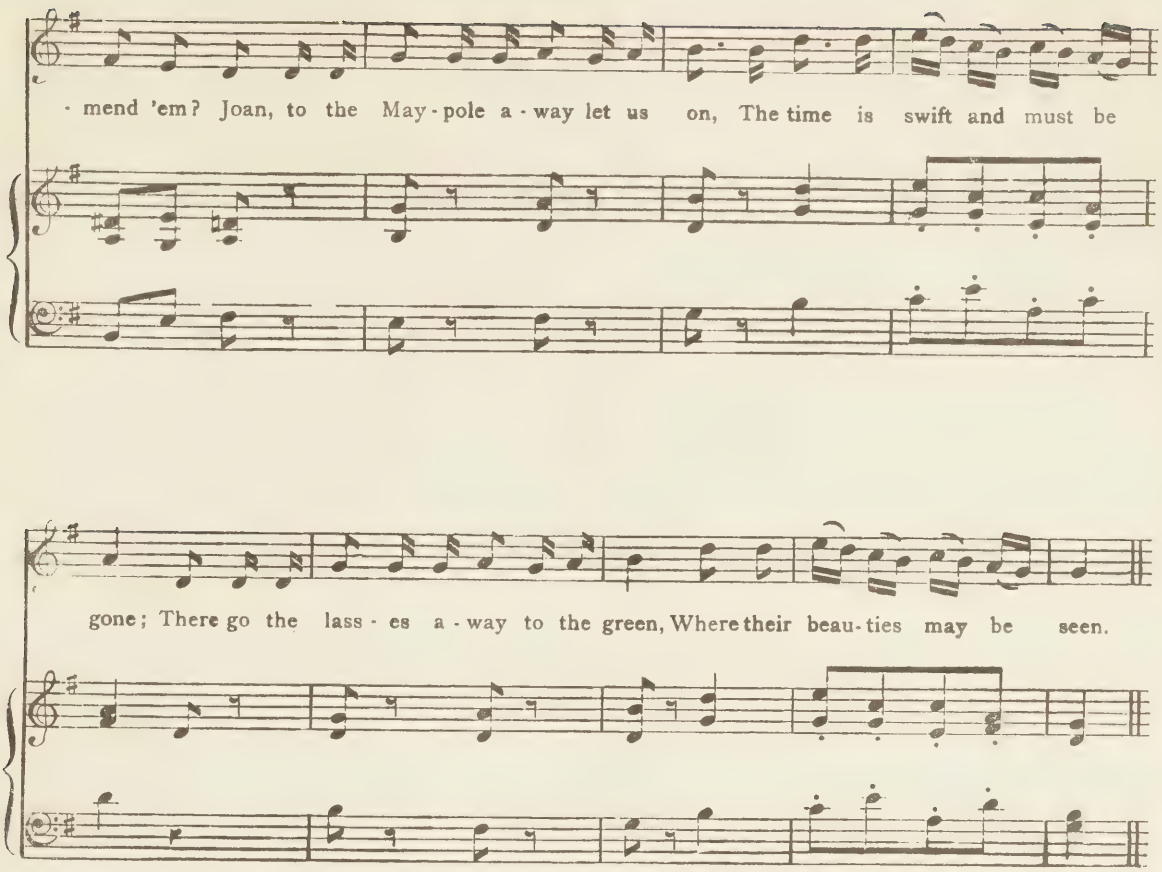
· mend 'em? Joan, to the May-pole a-way let us on, The time is swift and must be
gone; There go the lass-es a-way to the green, Where their beau-ties may be seen.

2.

Now, if we hold out as we do begin,
Joan and I the prize shall win;
Nay, if we live till another day,
I'll make thee Lady of the May.
Dance round, skip, bound,
Turn and bob, and then for a greeting;
Now, Joan, we've done,
Fare-thee-well till the next merry meeting.

Joan, to the May-pole. &c.

# THE BARLEY-MOW.
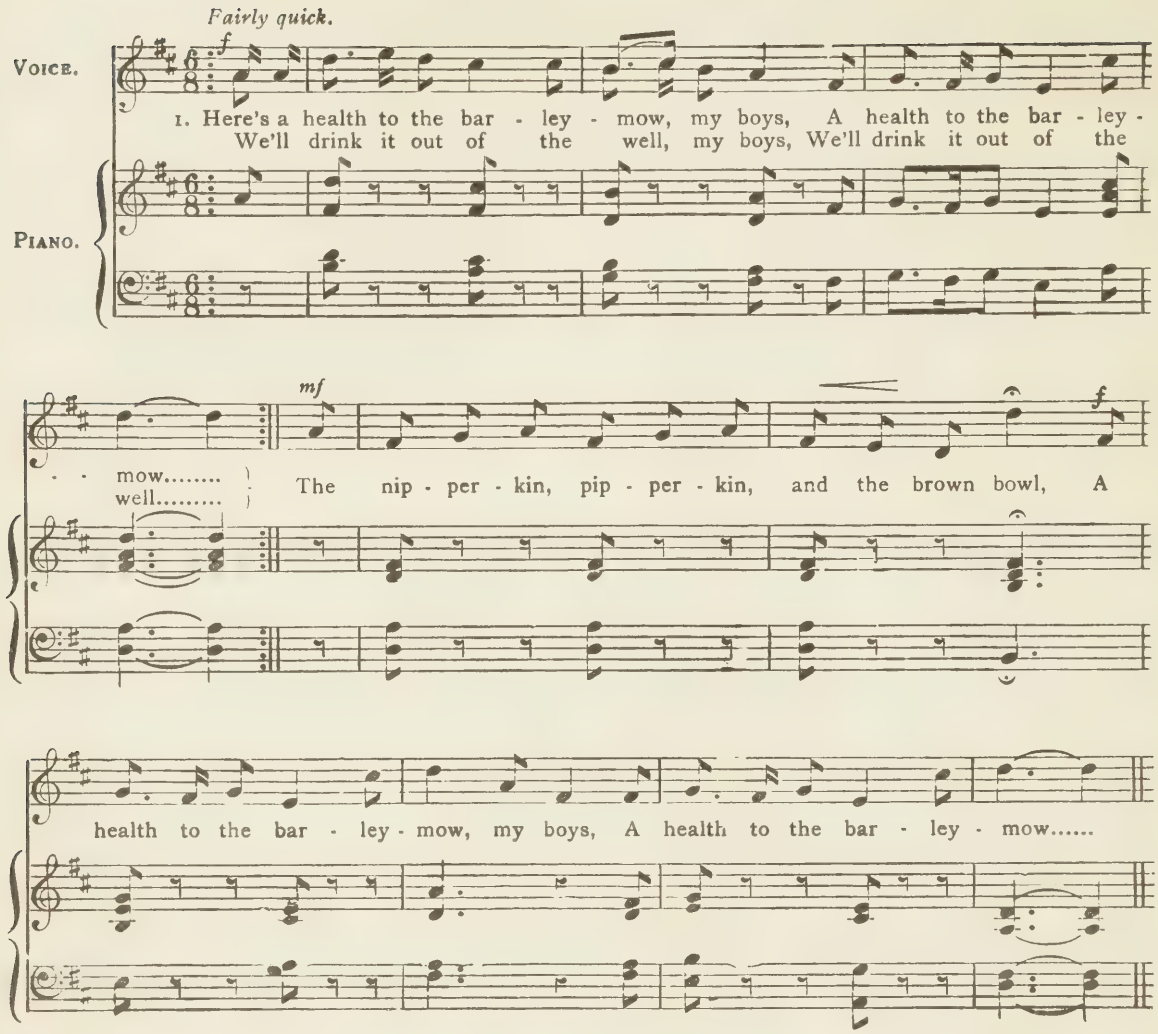
Fairly quick.
Voice.
Piano.
1. Here's a health to the bar - ley - mow, my boys, A health to the bar - ley -
We'll drink it out of the well, my boys, We'll drink it out of the
mow.....
well.....
The nip - per - kin, pip - per - kin, and the brown bowl, A
health to the bar - ley - mow, my boys, A health to the bar - ley - mow.....

2.

Here's a health to the barley-mow, my boys,
A health to the barley-mow.
We'll drink it out of the lake, my boys,
We'll drink it out of the lake.
The nipperkin, pipperkin, &c.

3.

Here's a health to the barley-mow, my boys,
A health to the barley-mow.
We'll drink it out of the river, my boys,
We'll drink it out of the river.
The nipperkin, pipperkin, &c.

4.

Here's a health to the barley-mow, my boys,
A health to the barley-mow.
We'll drink it out of the sea, my boys,
We'll drink it out of the sea.
The nipperkin, pipperkin, &c.

5.

Here's a health to the barley-mow, my boys,
A health to the barley-mow.
We'll drink it out of the ocean, my boys,
We'll drink it out of the ocean.
The nipperkin, pipperkin, &c.

# GOLDEN SLUMBERS.

(MAY FAIR.)

*In moderate time.* *17th century.*

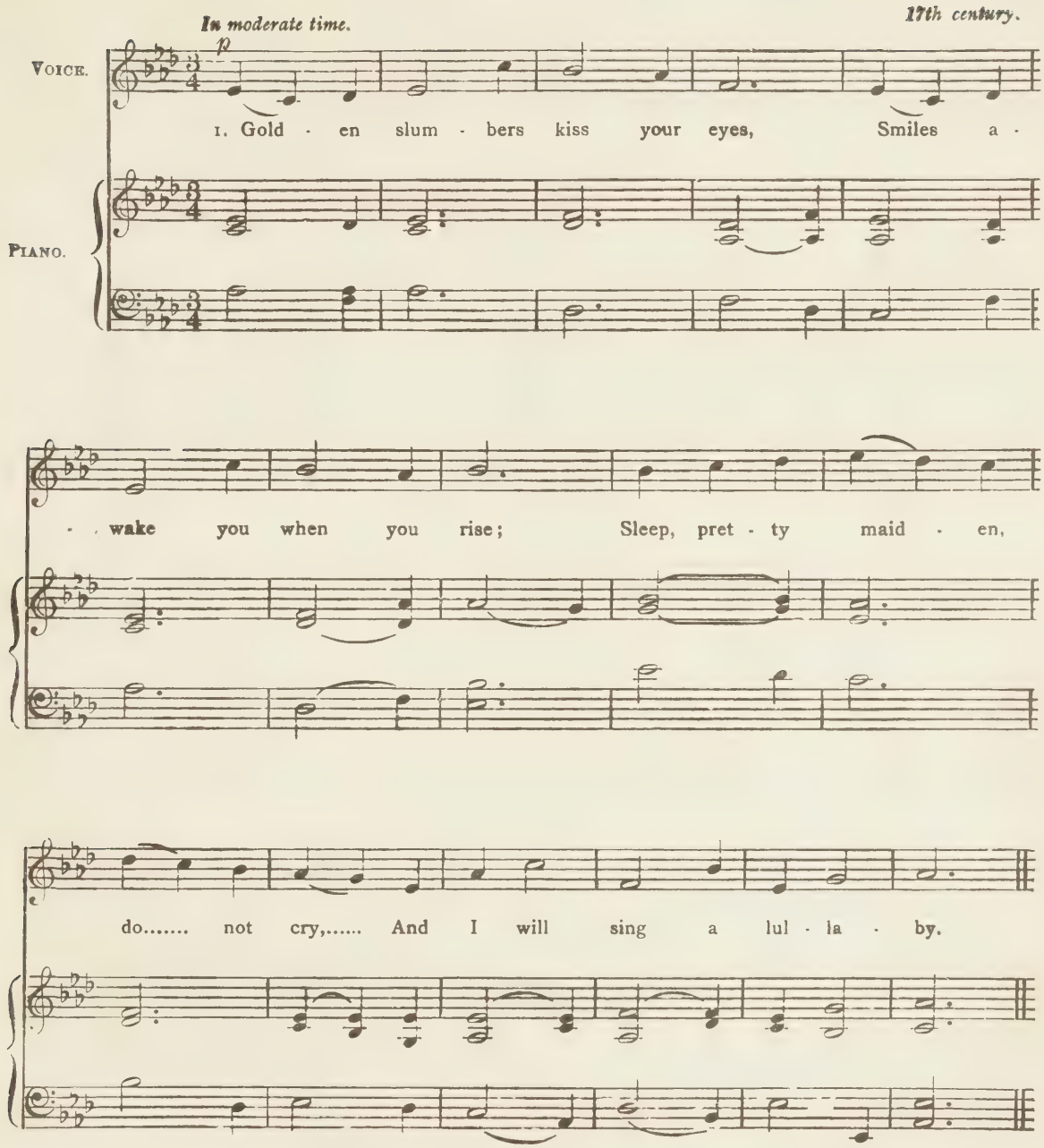
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. Gold - en slum - bers kiss your eyes, Smiles a -
- wake you when you rise; Sleep, pret - ty maid - en,
do..... not cry,..... And I will sing a lul - la - by.

2.

Care you know not, therefore sleep,
While I o'er you watch do keep;
Sleep, pretty darling, do not cry
And I will sing a lullaby.

# WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

*Poem by* SHAKESPEARE.

*In brisk time.*

*Music by* DR. ARNE.

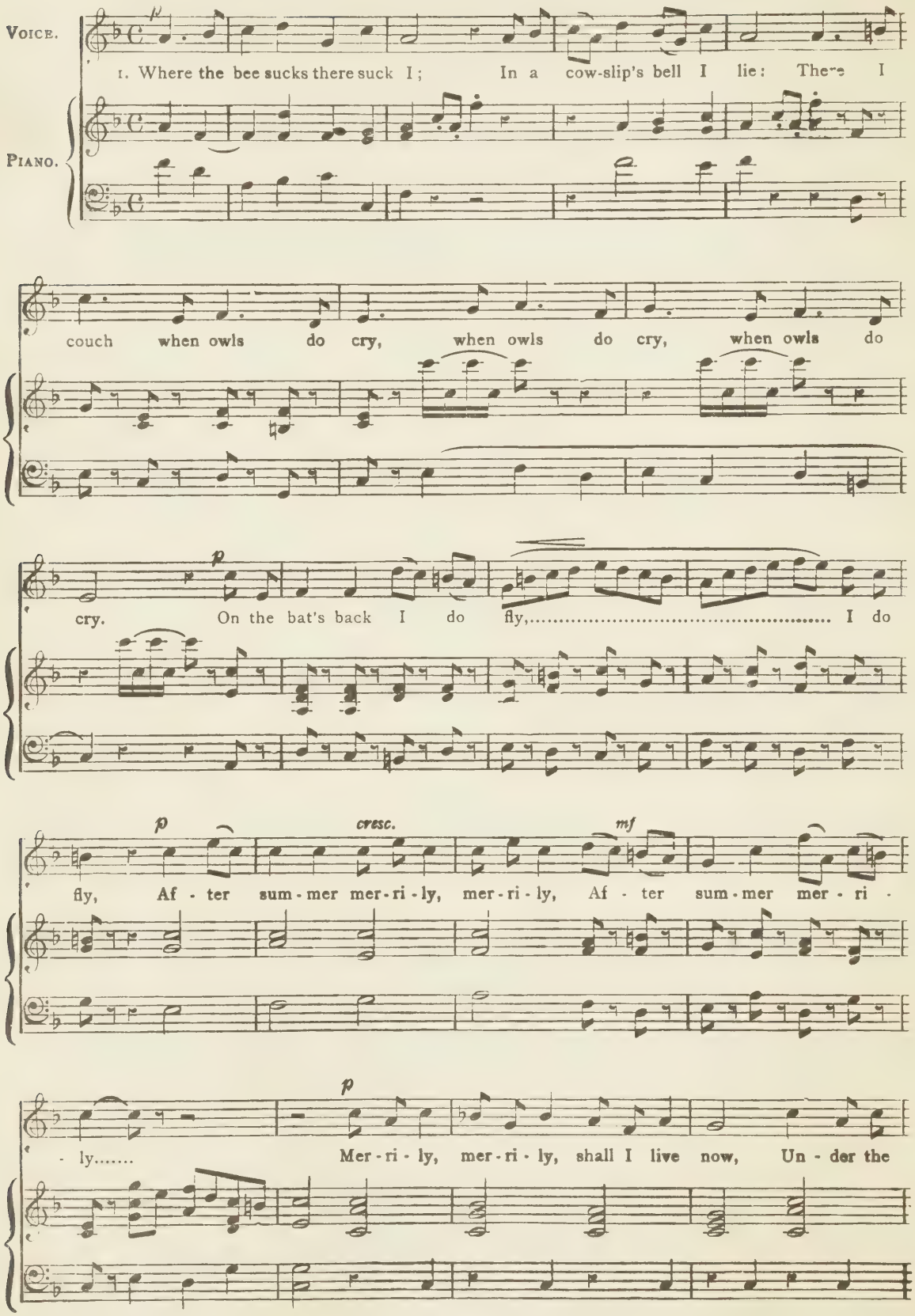
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. Where the bee sucks there suck I; In a cow-slip's bell I lie: There I
couch when owls do cry, when owls do cry, when owls do
p
cry. On the bat's back I do fly,..... I do
p
cresc.
mf
fly, After sum-mer mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, After sum-mer mer-ri-
p
-ly..... Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, shall I live now, Un-der the

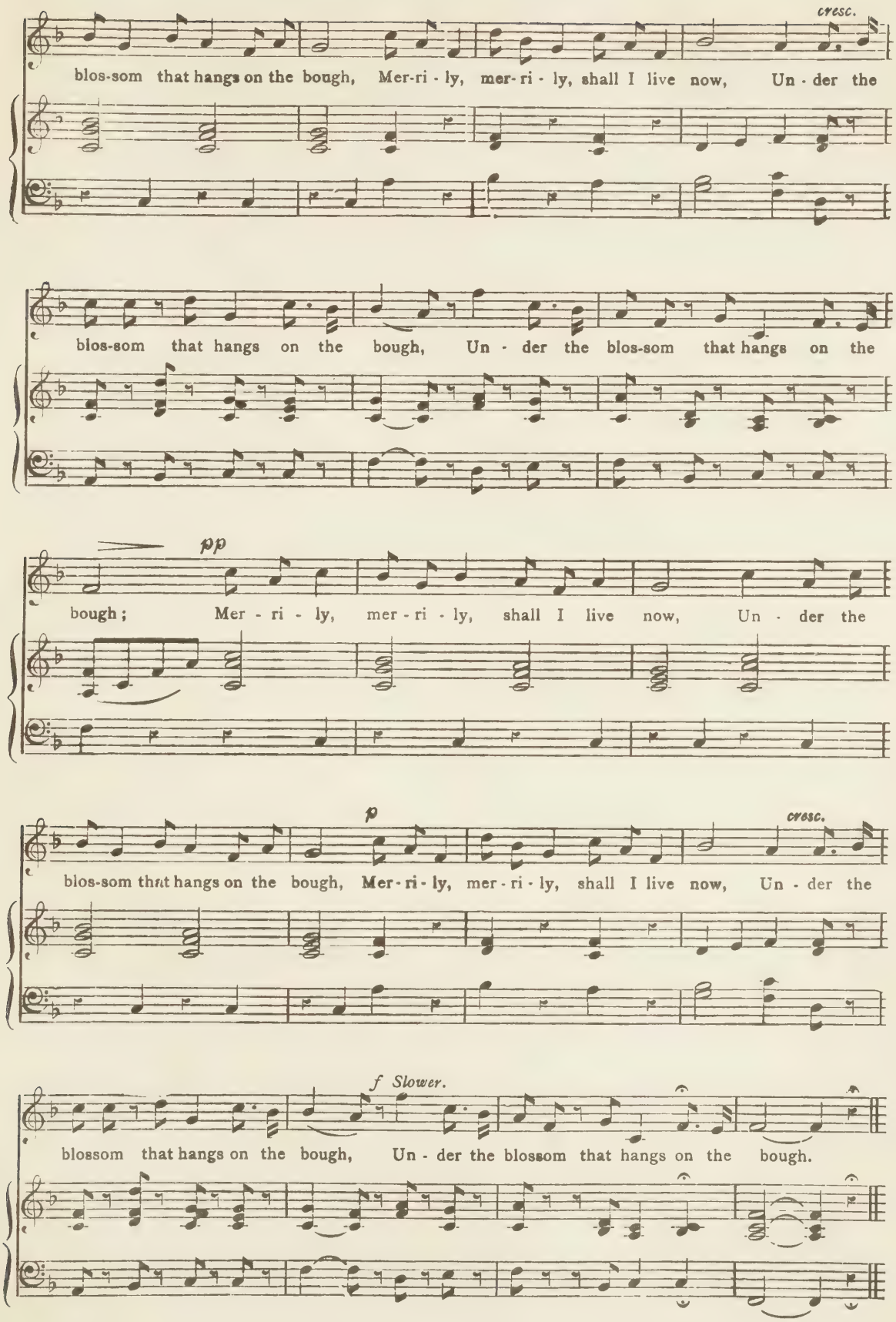
cresc.
blos-som that hangs on the bough, Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, shall I live now, Un - der the
blos-som that hangs on the bough, Un - der the blos-som that hangs on the
pp
bough; Mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, shall I live now, Un - der the
p
cresc.
blos-som that hangs on the bough, Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, shall I live now, Un - der the
f Slower.
blossom that hangs on the bough, Un - der the blossom that hangs on the bough.

# NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING.

*Music by* THOMAS MORLEY, 1595.

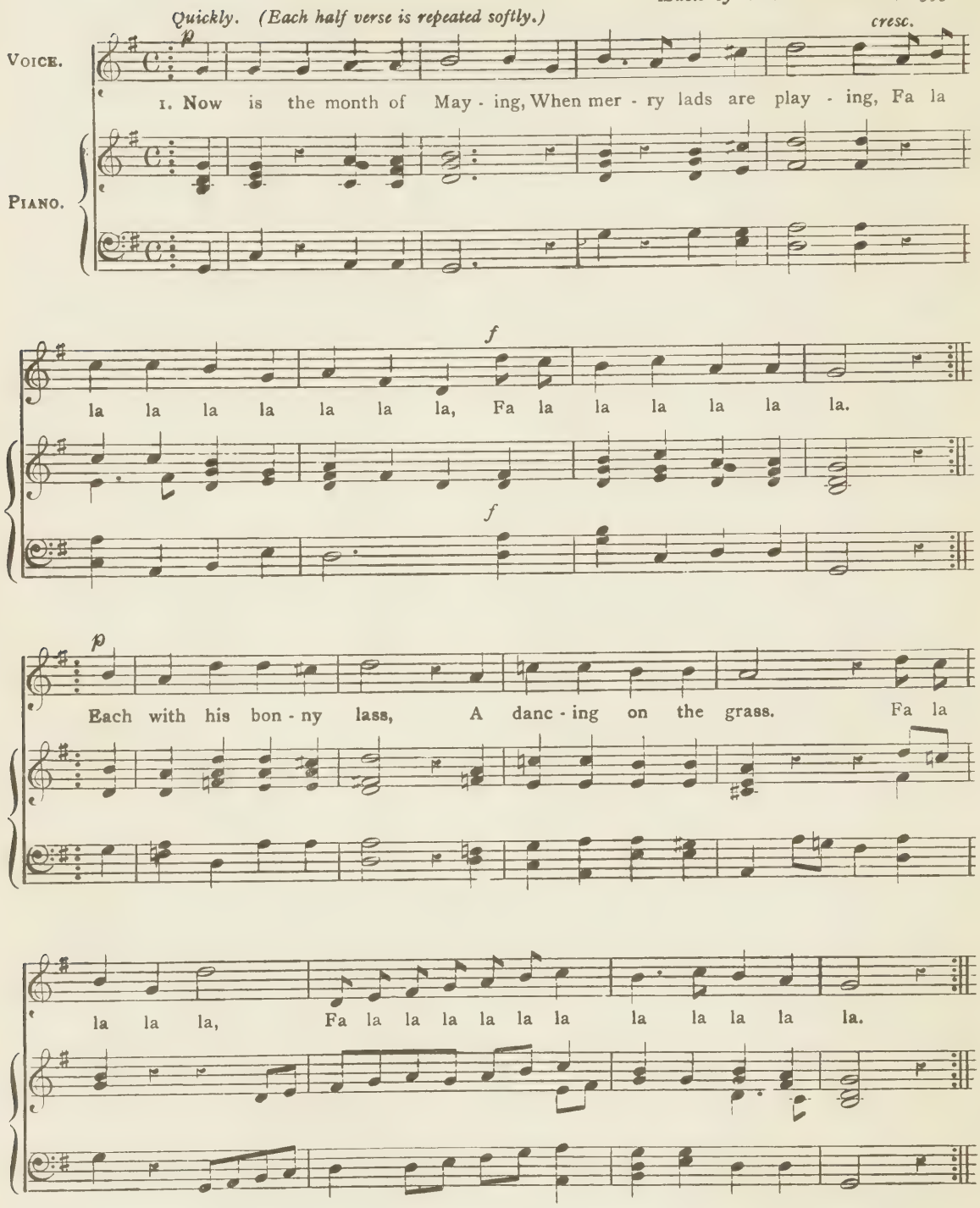
Quickly. (Each half verse is repeated softly.)
p
cresc.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Now is the month of May - ing, When mer - ry lads are play - ing, Fa la
f
la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la.
f
p
Each with his bon - ny lass, A danc - ing on the grass. Fa la
la la la, Fa la la la la la la la la la la la.

2. The Spring, clad all in gladness,
Doth laugh at Winter's sadness,
Fa la la la la la la la la,
Fa la la la la la la.
And to the bag-pipe's sound
The nymphs tread out their ground.
Fa la la la la,
Fa la la la la la la la la la la la.

3. Fye then, why sit we musing,
Sweet youth's delights refusing?
Fa la la la la la la la la,
Fa la la la la la la.
Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,
Shall we play barley-break?
Fa la la la la,
Fa la la la la la la la la la la la.

# FAIREST ISLE.

*Poem by* DRYDEN.

*In moderate time.*

*Music by* HENRY PURCELL.

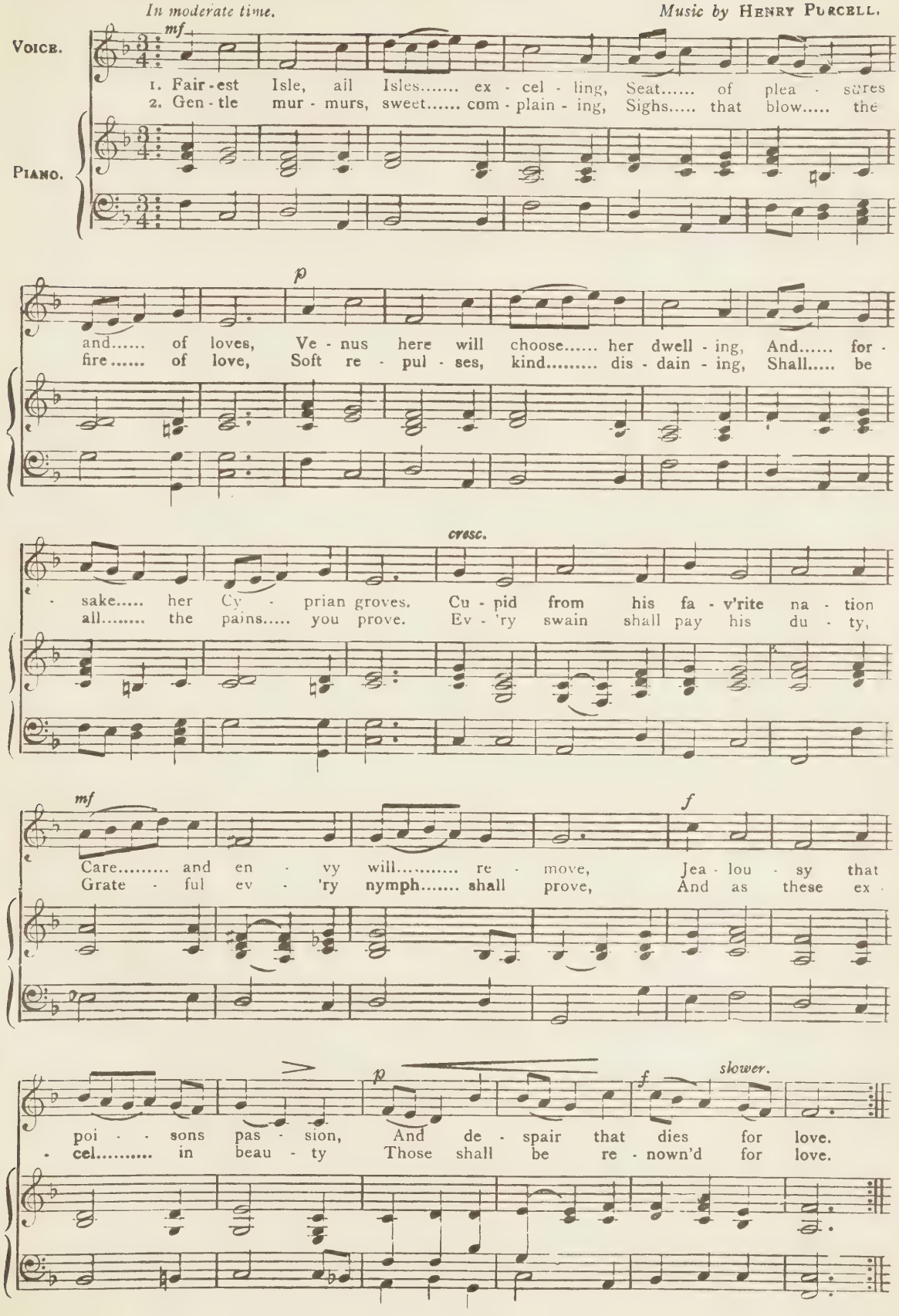
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
1. Fair-est Isle, all Isles..... ex-cel-ling, Seat..... of plea-sures
2. Gen-tle mur-murs, sweet..... com-plain-ing, Sighs..... that blow..... the
p
and..... of loves, Ve-nus here will choose..... her dwell-ing, And..... for-
fire..... of love, Soft re-pul-ses, kind..... dis-dain-ing, Shall..... be
cresc.
-sake..... her Cy-prian groves. Cu-pid from his fa-v'rite na-tion
all..... the pains..... you prove. Ev-'ry swain shall pay his du-ty,
mf
Care..... and en-vy will..... re-move,
Grate-ful ev-'ry nymph..... shall prove,
f
Jea-lou-sy that
And as these ex-
p
f
slower.
poi-sons pas-sion, And de-spair that dies for love.
-cel..... in beau-ty Those shall be re-nown'd for love.

# SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE.

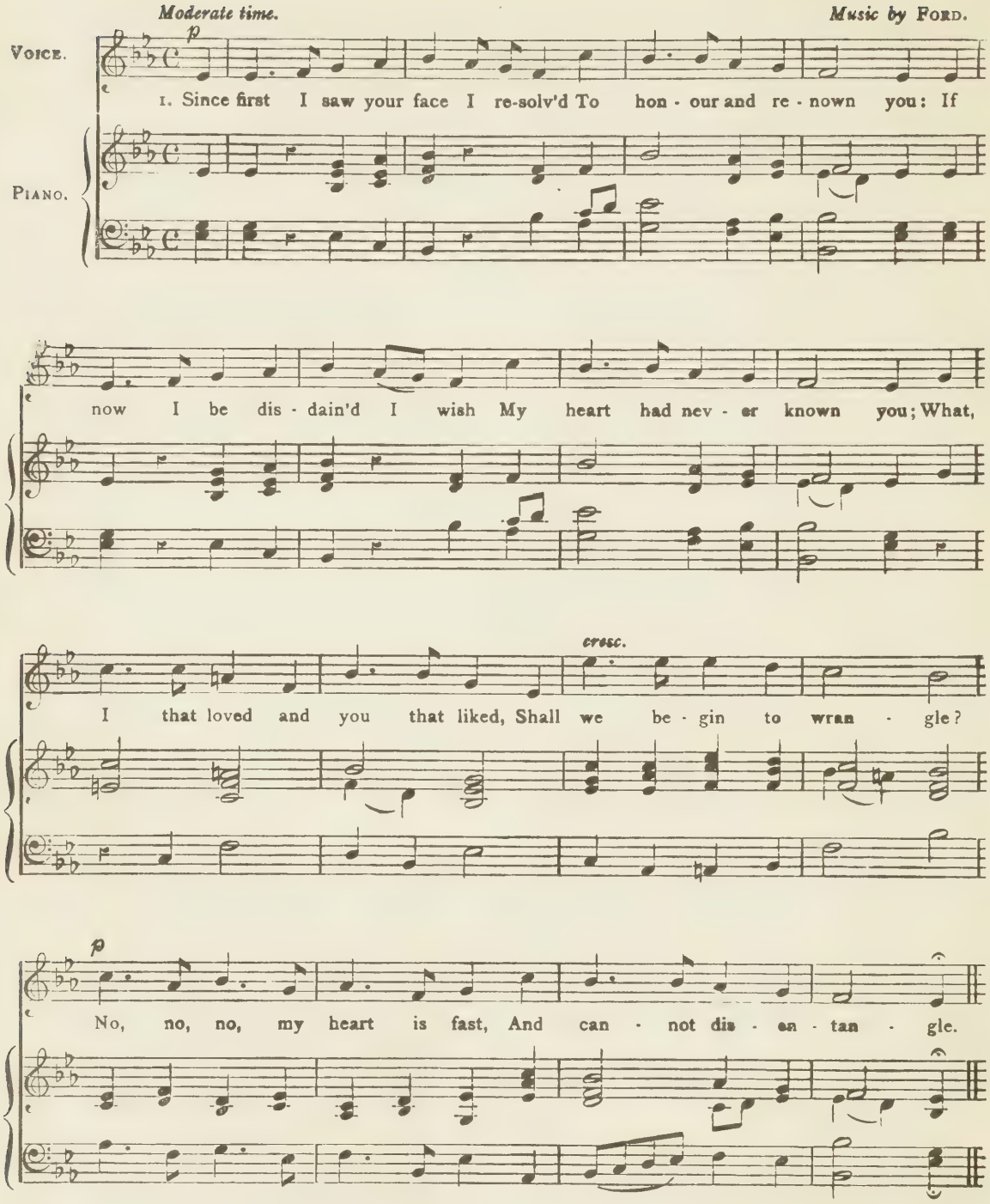
Moderate time.
Music by Ford.
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. Since first I saw your face I re-solv'd To hon - our and re - nown you: If
now I be dis - dain'd I wish My heart had nev - er known you; What,
cresc.
I that loved and you that liked, Shall we be - gin to wran - gle?
p
No, no, no, my heart is fast, And can - not dis - en - tan - gle.

2. If I admire or praise you too much,
That fault you may forgive me;
Or if my hands had stray'd to touch
Then justly might you leave me.
I ask'd you leave, you bade me love,
Is't now a time to chide me?
No, no, no, I'll love you still,
What fortune e'er betide me.

3. The sun, whose beams most glorious are,
Rejecteth no beholder;
And your sweet beauty, past compare,
Made my poor eyes the bolder.
When beauty moves, and wit delights,
And signs of kindness bind me;
There, O there, where'er I go,
I'll leave my heart behind me.

# IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS.

*Words by* SHAKESPEARE. *Music by* MORLEY.
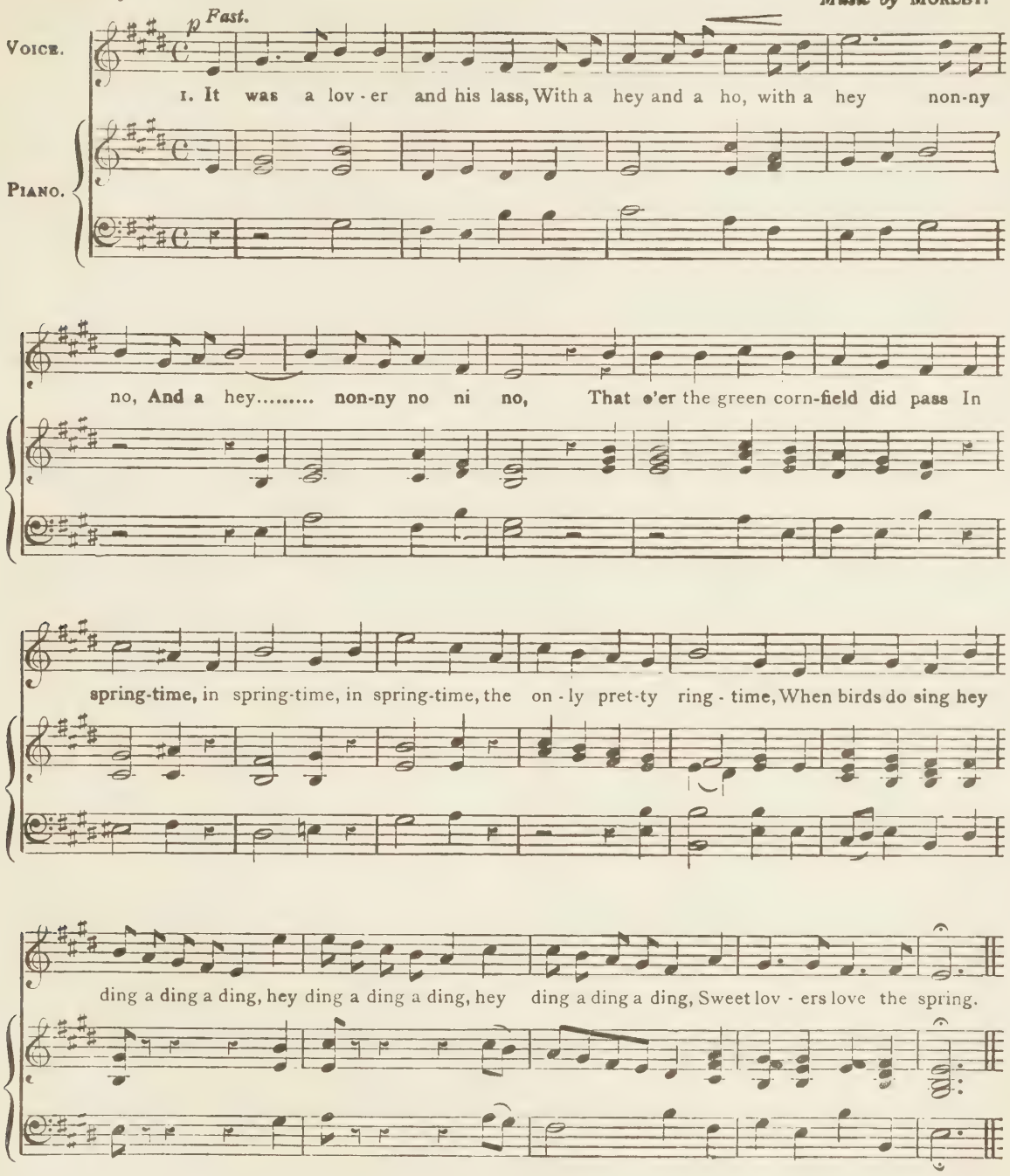
Fast.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. It was a lov-er and his lass, With a hey and a ho, with a hey non-ny
no, And a hey..... non-ny no ni no, That o'er the green corn-field did pass In
spring-time, in spring-time, in spring-time, the on-ly pret-ty ring-time, When birds do sing hey
ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov-ers love the spring.

2.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, with a ho, with a hey nonny no,
And a hey nonny no ni no,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

3.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, with a ho, with a hey nonny no,
And a hey nonny no ni no,
How that life was but a flower,
In spring time, &c.

4.

Then pretty lovers take the time,
With a hey, with a ho, with a hey nonny no,
And a hey nonny no ni no,
For love is crowned with the prime,
In spring time, &c.

# THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

*Poem by* LEONARD MACNALLY.

*Music by* JAMES HOOK.

*Moderately quick.*

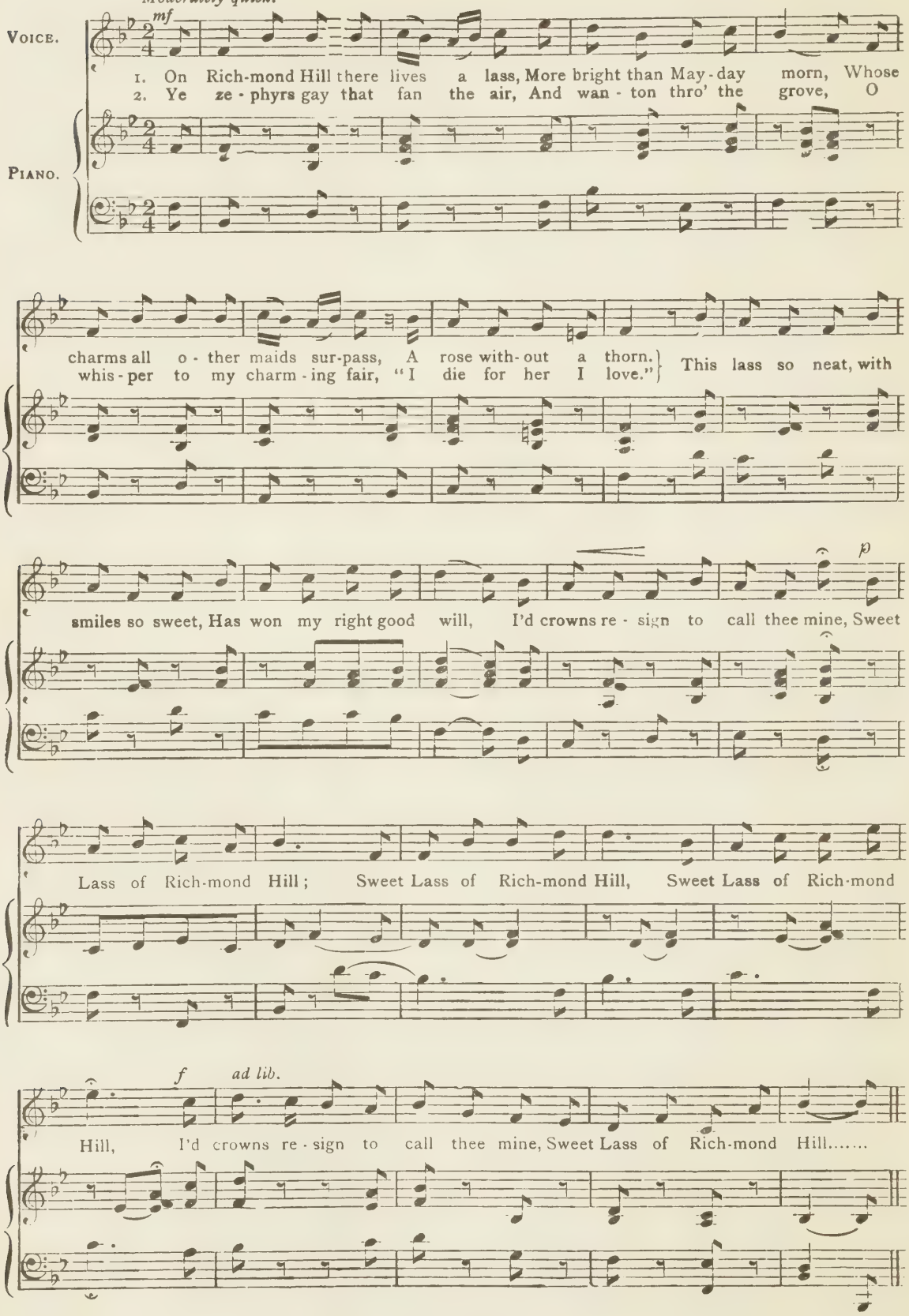
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. On Rich-mond Hill there lives a lass, More bright than May-day morn, Whose
2. Ye ze-phyrs gay that fan the air, And wan-ton thro' the grove, O
charms all o-ther maids sur-pass, A rose with-out a thorn.
whis-per to my charm-ing fair, "I die for her I love."
This lass so neat, with
smiles so sweet, Has won my right good will, I'd crowns re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet
p
Lass of Rich-mond Hill; Sweet Lass of Rich-mond Hill, Sweet Lass of Rich-mond
f
ad lib.
Hill, I'd crowns re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Rich-mond Hill.....

# CHERRY RIPE.

*Poem by* R. HERRICK.

*Not too slow.*

*Music by* C. E. HORN.
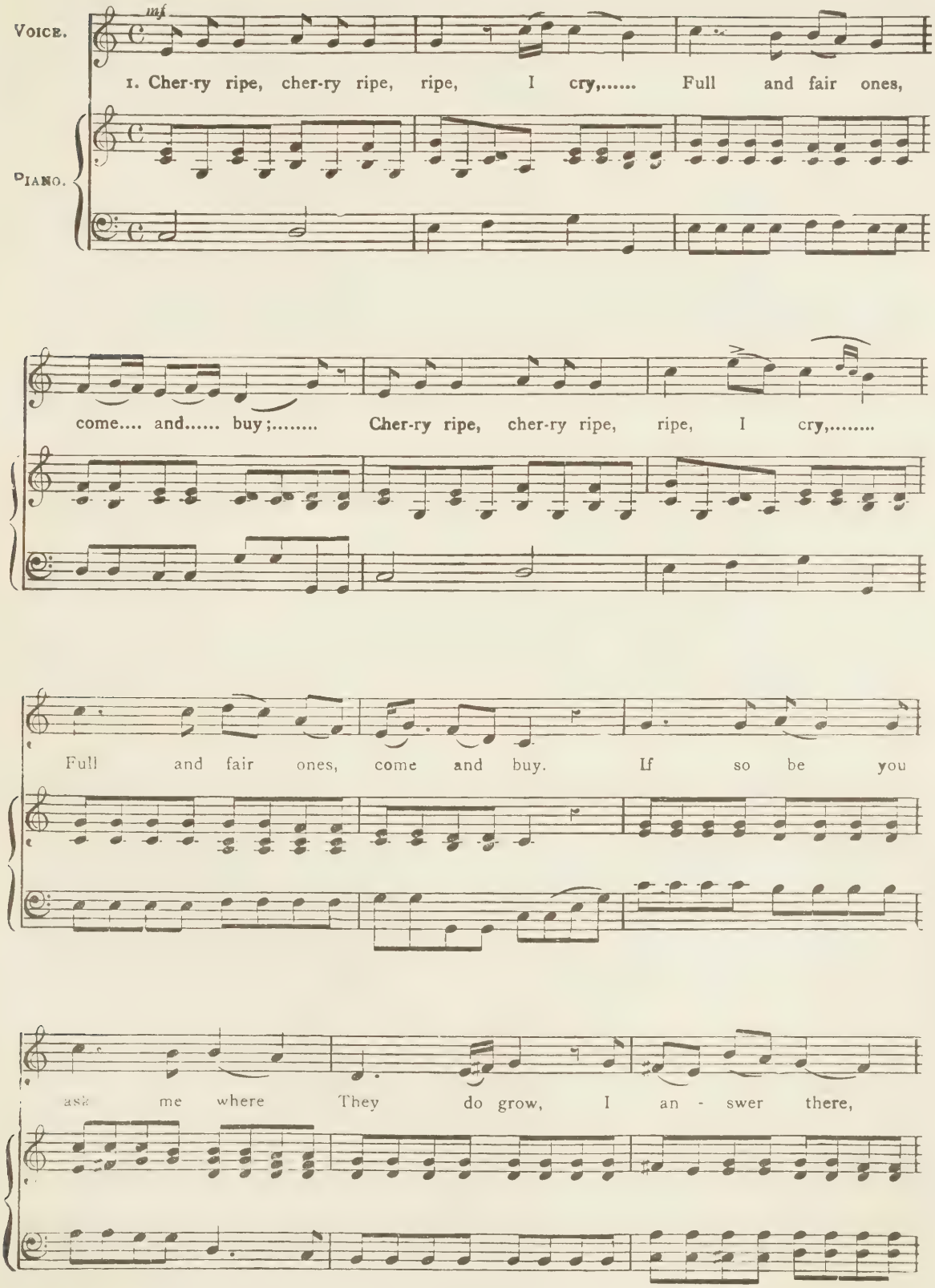
mf
VOICE.
1. Cher-ry ripe, cher-ry ripe, ripe, I cry,..... Full and fair ones,
PIANO.
come.... and..... buy;..... Cher-ry ripe, cher-ry ripe, ripe, I cry,.....
Full and fair ones, come and buy. If so be you
ask me where They do grow, I an - swer there,

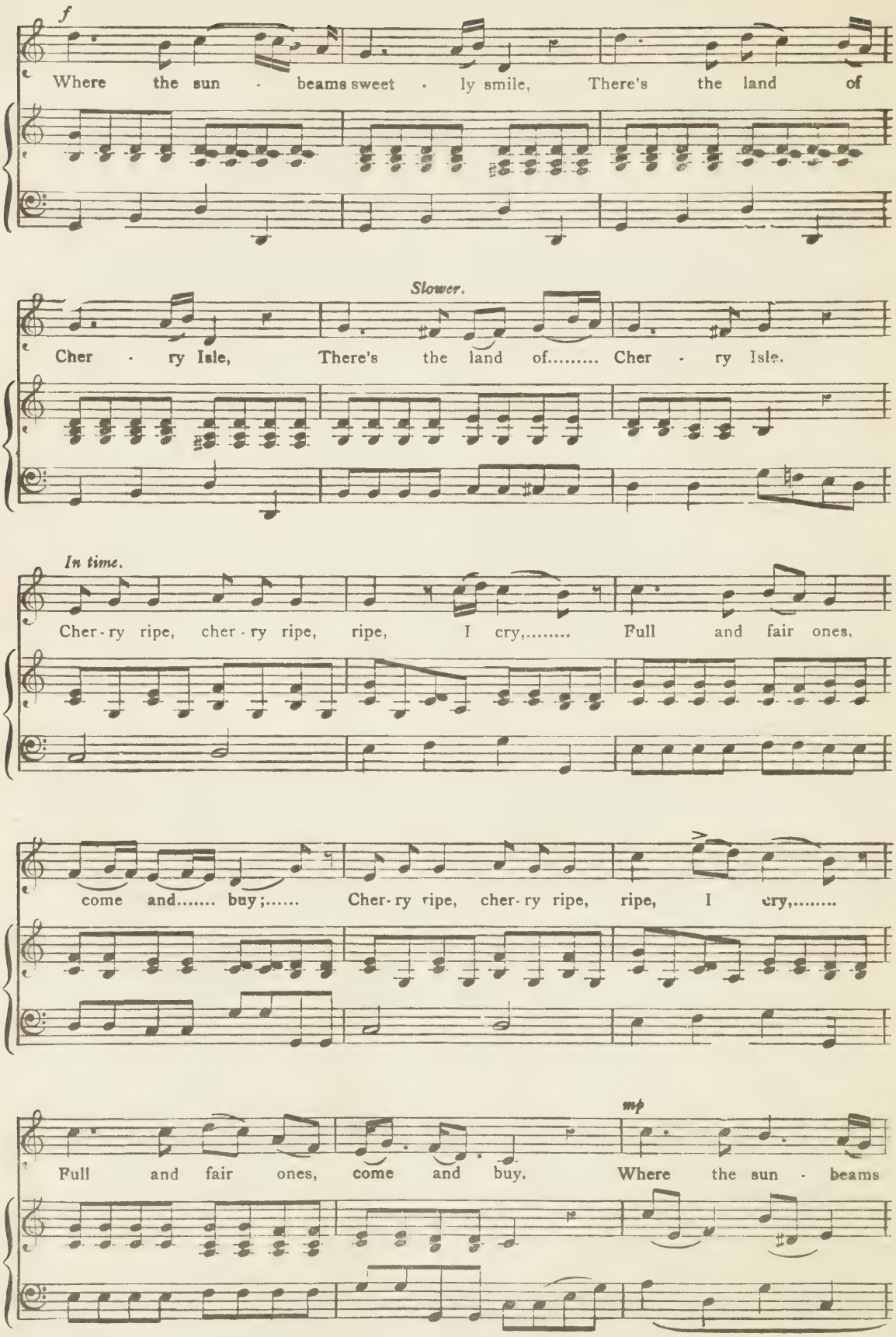
f
Where the sun - beams sweet - ly smile, There's the land of
Slower.
Cher - ry Isle, There's the land of..... Cher - ry Isle.
In time.
Cher-ry ripe, cher-ry ripe, ripe, I cry,..... Full and fair ones,
come and..... buy;..... Cher-ry ripe, cher-ry ripe, ripe, I cry,.....
mp
Full and fair ones, come and buy. Where the sun - beams

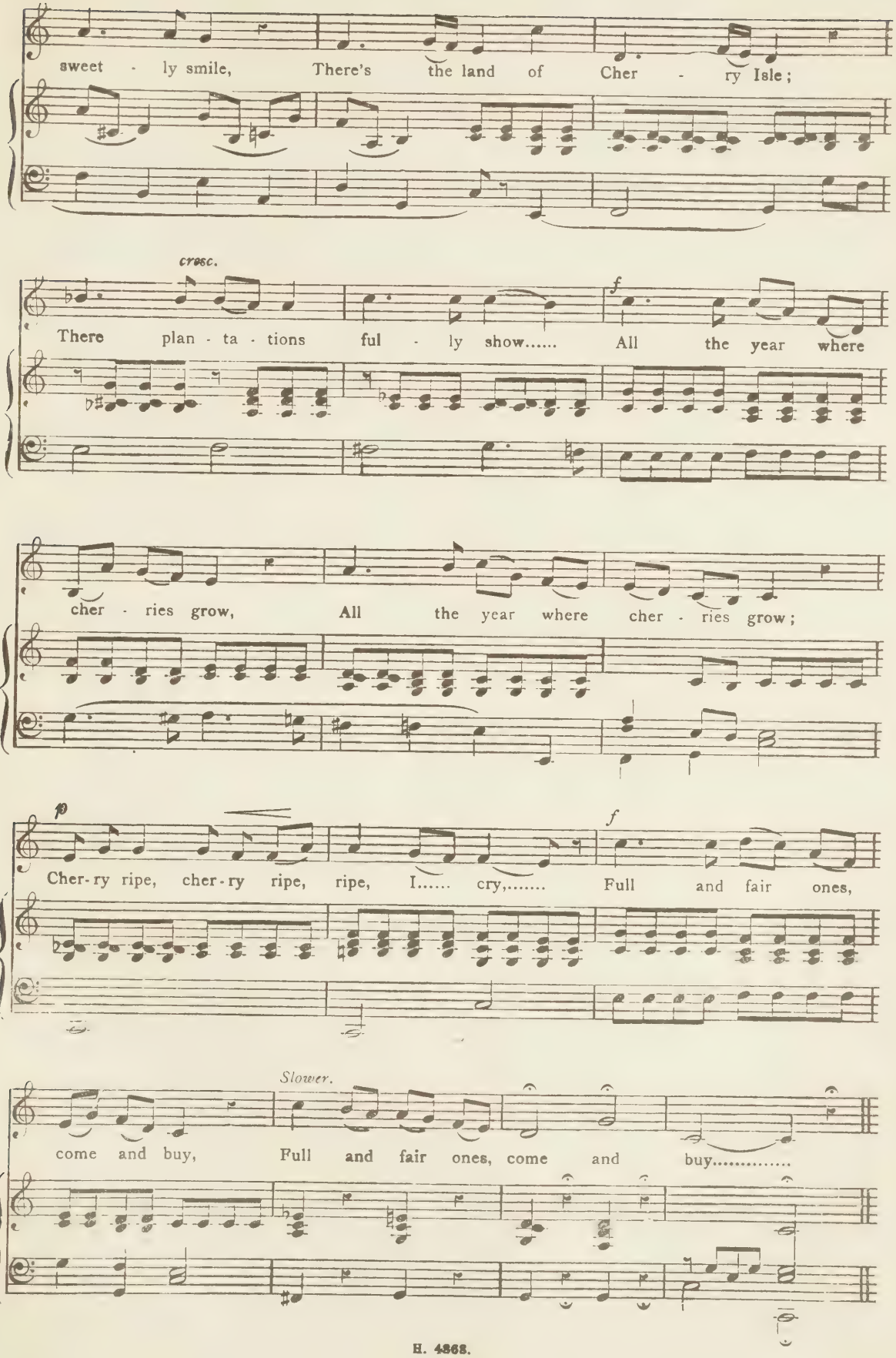
sweet - ly smile, There's the land of Cher - ry Isle;
cresc.
f
There plan - ta - tions ful - ly show..... All the year where
cher - ries grow, All the year where cher - ries grow;
p
f
Cher-ry ripe, cher-ry ripe, ripe, I..... cry,..... Full and fair ones,
Slower.
come and buy, Full and fair ones, come and buy.....

# BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

("AS YOU LIKE IT.")

*Poem by* SHAKESPEARE. *Music by* DR. ARNE.

*In flowing time.*

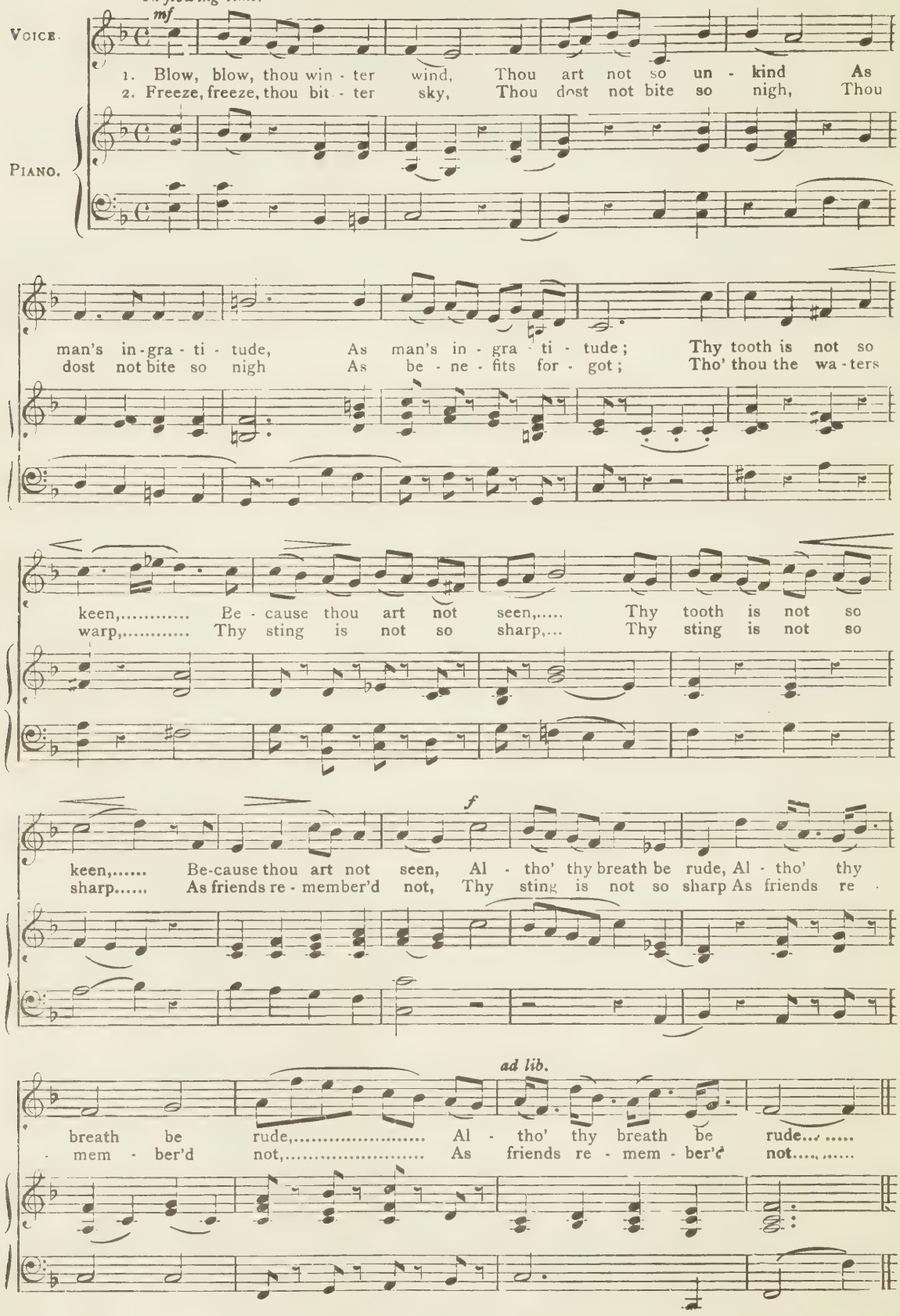
mf
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Blow, blow, thou win - ter wind, Thou art not so un - kind As
2. Freeze, freeze, thou bit - ter sky, Thou dost not bite so nigh, Thou
man's in-gra - ti - tude, As man's in - gra - ti - tude; Thy tooth is not so
dost not bite so nigh As be - ne - fits for - got; Tho' thou the wa - ters
keen,..... Be - cause thou art not seen,..... Thy tooth is not so
warp,..... Thy sting is not so sharp,... Thy sting is not so
f
keen,..... Be-cause thou art not seen, Al - tho' thy breath be rude, Al - tho' thy
sharp..... As friends re - member'd not, Thy sting is not so sharp As friends re -
ad lib.
breath be rude,..... Al - tho' thy breath be rude.....
mem - ber'd not,..... As friends re - mem - ber'd not.....

# GOOD MORROW, MISTRESS BRIGHT!

(GOOD MORROW, PRETTY MAID!)

*Words by* A. P. GRAVES.

*Fairly quick.*
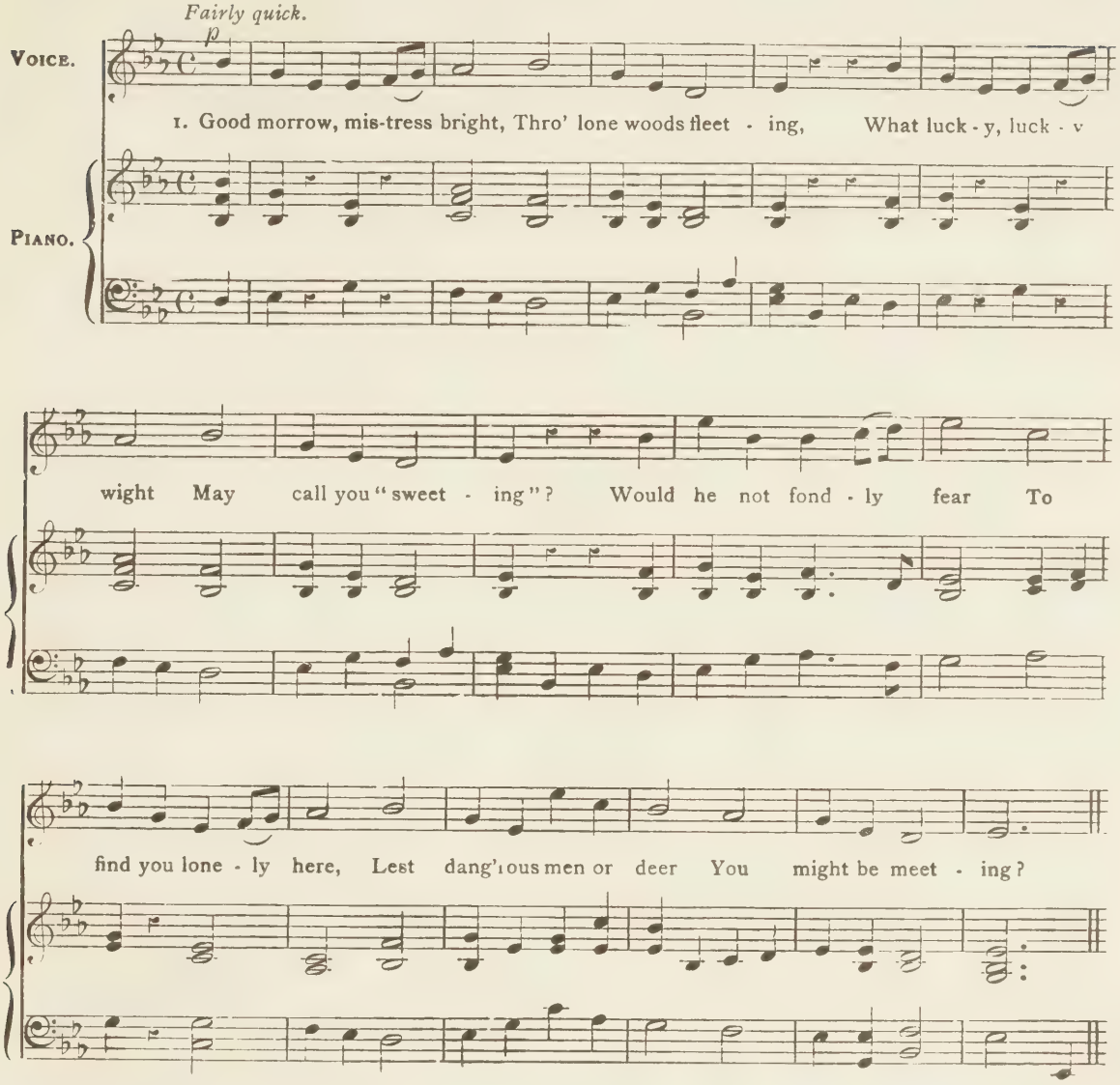
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. Good morrow, mis-tress bright, Thro' lone woods fleet - ing, What luck - y, luck - y
wight May call you "sweet - ing"? Would he not fond - ly fear To
find you lone - ly here, Lest dang'rous men or deer You might be meet - ing?

2.

This lonely woodland way,
O gallant stranger,
I traverse night and day
And fear no danger!
I have no jealous spouse,
I've changed no lover's vows,
Heart whole among the boughs
I'm still a ranger.

3.

Those eyes of haunting blue,
That voice's cadence
The long ago renew
By memory's aidance.
Before I sailed the sea,
Were none so dear to me
In childhood's joyous glee,
O flower of maidens!

4.

Your words are waking now
Faint recollection
Of many a childish vow
Of frank affection;
And since you fondly fear
To leave me lonely here,
From dangerous men and deer
Be my protection!

# SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN.

*Poem rewritten by* REV. R. S. HAWKER.

*With spirit.*

OLD CORNISH BALLAD.

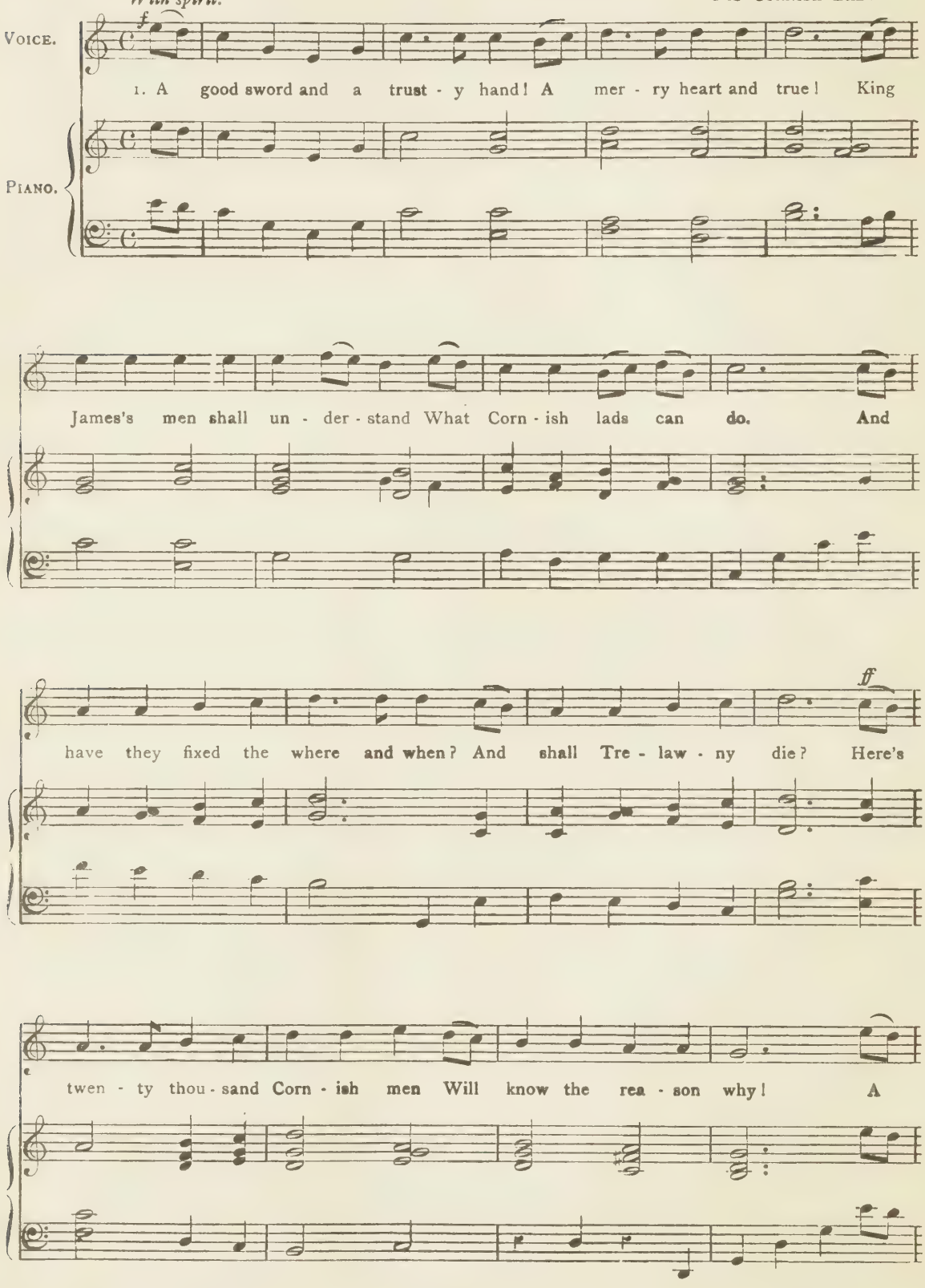
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
1. A good sword and a trust - y hand! A mer - ry heart and true! King
James's men shall un - der - stand What Corn - ish lads can do. And
ff
have they fixed the where and when? And shall Tre - law - ny die? Here's
twen - ty thou - sand Corn - ish men Will know the rea - son why! A

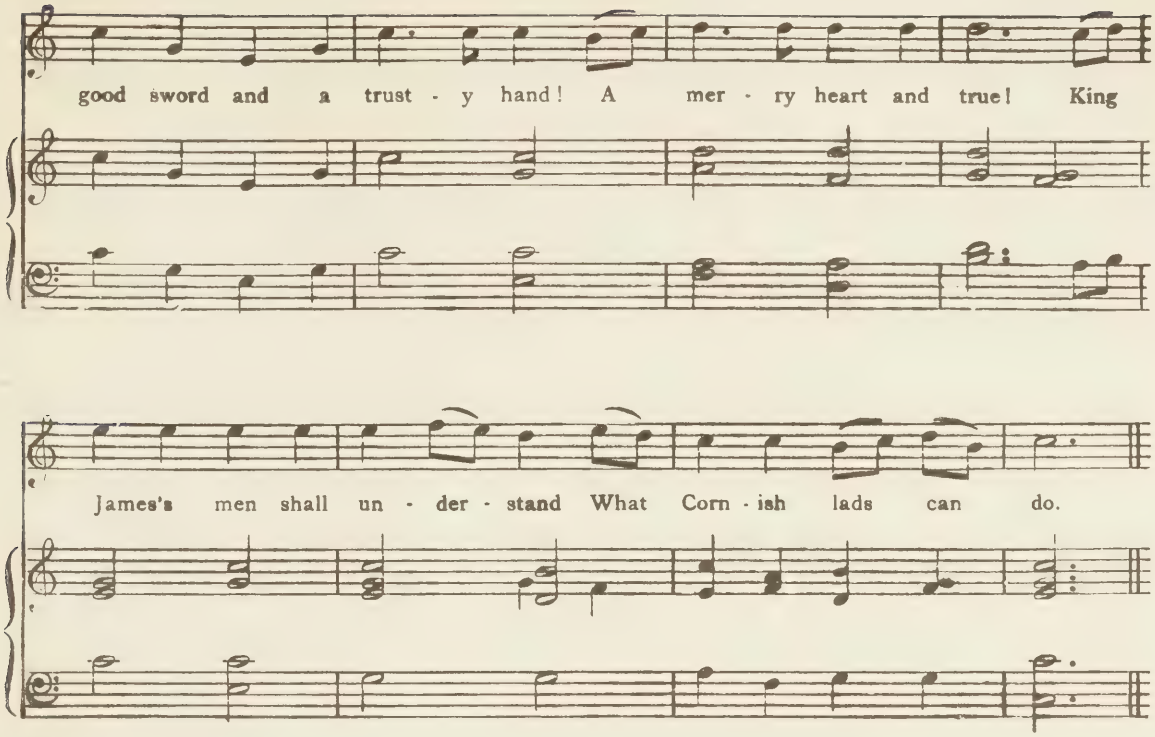


2.

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
"If London Tower were Michael's Hold,
We'll set Trelawny free!
We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay,
With 'One and all,' and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?"
Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
"If London Tower were Michael's Hold,
We'll set Trelawny free!"

3.

"And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! come forth, ye cowards all,
Here's men as good as you!
Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die;
But twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why!
And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! come forth, ye cowards all,
Here's men as good as you!"

# THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

*Poem by* A. P. GRAVES.

*Cheerfully.*

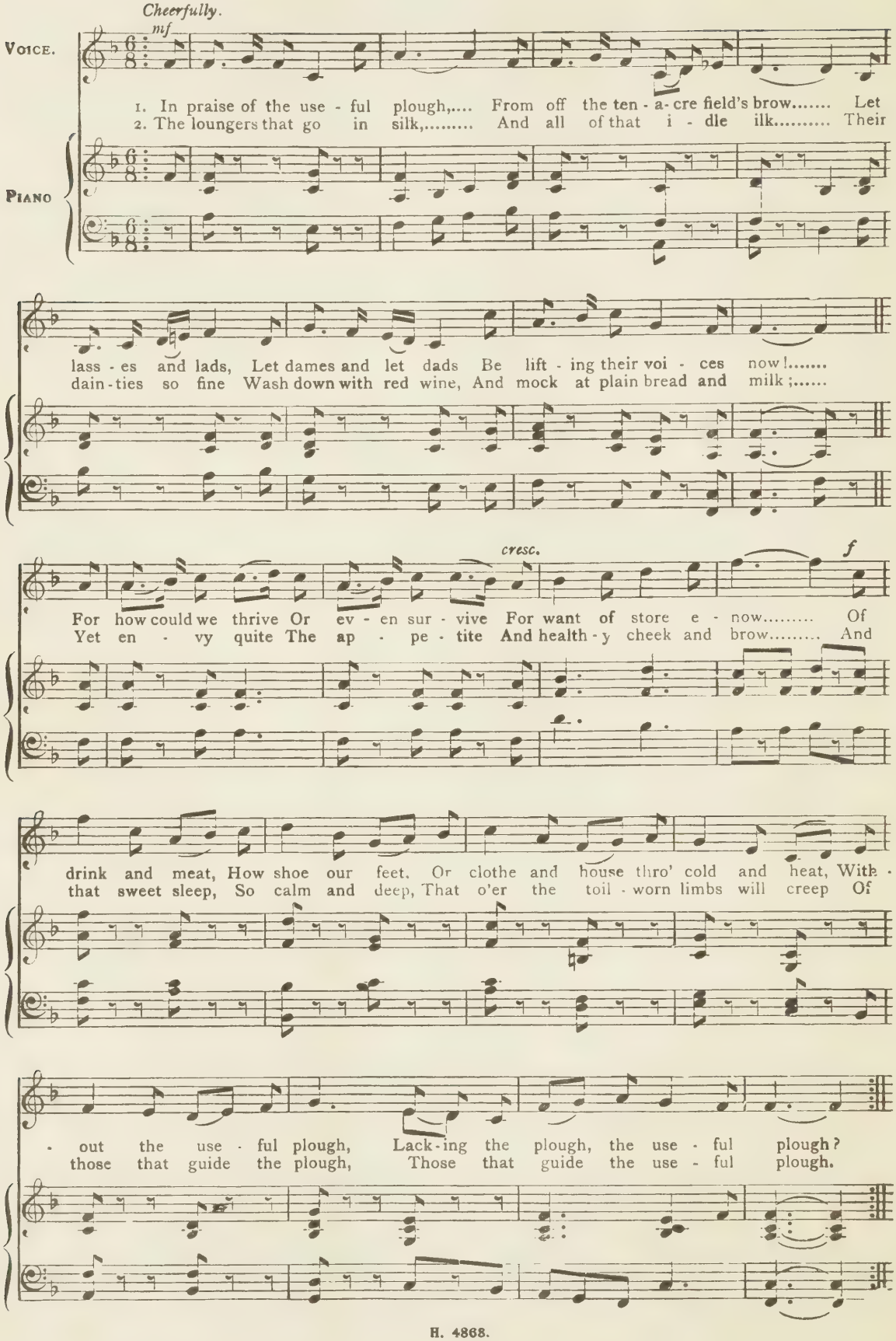
Voice.
Piano
mf
1. In praise of the use - ful plough,.... From off the ten - a- cre field's brow..... Let
2. The loungers that go in silk,..... And all of that i - dle ilk..... Their
lass - es and lads, Let dames and let dads Be lift - ing their voi - ces now!.....
dain - ties so fine Wash down with red wine, And mock at plain bread and milk;.....
cresc.
f
For how could we thrive Or ev - en sur - vive For want of store e - now..... Of
Yet en - vy quite The ap - pe - tite And health - y cheek and brow..... And
drink and meat, How shoe our feet, Or clothe and house thro' cold and heat, With -
that sweet sleep, So calm and deep, That o'er the toil - worn limbs will creep Of
- out the use - ful plough, Lack - ing the plough, the use - ful plough?
those that guide the plough, Those that guide the use - ful plough.

# AMID THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

*Poem by* CHARLES MACKAY.

*Moderately quick.* *Air, "With Jockey to the Fair."*
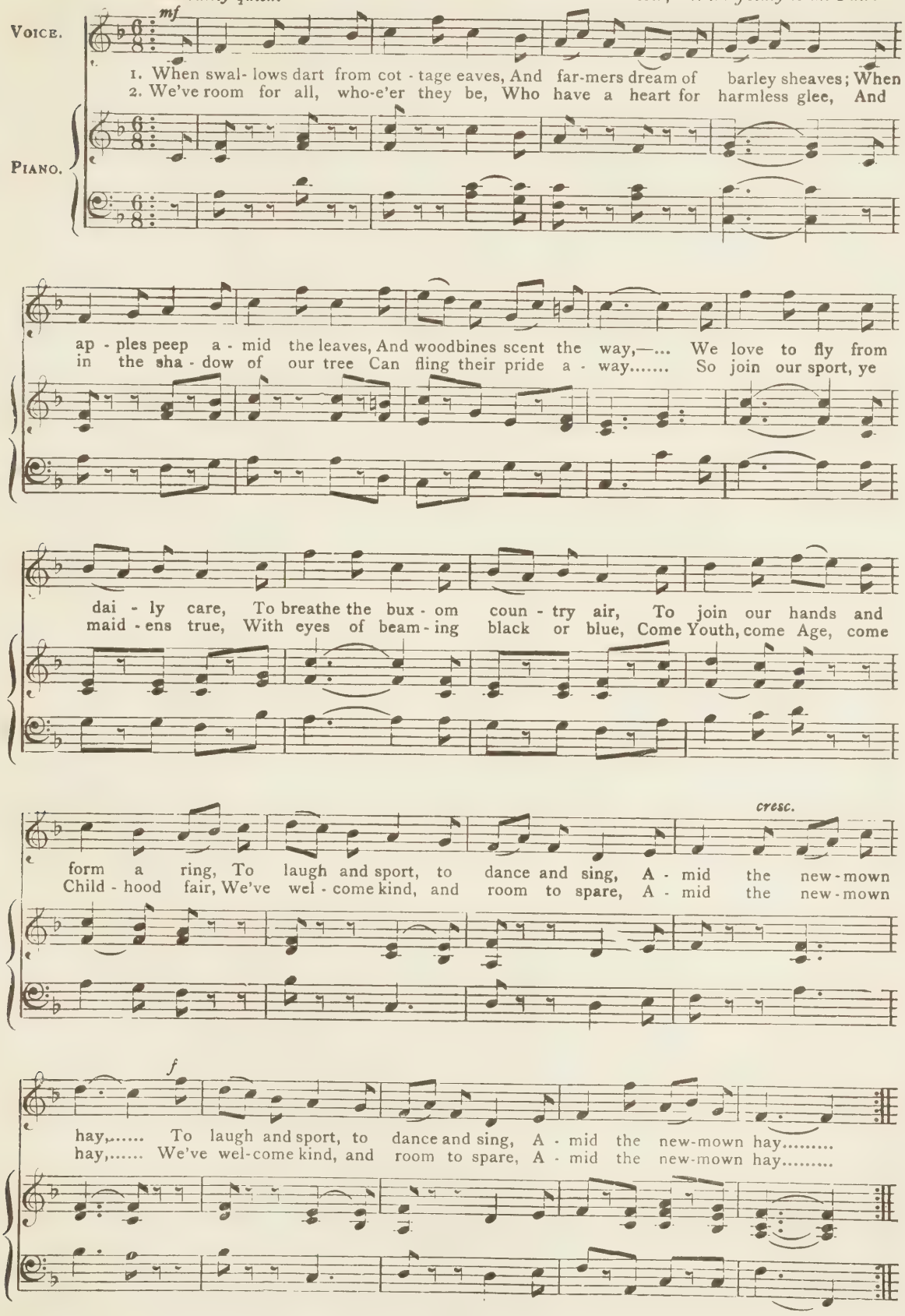
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
1. When swal- lows dart from cot - tage eaves, And far-mers dream of barley sheaves; When
2. We've room for all, who-e'er they be, Who have a heart for harmless glee, And
ap - ples peep a - mid the leaves, And woodbines scent the way,—... We love to fly from
in the sha - dow of our tree Can fling their pride a - way..... So join our sport, ye
dai - ly care, To breathe the bux - om coun - try air, To join our hands and
maid - ens true, With eyes of beam - ing black or blue, Come Youth, come Age, come
cresc.
form a ring, To laugh and sport, to dance and sing, A - mid the new - mown
Child - hood fair, We've wel - come kind, and room to spare, A - mid the new - mown
f
hay,..... To laugh and sport, to dance and sing, A - mid the new-mown hay.....
hay,..... We've wel-come kind, and room to spare, A - mid the new-mown hay.....

# THE GOLDEN VANITY.
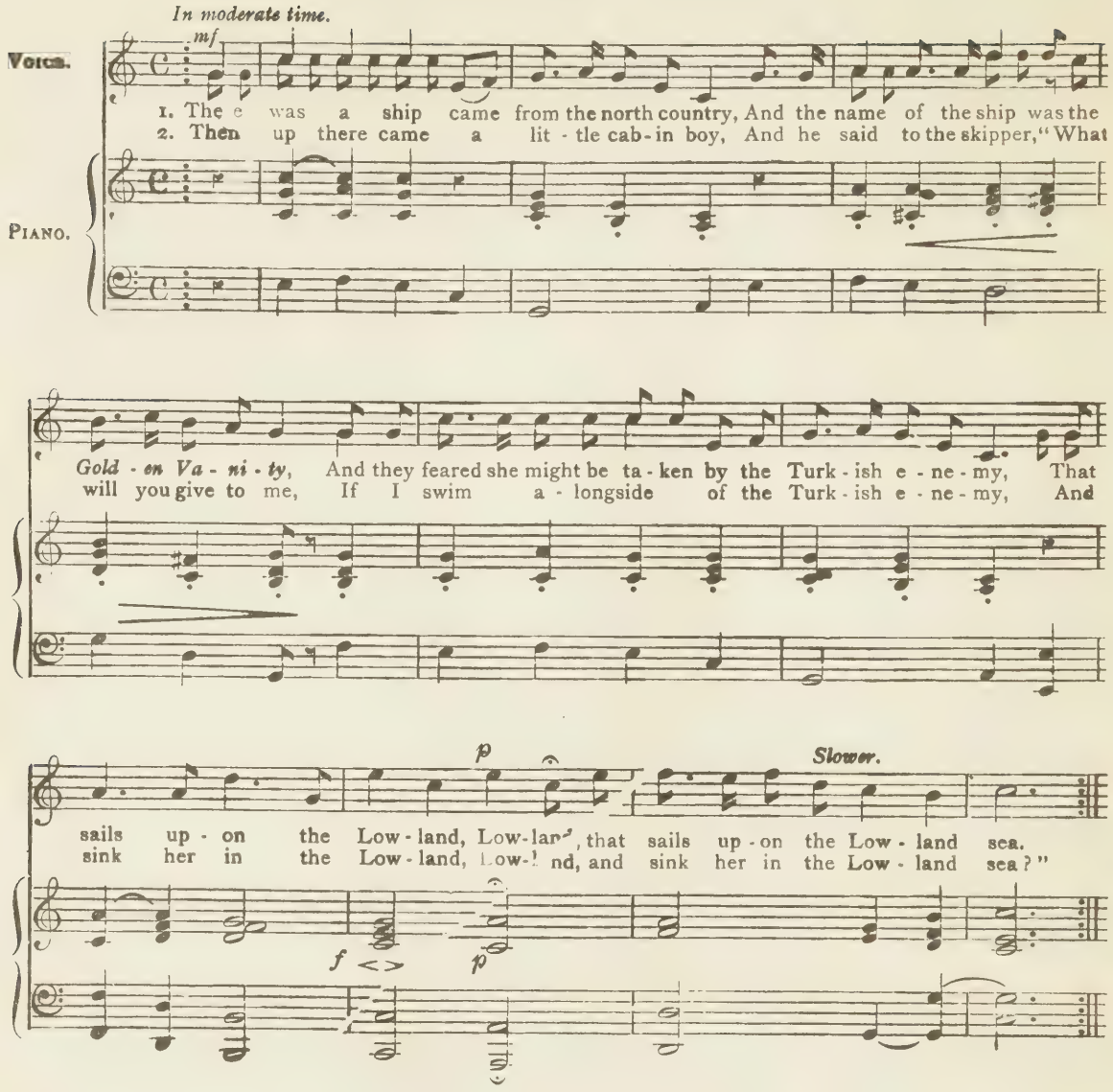
In moderate time.
mf
Voice.
1. The e was a ship came from the north country, And the name of the ship was the
2. Then up there came a lit - tle cab - in boy, And he said to the skipper, "What
Piano.
Gold - en Va - ni - ty, And they feared she might be ta - ken by the Turk - ish e - ne - my, That
will you give to me, If I swim a - longside of the Turk - ish e - ne - my, And
p
Slower.
sails up - on the Low - land, Low-land, that sails up - on the Low - land sea.
sink her in the Low - land, Low-land, and sink her in the Low - land sea?"
f
p

3. "O I will give you silver and I will give you gold,
And my only daughter your bride to be,
If you'll swim alongside of the Turkish enemy,
And sink her in the Lowland sea."

4. Then the boy made him ready, and overboard sprang he,
And he swam alongside of the Turkish enemy;
And with his auger sharp in her side he bored holes three,
And he sank her in the Lowland sea.

5. Then the boy turned round, and back again swam he,
And he cried out to the skipper of the *Golden Vanity;*
But the skipper did not heed, for his promise he would need;
And he left him in the Lowland sea.

6. Then the boy swam round, and came to the port side,
And he looked up at his messmates, and bitterly he cried:
"O messmates, take me up, for I'm drifting with the tide,
And I'm sinking in the Lowland sea!"

7. Then his messmates took him up, but on the deck he died;
And they sew'd him in his hammock that was so large and wide;
And they lowered him overboard, but he drifted with the tide,
And he sank beneath the Lowland sea.

*By kind permission of the Editors and Publishers of* "English County Songs."

# THE BONNIE BRIER-BUSH.

ANONYMOUS.

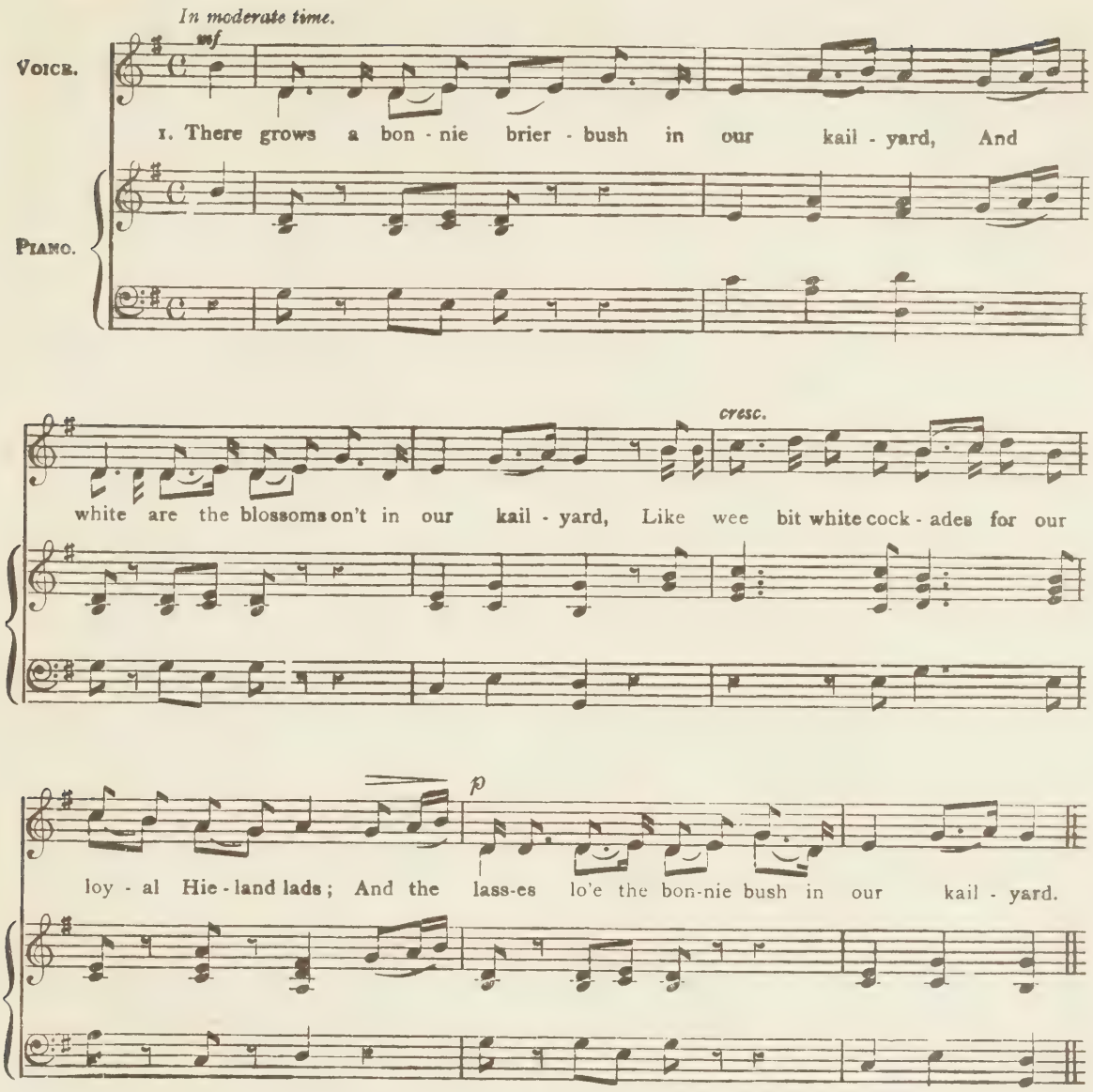
In moderate time.
mf
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. There grows a bon - nie brier - bush in our kail - yard, And
cresc.
white are the blossoms on't in our kail - yard, Like wee bit white cock - ades for our
p
loy - al Hie - land lads; And the lass-es lo'e the bon-nie bush in our kail - yard.

2.

But were they a' true that were far awa'?
Oh! were they a' true that were far awa'?
They drew up wi' glaiket Englishers at Carlisle ha',
And forgot auld friends when far awa'.

3.

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye hae been,
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol Green;
Ye lo'ed owre weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha',
And forgot the hieland hills that were far awa'.

4.

He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,
He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,
A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee:
He's a bonnie Hieland laddie, and you be na he.

# THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

ANONYMOUS.

*Moderately slow, but flowing.*
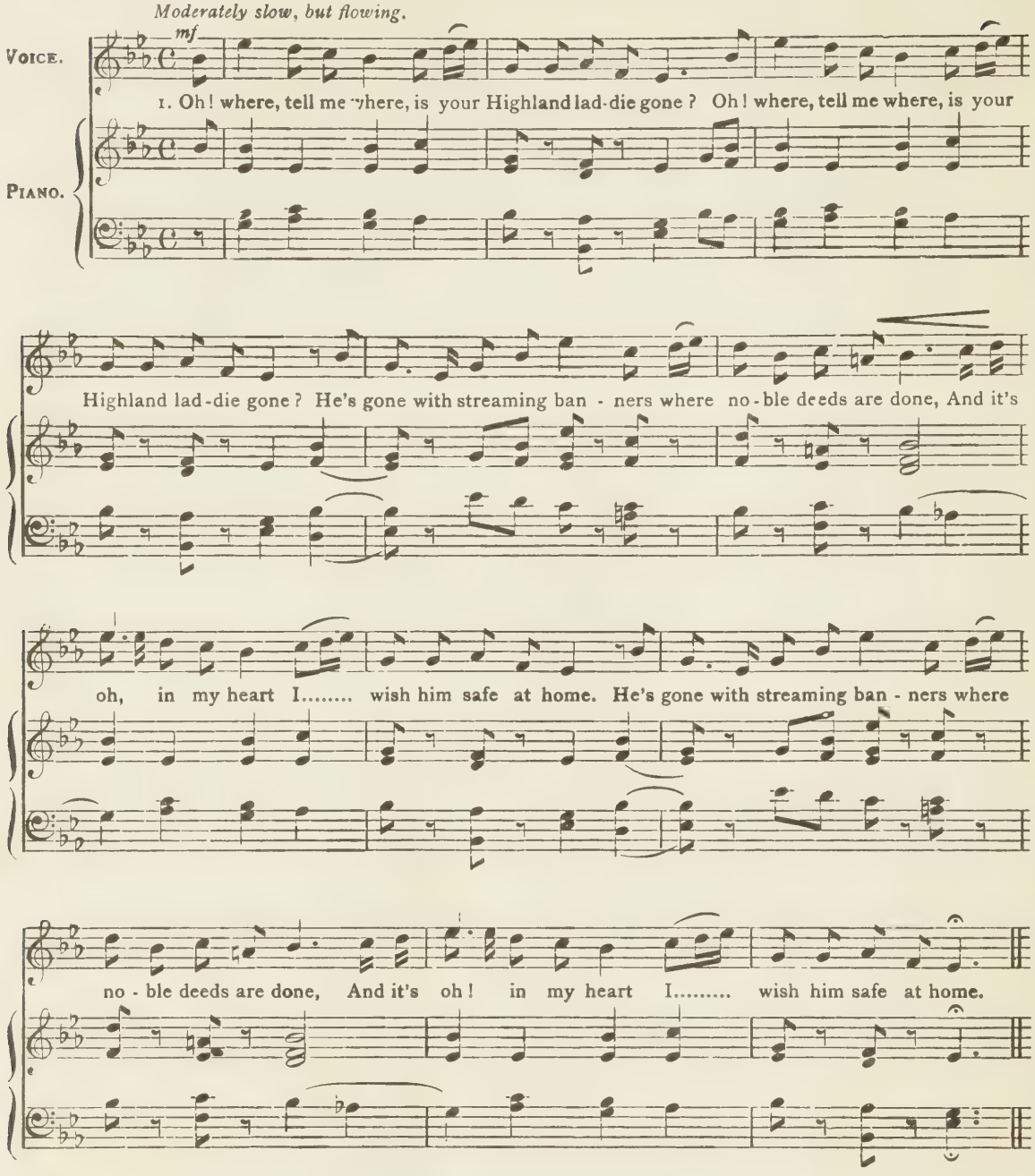
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. Oh! where, tell me where, is your Highland lad-die gone? Oh! where, tell me where, is your
Highland lad-die gone? He's gone with streaming ban - ners where no-ble deeds are done, And it's
oh, in my heart I..... wish him safe at home. He's gone with streaming ban - ners where
no - ble deeds are done, And it's oh! in my heart I..... wish him safe at home.

2.

Oh! where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie dwell?
Oh! where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie dwell?
He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell,
And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my laddie well.
He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, &c.

3.

Oh! what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
Oh! what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid,
And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad
A bonnet with a lofty plume, &c.

4.

Oh! what, tell me what, if your Highland lad be slain?
Oh! what, tell me what, if your Highland lad be slain?
Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,
For it's oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.
Oh, no! true love will be his guard, &c.

# CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

*Poem by* BURNS.

*In moderate time with marked rhythm.*
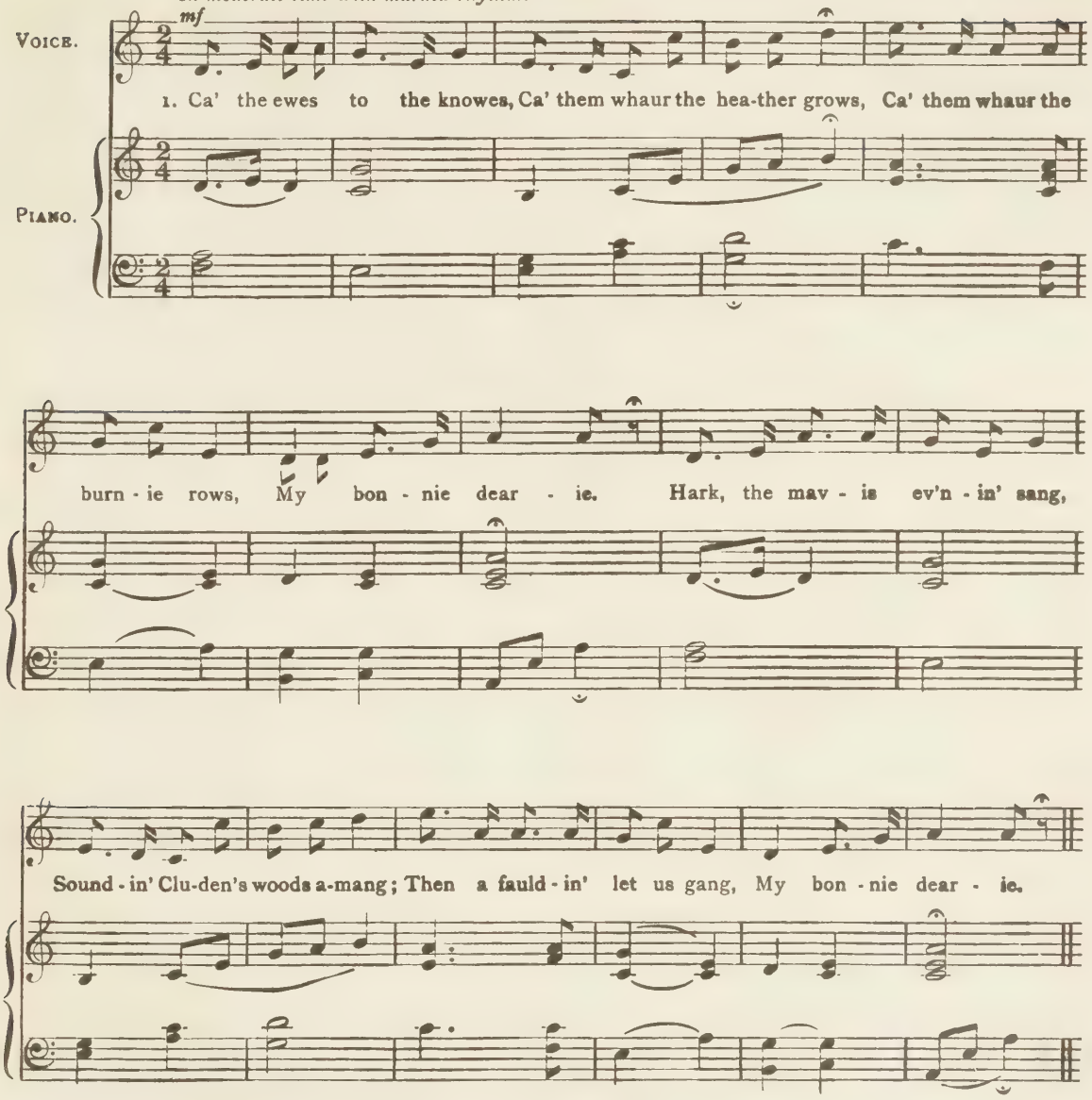
mf
VOICE.
1. Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whaur the hea-ther grows, Ca' them whaur the
PIANO.
burn - ie rows, My bon - nie dear - ie. Hark, the mav - is ev'n - in' sang,
Sound - in' Clu-den's woods a-mang; Then a fauld - in' let us gang, My bon - nie dear - ie.

2.

We'll gae down by Cluden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

3.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where, at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers
Fairies dance sae cheerie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

4.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht o' ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

5.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die, but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

# WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

*Poem by* WILLIAM GLEN.

*In moderately flowing time.*

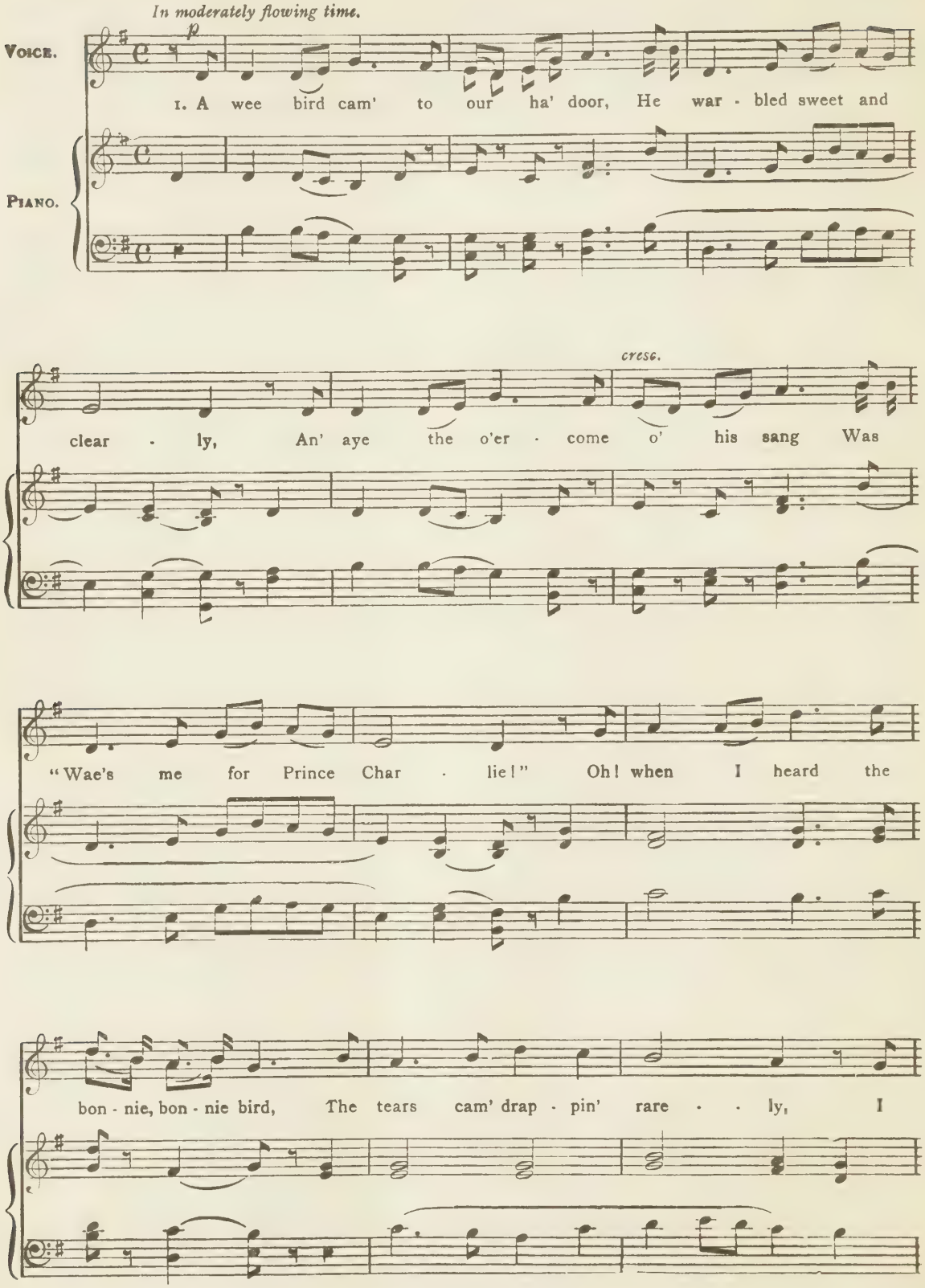
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
1. A wee bird cam' to our ha' door, He war - bled sweet and
cresc.
clear - ly, An' aye the o'er - come o' his sang Was
"Wae's me for Prince Char - lie!" Oh! when I heard the
bon - nie, bon - nie bird, The tears cam' drap - pin' rare - - ly, I

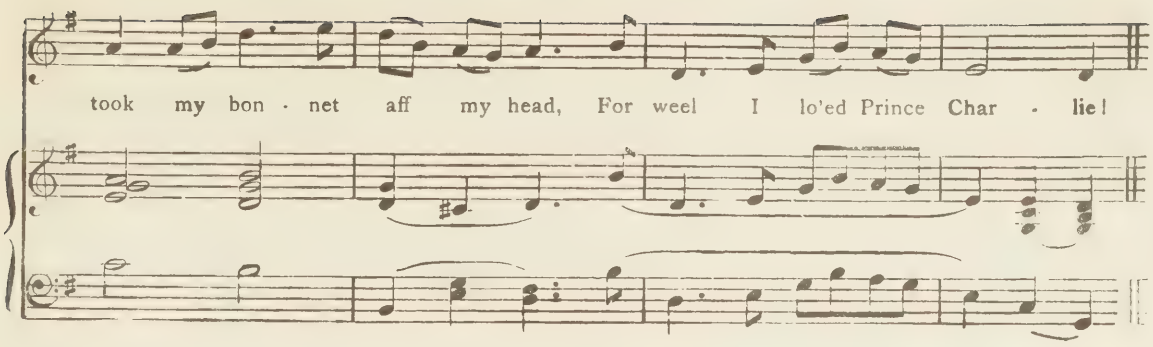


2.

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow;
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?"
"Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' mornin' early;
But sic a day o' wind an' rain—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

3.

"On hills that are by right his ain,
He roves a lanely stranger,
On ev'ry side he's press'd by want,
On ev'ry side is danger.
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

4.

"Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd,
Loud o'er the hills an' valleys,
An' where was't that your Prince lay down,
Wha's hame should be a palace?"
"He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

5.

But now the bird saw some red coats,
An' he shook his wings wi' anger,
"Oh! this is no a land for me;
I'll tarry here nae langer!"
He hover'd on the wing a while
Ere he departed fairly,
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

# THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

*Attributed to* JULIUS MICKLE.

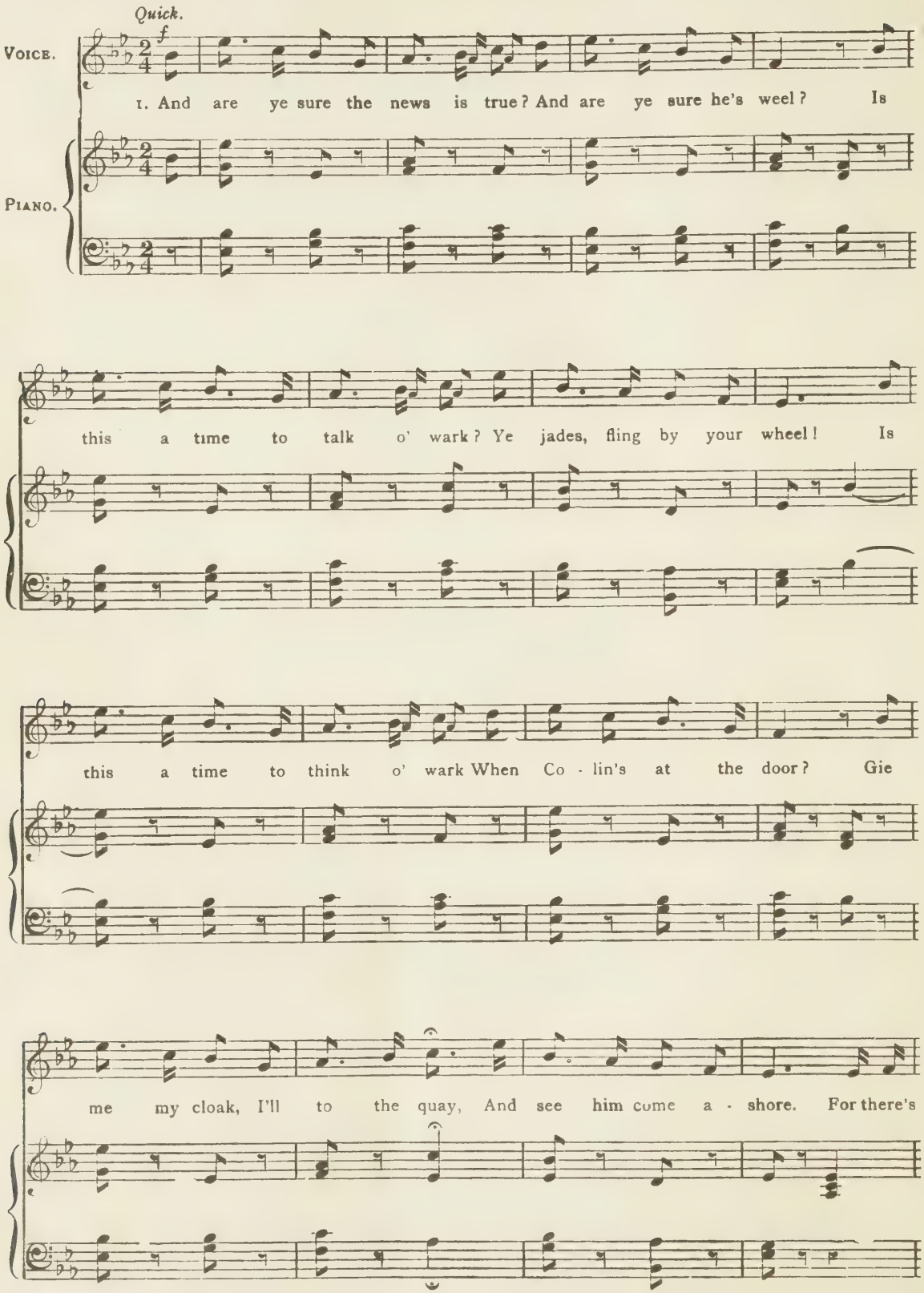
Quick.
f
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is
this a time to talk o' wark? Ye jades, fling by your wheel! Is
this a time to think o' wark When Co - lin's at the door? Gie
me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And see him come a - shore. For there's
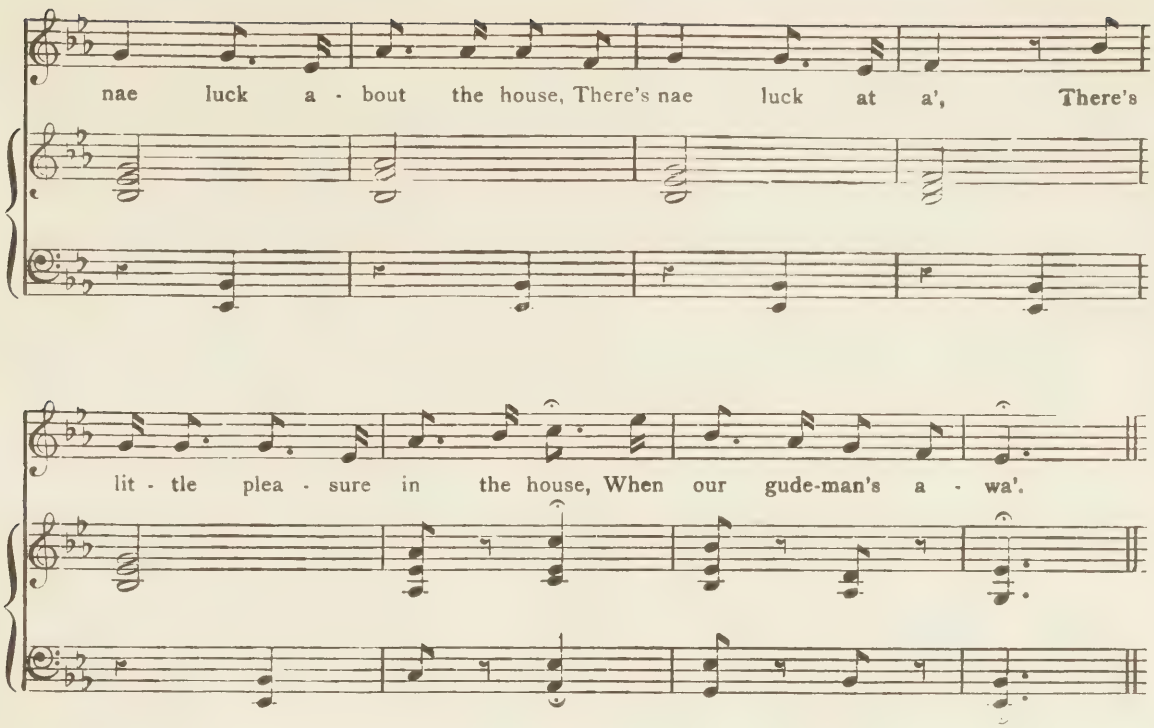
2.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.
For there's nae luck, &c.

3.

There are twa hens upon the bauk
Hae fed this month and mair,
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare:
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'.
For there's nae luck, &c

4.

Come, gie me down my biggonet,
My bishop-satin gown;
And rin and tell the Bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town:
My Turkey-slippers maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

5.

*Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air!
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair:
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In truth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

6.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
'Till death we'll never part:
But what puts parting in my head,
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw!
For there's nae luck, &c.

7.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

* *This Stanza was added by Dr. James Beattie, author of* "The Minstrel."

# THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

*Poem by* MRS. COCKBURN.

*Moderately slow and with expression.*

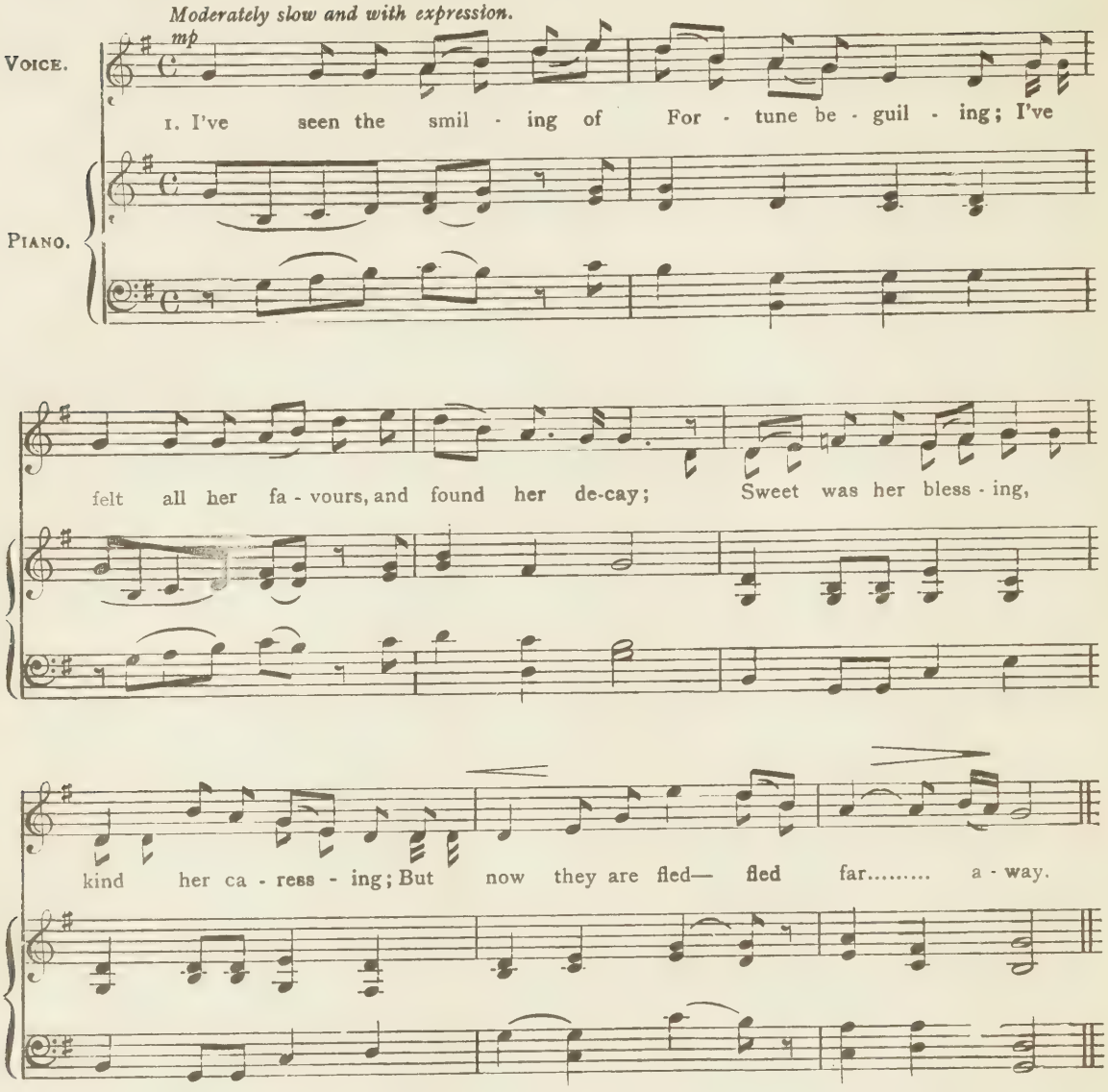
mp
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. I've seen the smil - ing of For - tune be - guil - ing; I've
felt all her fa - vours, and found her de-cay; Sweet was her bless - ing,
kind her ca - ress - ing; But now they are fled— fled far..... a - way.

2.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost
With flowers of the fairest, baith pleasant and gay;
Sae bonny was their blooming! their scent the air perfuming!
But now they are wither'd and a' wede away.

3.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And the loud tempest roaring before parting day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as they roll'd on their way.

4.

O, fickle Fortune, why this cruel sporting?
O why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Thy frown cannot fear me, thy smile cannot cheer me,
Since the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

# THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

*by* Miss Elliot.

1.

I've heard them lilting at our yowe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

2.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

3.

[In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and grey;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

4.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming
'Bout stacks, wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

5.

Dule and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.]

6.

We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

# AFTON WATER.

*Poem by* BURNS.

*Moderately slow.*

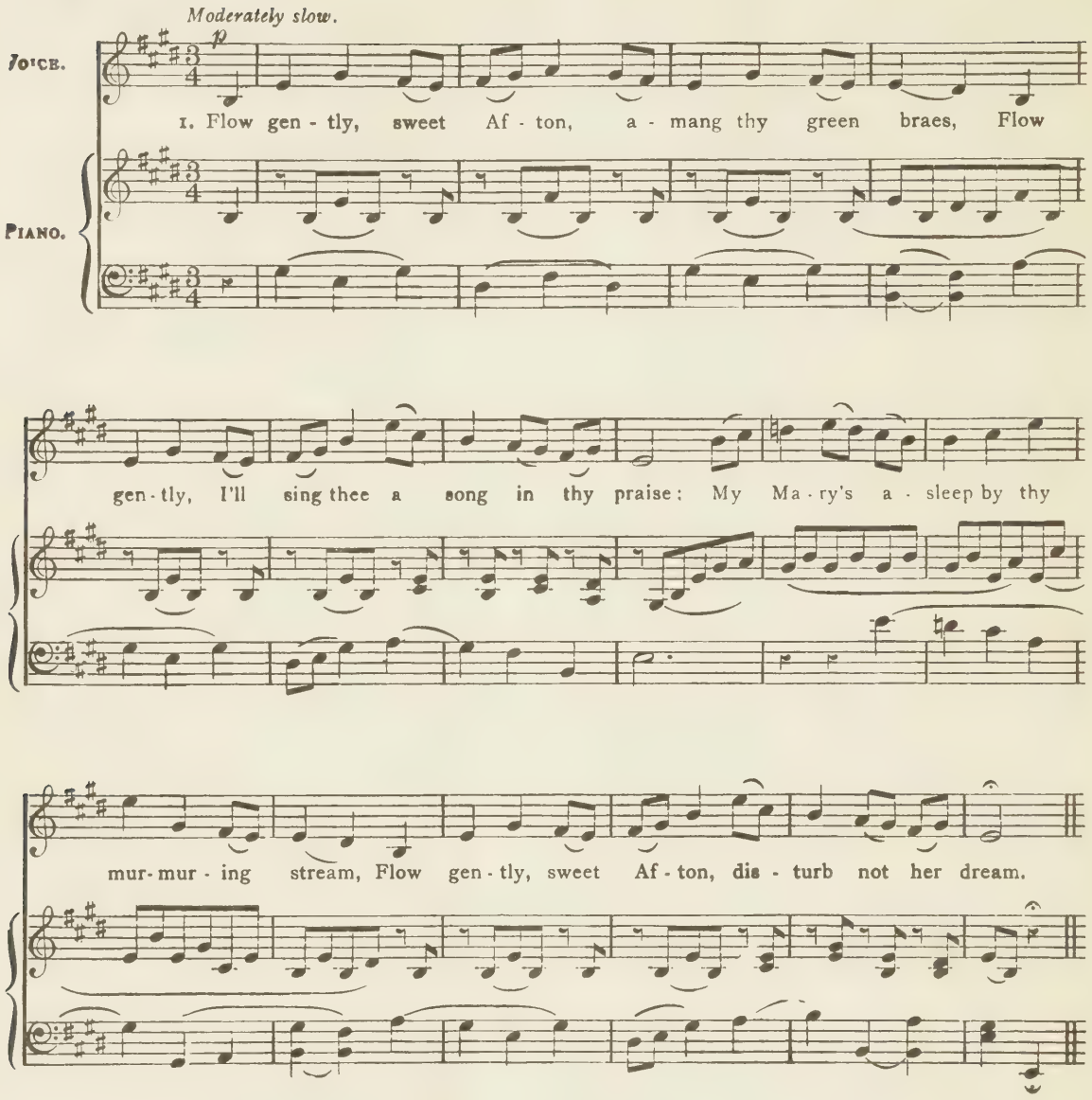
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes, Flow
gen - tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise: My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy
mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

2.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

3.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear-winding rills!
There daily I wander as morn rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

4.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
There oft as mild evening creeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

5.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave
As gath'ring sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave!

6.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays:
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

# HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

*Poem by* BURNS.

*Moderately slow and expressively.*

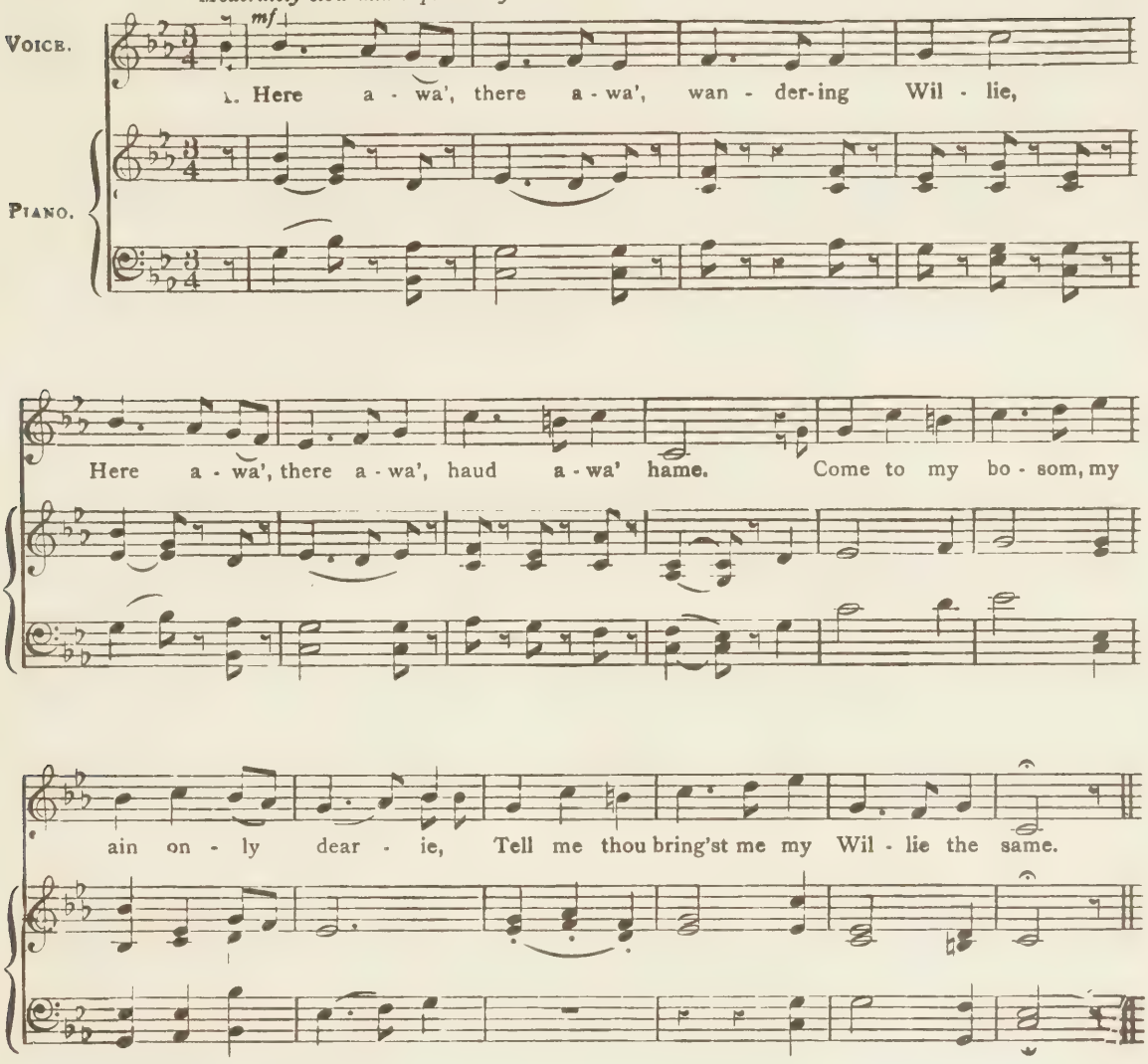
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
1. Here a - wa', there a - wa', wan - der-ing Wil - lie,
Here a - wa', there a - wa', haud a - wa' hame. Come to my bo - som, my
ain on - ly dear - ie, Tell me thou bring'st me my Wil - lie the same.

2.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting;
Fears for my Willie brought tears to my e'e;
Welcome now, simmer, and welcome, my Willie,
The simmer to nature, and Willie to me.

3.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers;
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

4.

But, oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

# I'LL BID MY HEART BE STILL

*Poem by* THOMAS PRINGLE. OLD BORDER MELODY.

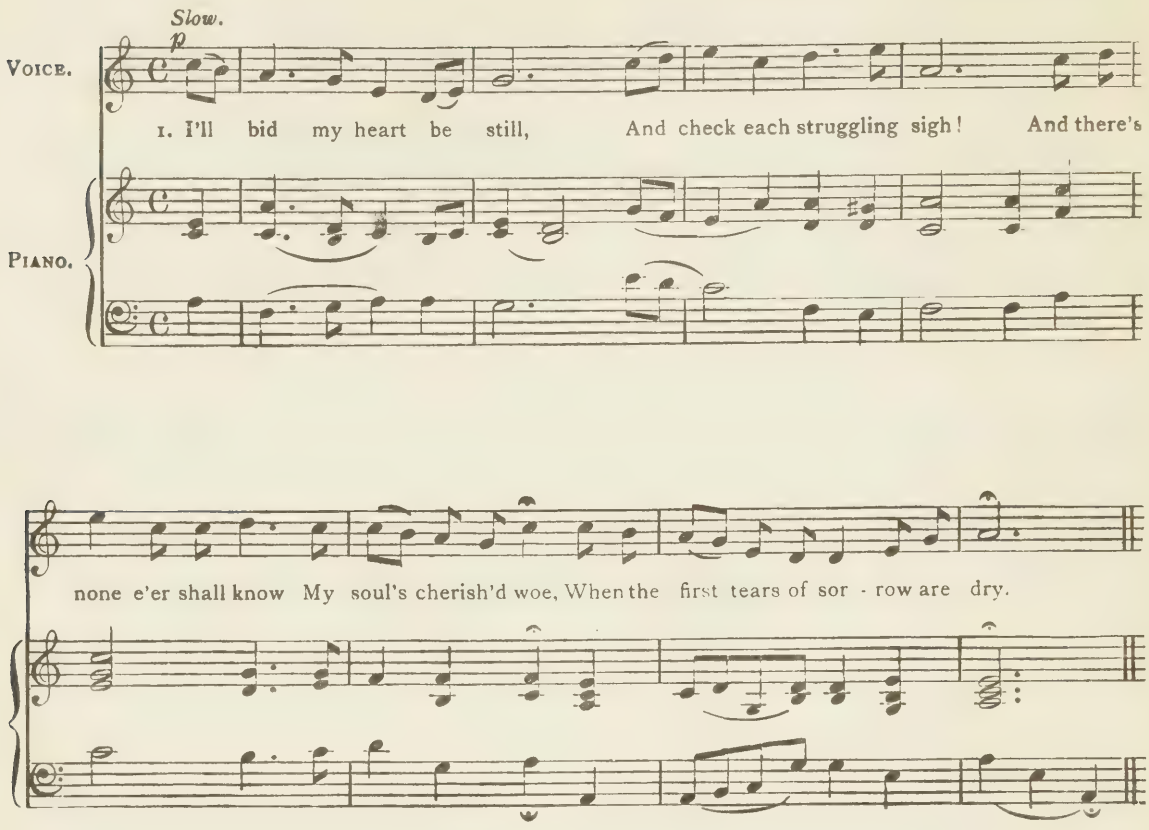
Slow.
p
VOICE.
1. I'll bid my heart be still, And check each struggling sigh! And there's
PIANO.
none e'er shall know My soul's cherish'd woe, When the first tears of sor - row are dry.

2.

They bid me cease to weep,
For glory gilds his name;
Ah! 'tis therefore I mourn—
He ne'er can return
To enjoy the bright noon of his fame.

3.

While minstrels wake the lay
For peace and freedom won,
Like my lost lover's knell
The tones seem to swell,
And I hear but his death-dirge alone.

4.

My cheek has lost its hue,
My eye grows faint and dim,
But 'tis sweeter to fade
In grief's gloomy shade,
Than to bloom for another than him.

# A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

*Poem by* BURNS.

*Moderately quick.*

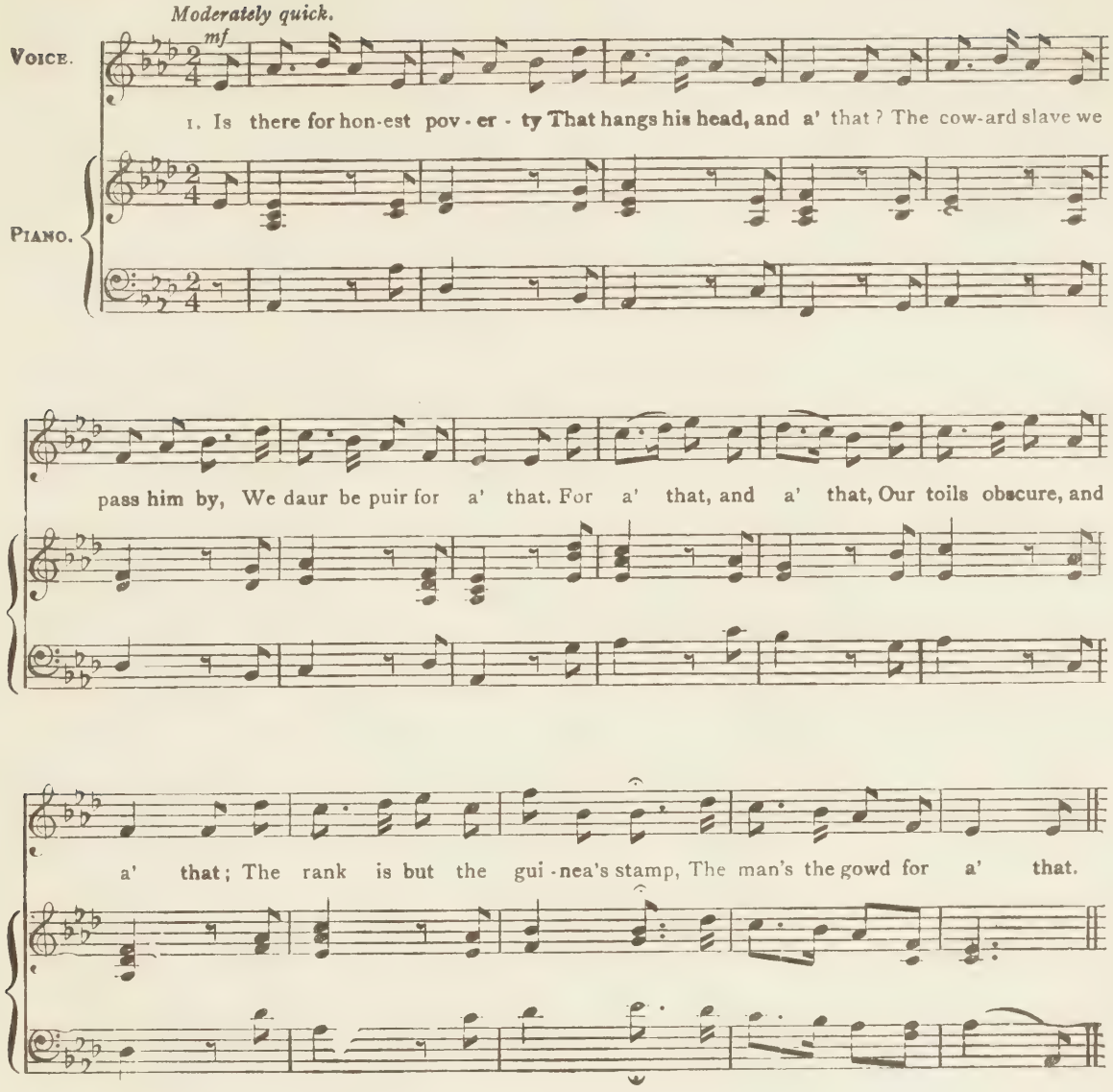
VOICE.
mf
1. Is there for hon-est pov - er - ty That hangs his head, and a' that? The cow-ard slave we
PIANO.
pass him by, We daur be puir for a' that. For a' that, and a' that, Our toils obscure, and
a' that; The rank is but the gui - nea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.

2.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin-grey, and a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that,
The honest man, though ne'er sae puir,
Is king o' men for a' that.

3.

A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his micht,
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

4.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth.
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

# KELVIN GROVE.

*Poem by* LYLE.

*Moderately quick.*
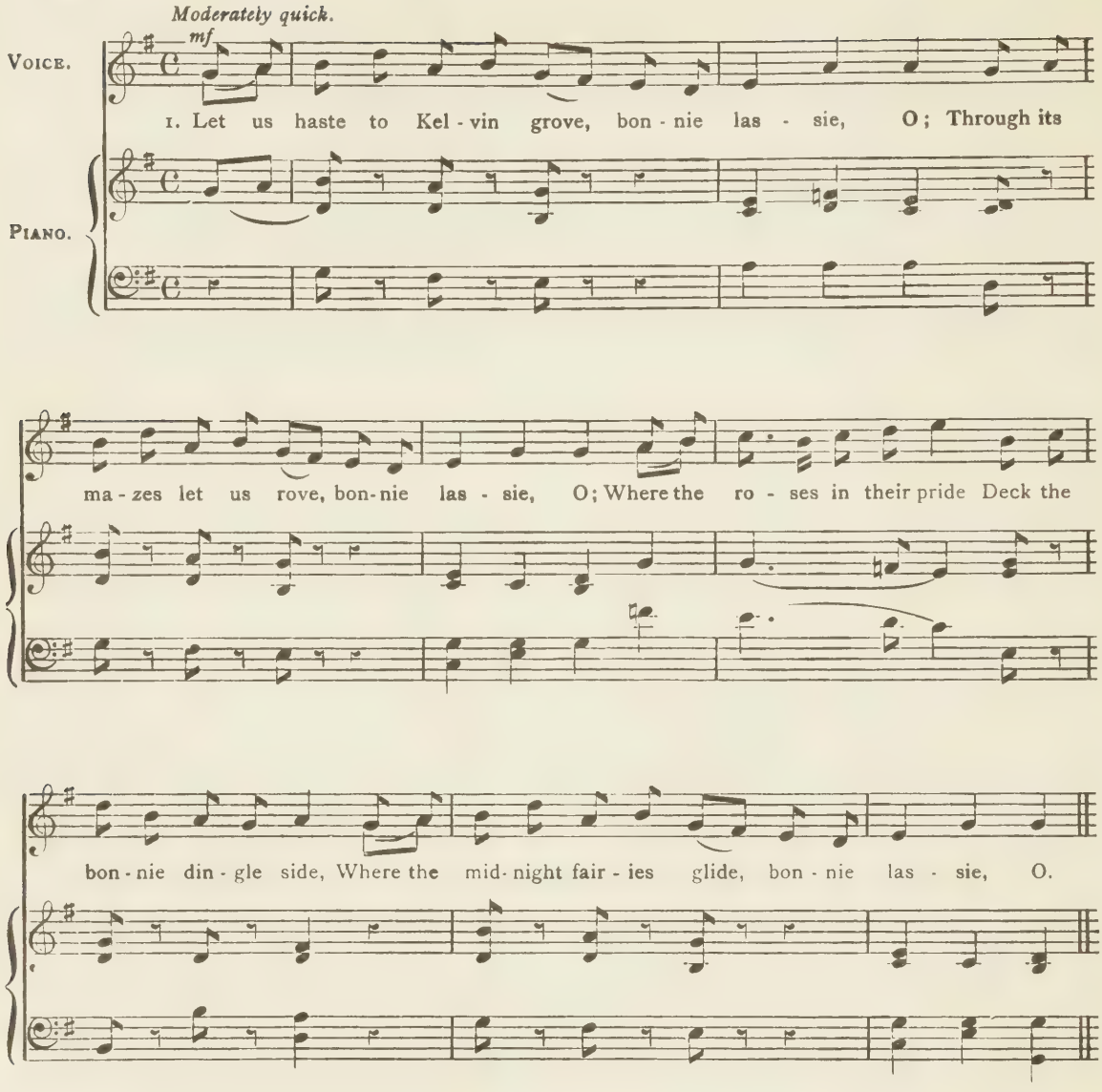
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
1. Let us haste to Kel - vin grove, bon - nie las - sie, O; Through its
ma - zes let us rove, bon - nie las - sie, O; Where the ro - ses in their pride Deck the
bon - nie din - gle side, Where the mid - night fair - ies glide, bon - nie las - sie, O.

2.

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the roaring waters' fall,
Through the mountains' rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

3.

O Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,
When the summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O,
There the May-pink's crimson plume
Throws a soft but sweet perfume
Round the yellow banks o' broom, bonnie lassie, O.

4.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O,
Yet with fortune on my side,
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

5.

But the frowns of fortune lour, bonnie lassie, O,
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
Ere yon golden orb of day
Wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

6.

Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant scented brier,
E'en to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

7.

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
Then, Helen, shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O!

# ANNIE LAURIE.

ANONYMOUS.
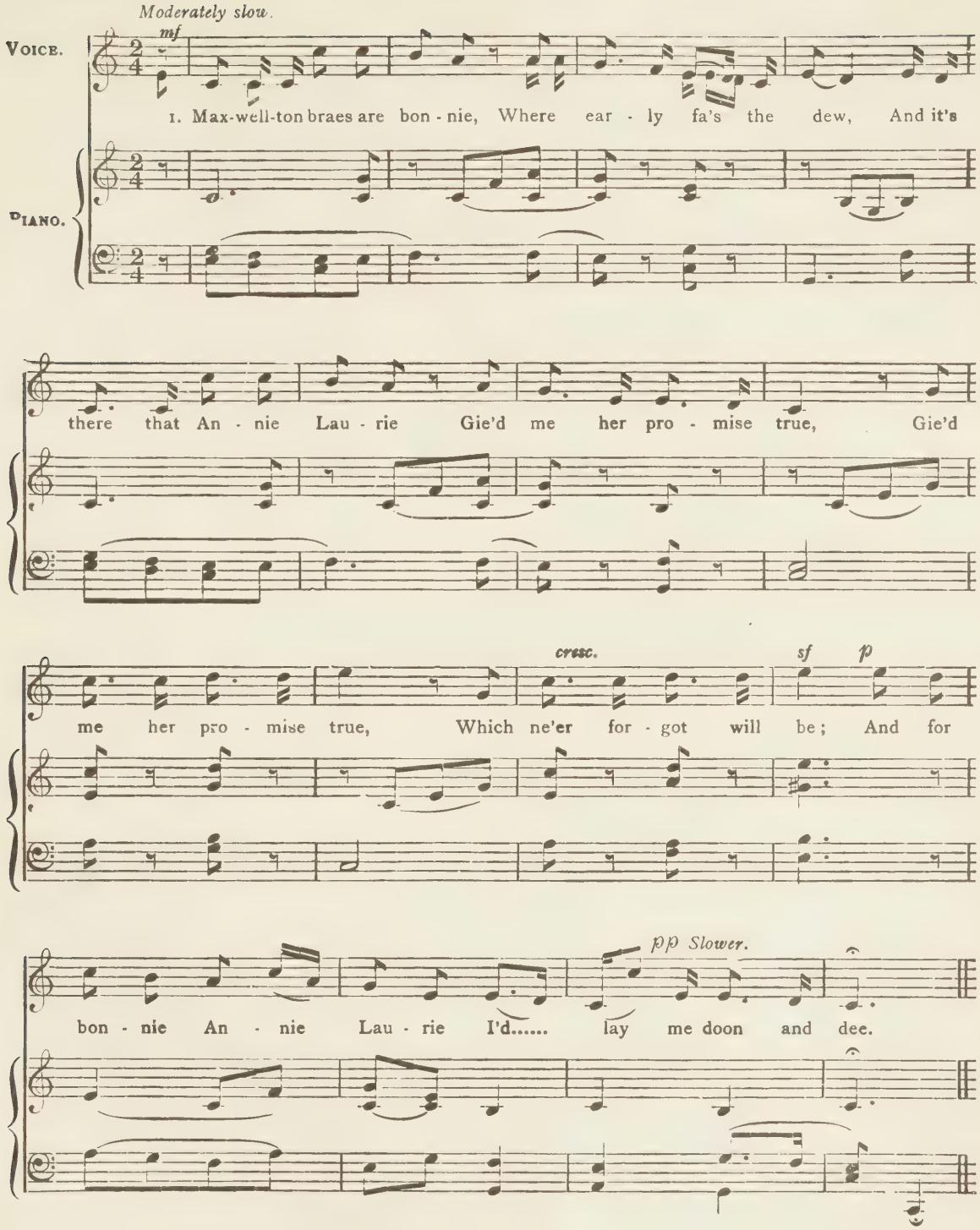
Moderately slow.
mf
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Max-well-ton braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And it's
there that An - nie Lau - rie Gie'd me her pro - mise true, Gie'd
cresc.
sf
p
me her pro - mise true, Which ne'er for - got will be; And for
pp Slower.
bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd..... lay me doon and dee.

2. *Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

3. Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And, like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

* *The first four lines of this stanza are borrowed from an old version of* "John Anderson, my Joe."

# CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

ANONYMOUS.

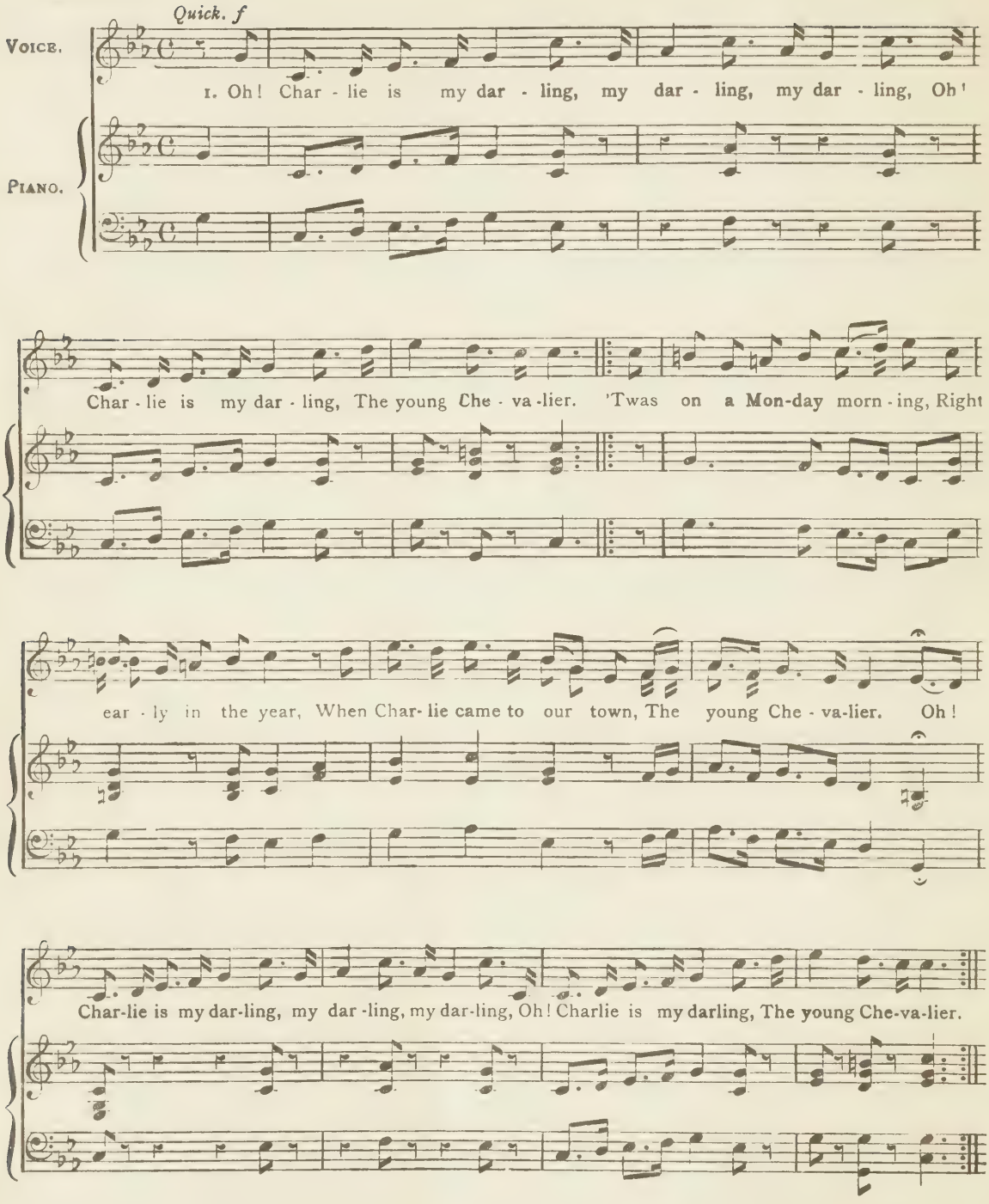
Quick. f
Voice.
Piano.
1. Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my dar - ling, Oh!
Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young Che - va - lier. 'Twas on a Mon-day morn - ing, Right
ear - ly in the year, When Char- lie came to our town, The young Che - va-lier. Oh!
Char-lie is my dar-ling, my dar -ling, my dar-ling, Oh! Charlie is my darling, The young Che-va-lier.

2. As he cam' marchin' up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear;
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' out
To meet the Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, &c.

3. Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie. &c.

4. They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, &c.

5. Oh! there were mony beating hearts,
And mony a hope and fear;
And mony were the pray'rs put up
For the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie. &c.

# THE ROWAN TREE.*

*Poem by* LADY NAIRNE.

*Moderately slow.*

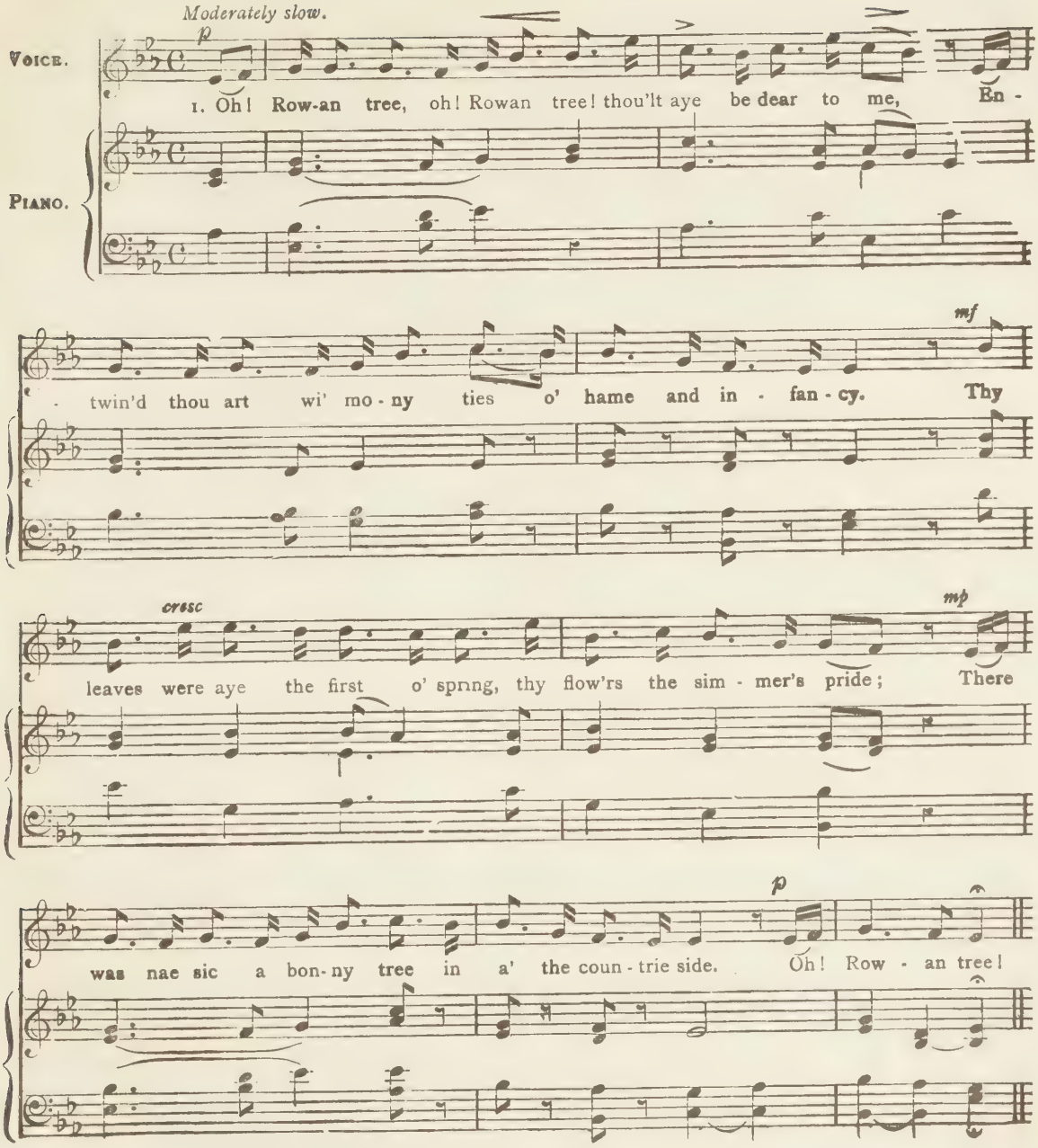
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
1. Oh! Row-an tree, oh! Rowan tree! thou'lt aye be dear to me, En -
mf
- twin'd thou art wi' mo - ny ties o' hame and in - fan - cy. Thy
cresc
mp
leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flow'rs the sim - mer's pride; There
p
was nae sic a bon - ny tree in a' the coun - trie side. Oh! Row - an tree!

2. How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a' thy clusters white,
How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and bright.
On thy fair stem were mony names, which now nae mair I see,
But they're engraven on my heart—forgot they ne'er can be!
Oh! Rowan tree!

3. We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies round thee ran,
They pu'd thy bonny berries red, and necklaces they strang.
My mother! Oh! I see her still, she smil'd our sports to see,
Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, wi' Jamie at her knee!
Oh! Rowan tree!

4. Oh! there arose my father's prayer, in holy evening's calm,
How sweet was then my mother's voice, in the Martyr's psalm;
Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the Rowan tree;
But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o' hame and infancy.
Oh! Rowan tree!

* *The Mountain Ash.*

# OH! WHY LEFT I MY HAME?

*Poem by* R. GILFILLAN.

*Rather slow and with expression.*

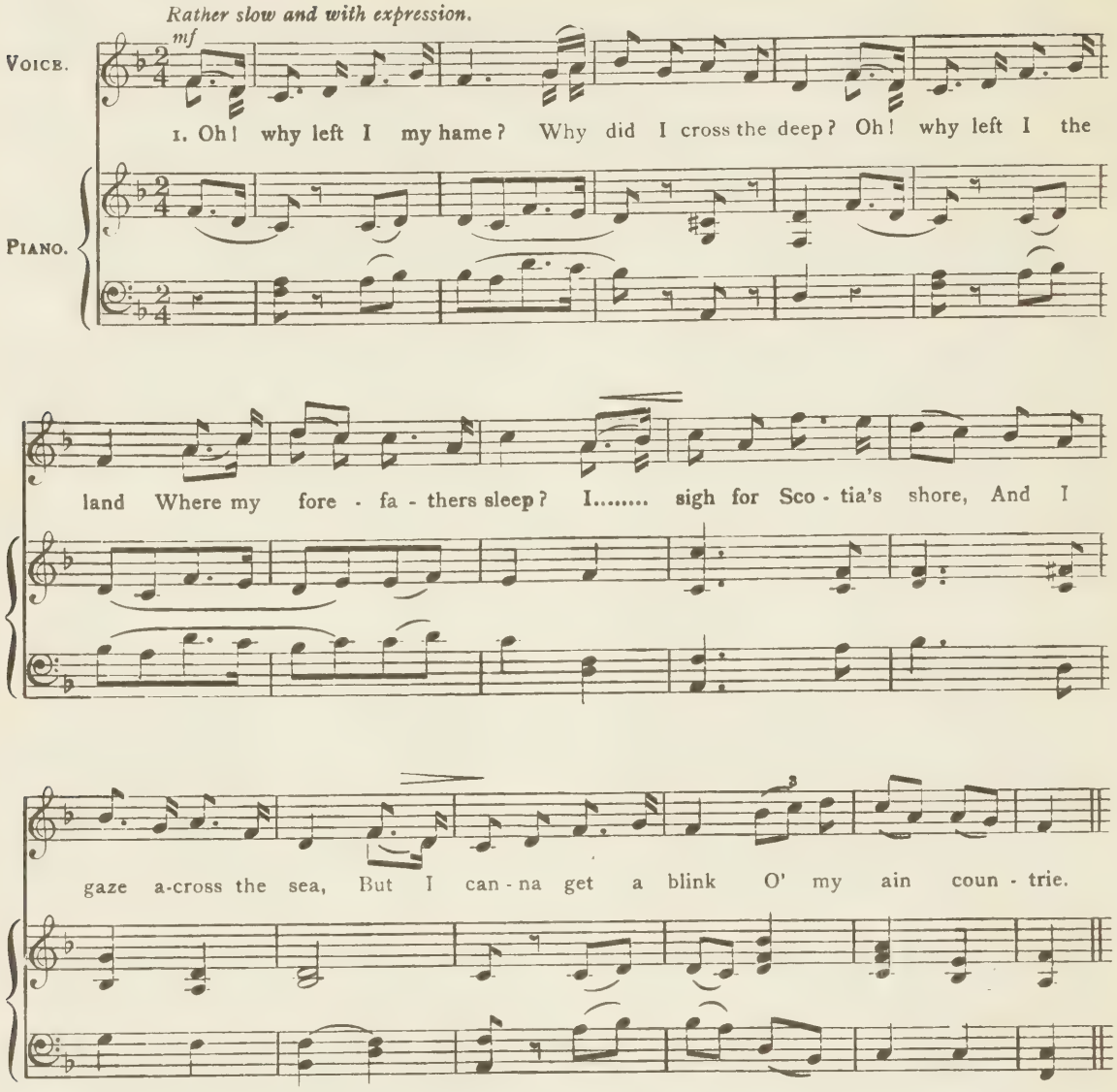
mf
VOICE.
1. Oh! why left I my hame? Why did I cross the deep? Oh! why left I the
PIANO.
land Where my fore - fa - thers sleep? I..... sigh for Sco - tia's shore, And I
gaze a-cross the sea, But I can - na get a blink O' my ain coun - trie.

2.

The palm-tree waveth high
And fair the myrtle springs,
And to the Indian maid
The bulbul sweetly sings;
But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie.

3.

Oh! here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Amang the yellow corn:
For the tyrant's voice is here
And the wail of slaverie;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie.

4.

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain;
But the first joys of our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep
And a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie.

# THE BOATIE ROWS

*Poem by* JOHN EWEN.

*In moderate time.*

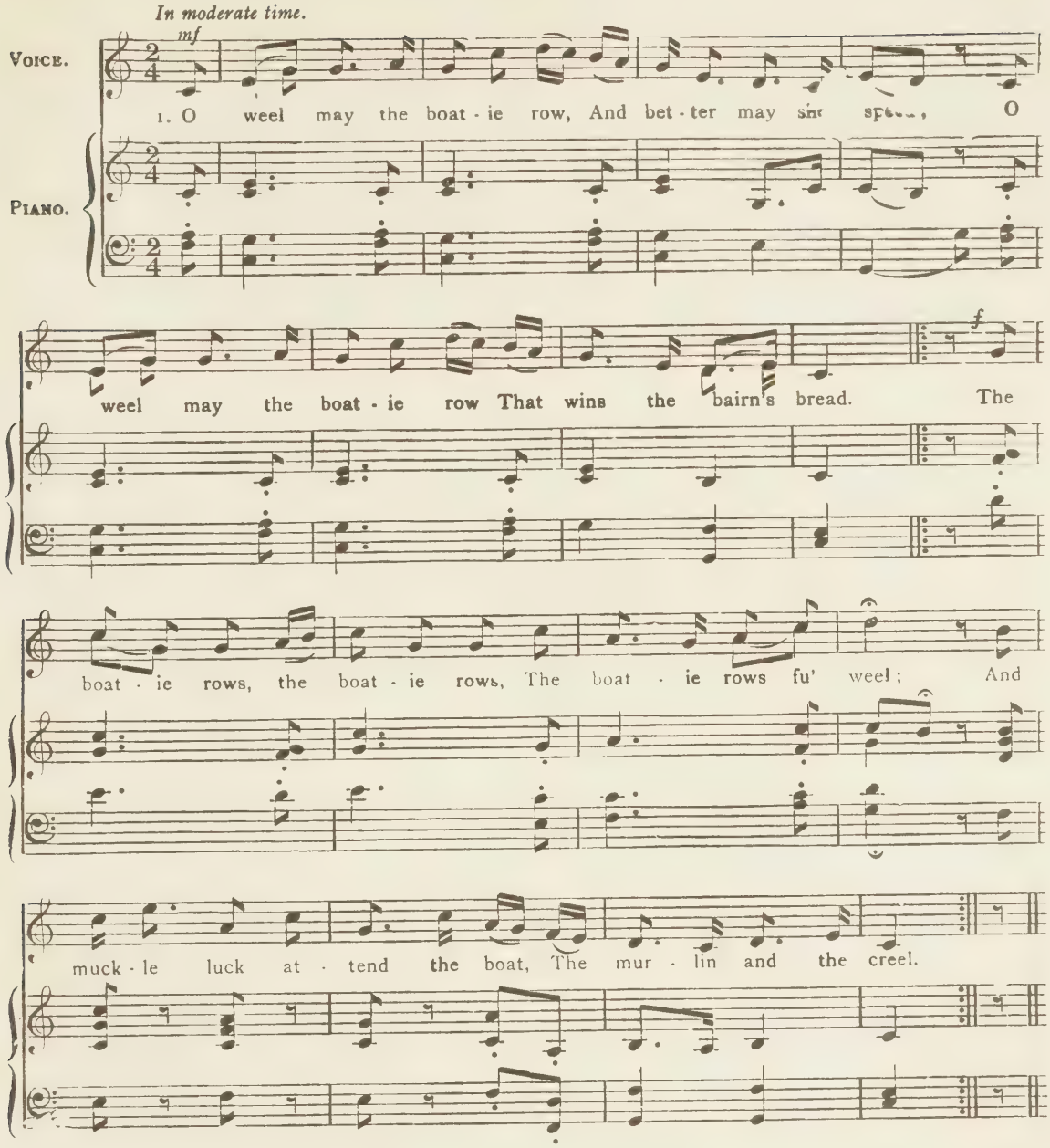
mf
VOICE.
1. O weel may the boat - ie row, And bet - ter may she speed, O
PIANO.
f
weel may the boat - ie row That wins the bairn's bread. The
boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows fu' weel; And
muck - le luck at - tend the boat, The mur - lin and the creel.

2.

I cuist my lines in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine; [boil,
They're three to roast, and three to
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

3.

O weel may the boatie row
That fills a heavy creel,
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

4.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,
And wan my youthful heart,—
O muckle lighter grew my creel!
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the lade
When love bears up the creel.

5.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw,
I trow my heart was dowf and wae
When Jamie gaed awa'.
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care
That has an honest heart.

6.

When Sandie, Jock, and Janetie
Are up, and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be the heart thet bears
The murlin and the creel.

7.

And when wi' age we're worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll help to keep us dry and warm
As we did them before:
Then weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairn's bread,
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

# SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED!

*Poem by* BURNS.

*In march time.*

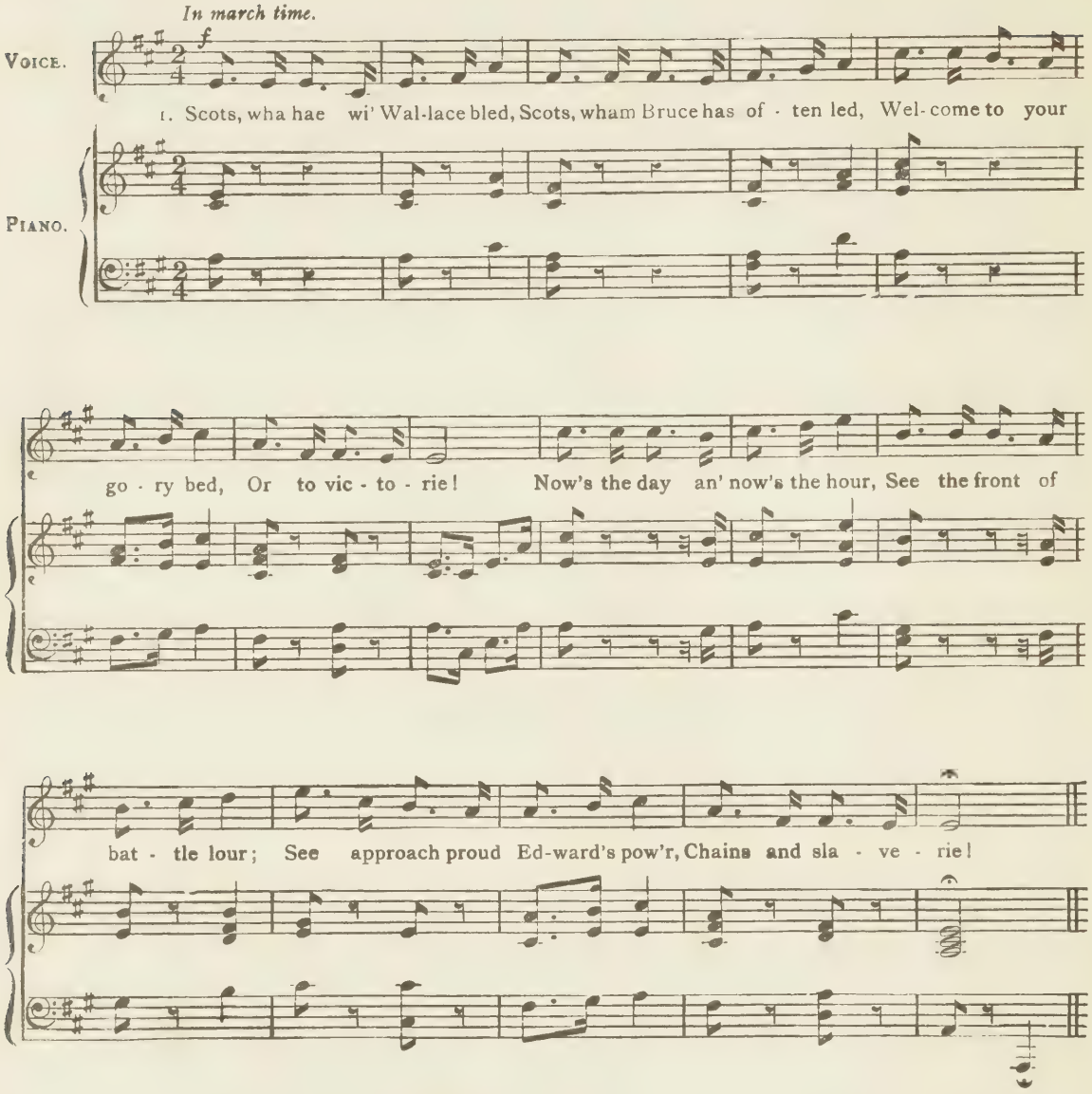
VOICE.
f
1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has of - ten led, Wel-come to your
PIANO.
go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - rie! Now's the day an' now's the hour, See the front of
bat - tle lour; See approach proud Ed-ward's pow'r, Chains and sla - ve - rie!

2.

Wha would be a traitor knave?
Wha would fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn an' flee!
Wha, for Scotland's king an' law,
Freedom's sword would strongly draw,
Freeman stand, and freeman fa',
Let him on wi' me!

3.

By oppression's woes an' pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or dee!

# THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

TRADITIONAL.

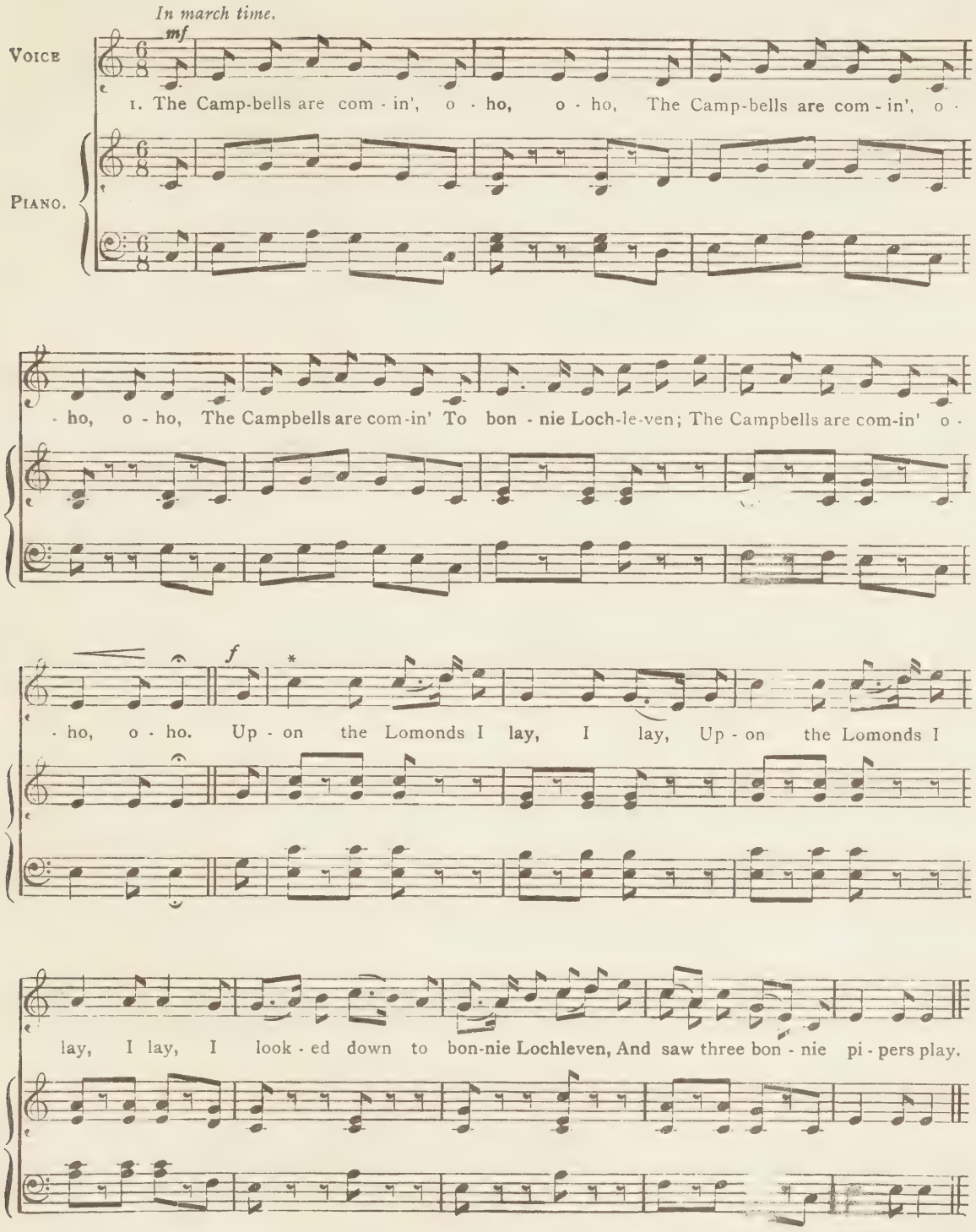
In march time.
mf
VOICE
PIANO.
1. The Camp-bells are com - in', o - ho, o - ho, The Camp-bells are com - in', o -
- ho, o - ho, The Campbells are com-in' To bon - nie Loch-le-ven; The Campbells are com-in' o -
f
*
- ho, o - ho. Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I
lay, I lay, I look - ed down to bon-nie Lochleven, And saw three bon - nie pi - pers play.

2.

* Great Argyle, he goes before,
He makes the cannons and guns to roar,
Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum,
The Campbells are comin', oho, oho.
The Campbells are comin', &c.

3.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show;
Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,
The Campbells are comin', oho, oho.
The Campbells are comin', &c.

# BONNIE DUNDEE.

*Poem by* SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*Fairly quick.*
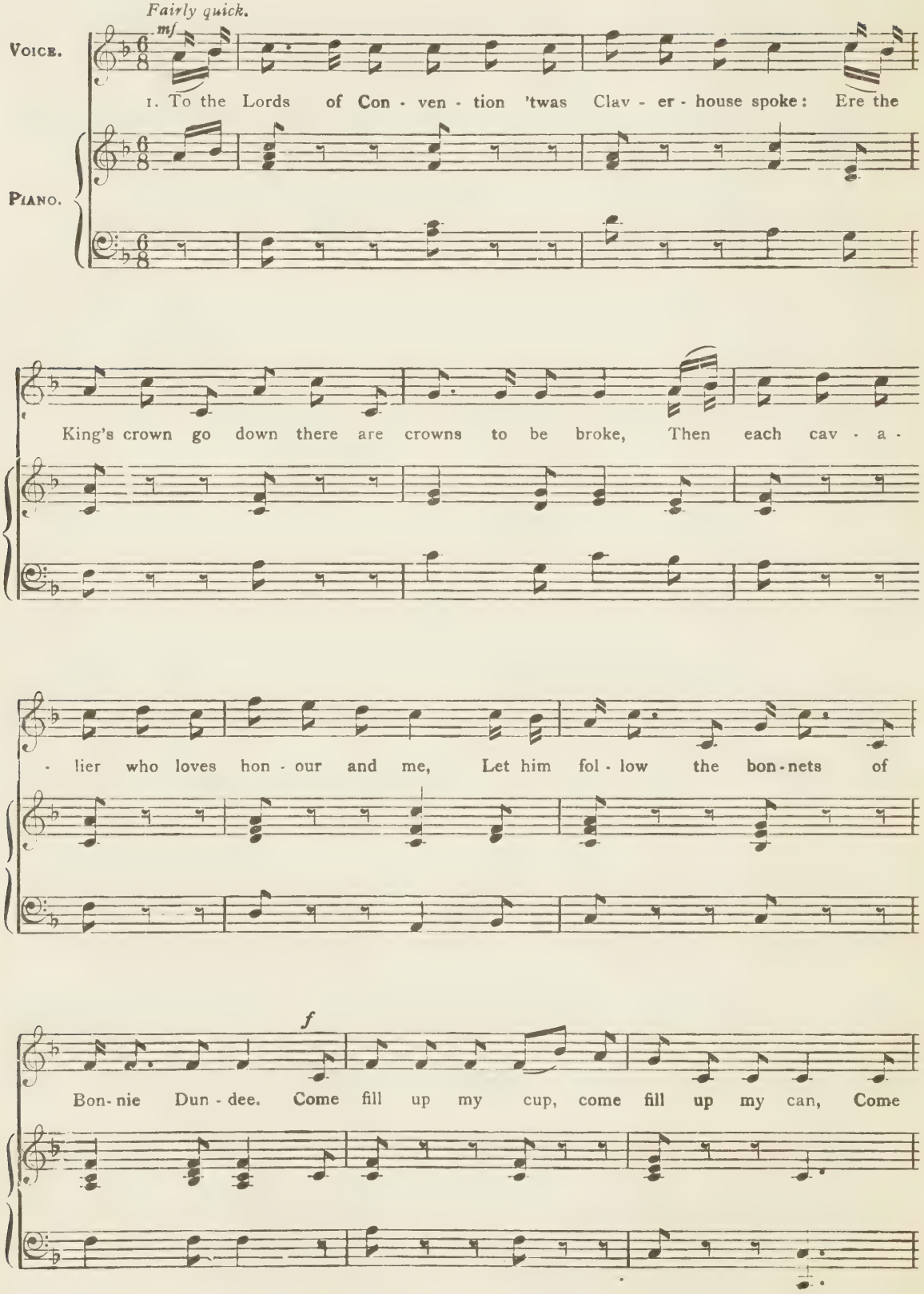
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. To the Lords of Con - ven - tion 'twas Clav - er - house spoke: Ere the
King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke, Then each cav - a -
- lier who loves hon - our and me, Let him fol - low the bon - nets of
f
Bon - nie Dun - dee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
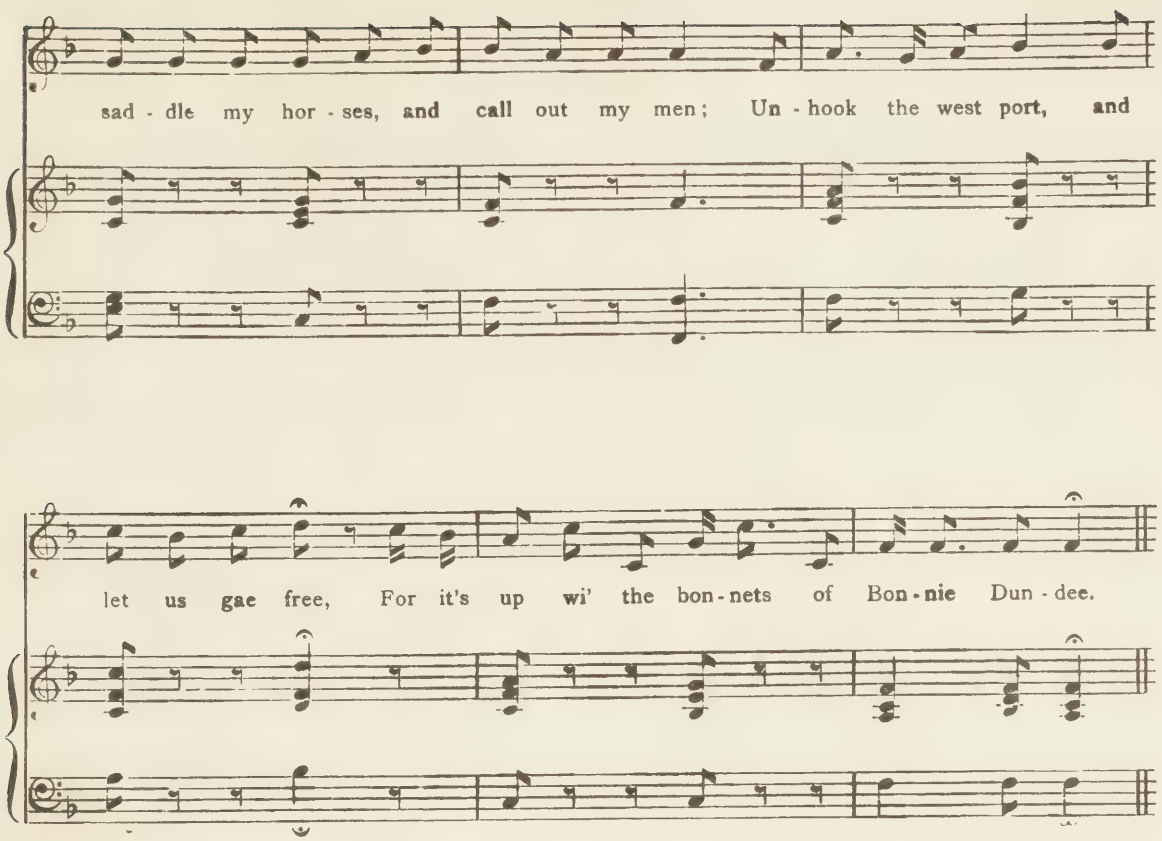
2.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,
But the provost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be,
For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, &c.

3.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north;
There are brave Duinnewassels, three thousand times three
Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, &c.

4.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox;
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst o' your glee,
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.

Come fill up my cup, &c.

# WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE?

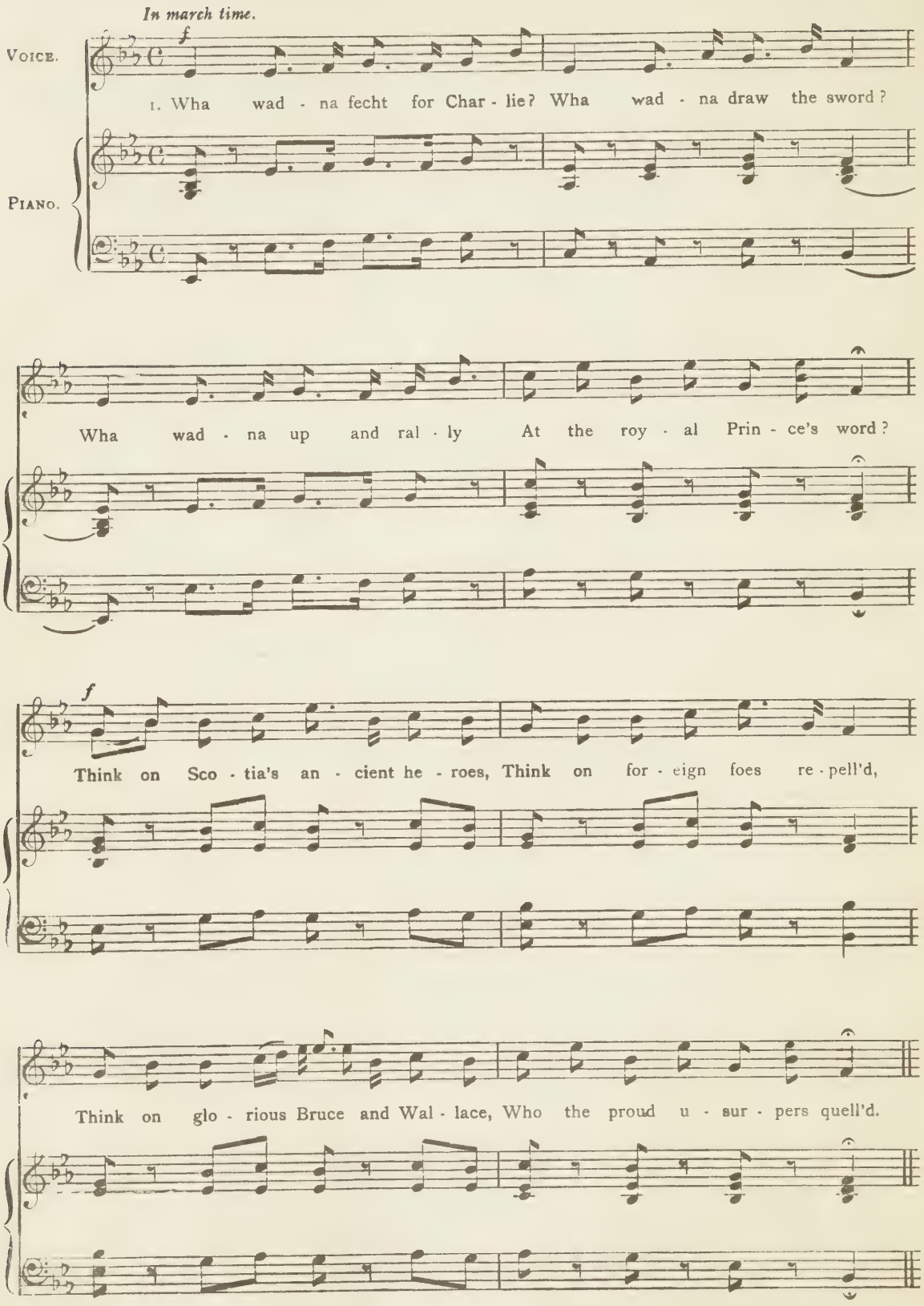
In march time.
Voice.
Piano.
1. Wha wad - na fecht for Char - lie? Wha wad - na draw the sword?
Wha wad - na up and ral - ly At the roy - al Prin - ce's word?
Think on Sco - tia's an - cient he - roes, Think on for - eign foes re - pell'd,
Think on glo - rious Bruce and Wal - lace, Who the proud u - sur - pers quell'd.

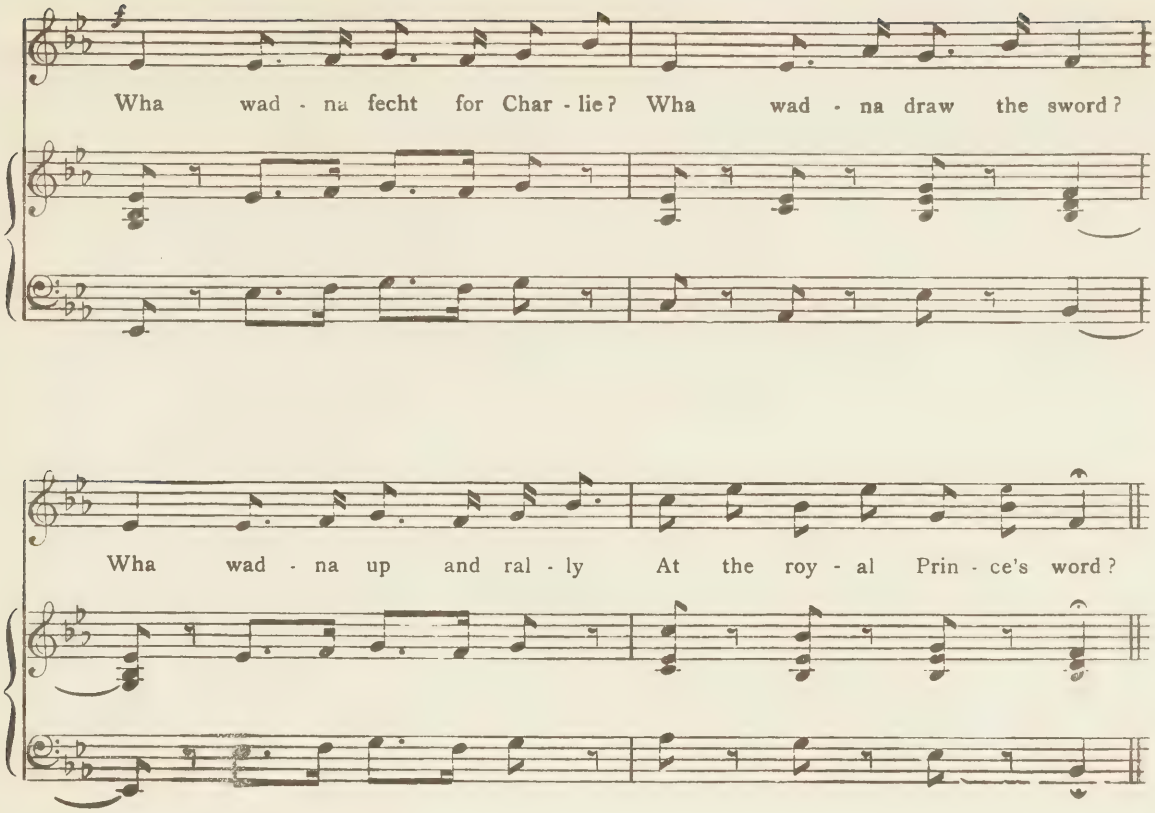


2.

Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!
Rouse, ye heroes of the north!
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,
'Tis your Prince that leads you forth!
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd
While a stranger rules the day?
Wha wadna fecht, &c.

3.

See the northern clans advancing!
See Glengarry and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!
Highland hearts are true as steel.
Now our Prince has raised his banner,
Now triumphant is our cause;
Now the Scottish lion rallies,
Let us strike for Prince and laws!
Wha wadna fecht, &c.

# ROBIN ADAIR.*

*Poem by* BURNS.

*Moderately slow.* *Irish and Scotch form of melody.*
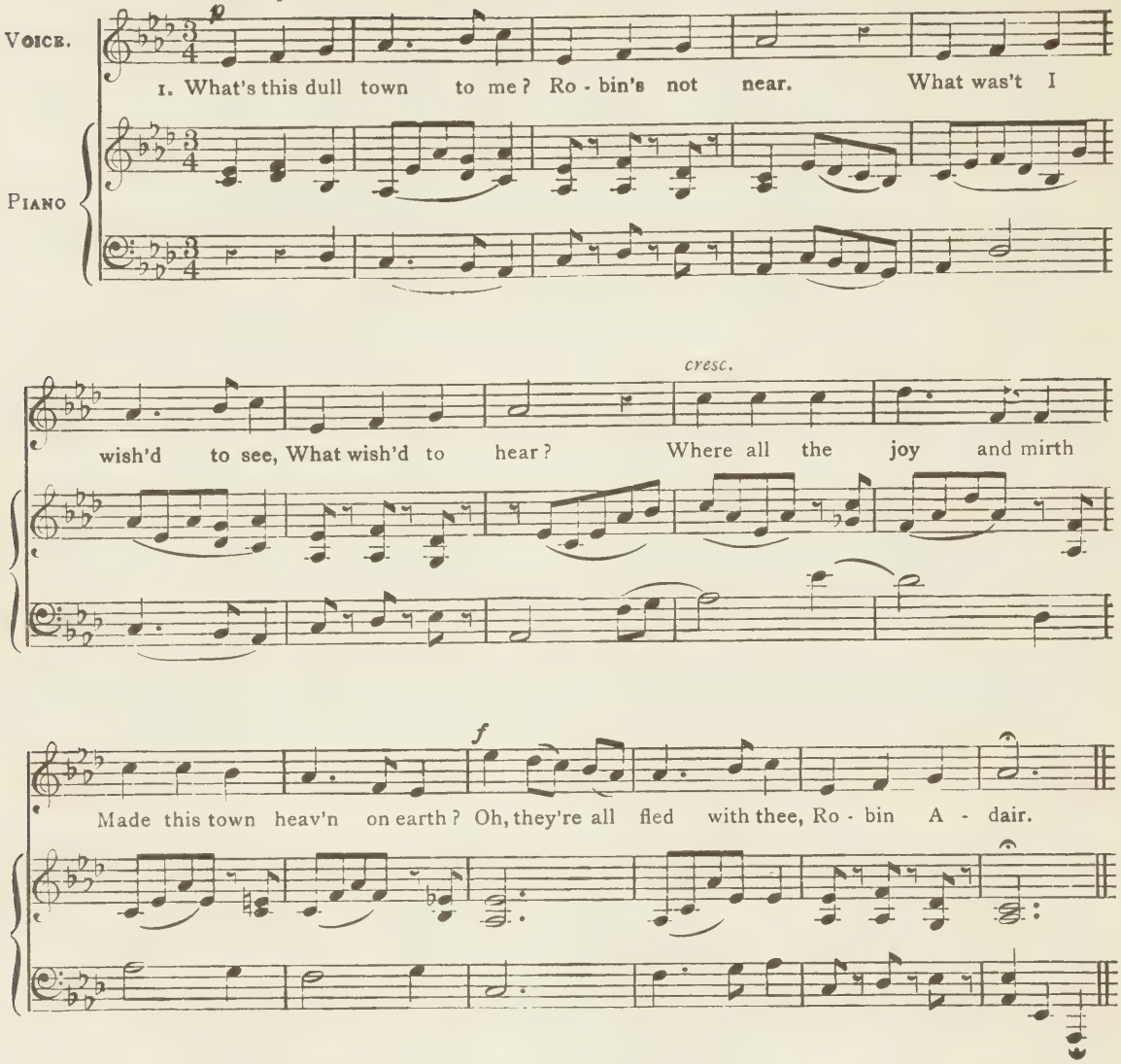
VOICE.
PIANO
p
1. What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not near. What was't I
cresc.
wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear? Where all the joy and mirth
f
Made this town heav'n on earth? Oh, they're all fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair.

2.

What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there.
What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh, it was parting with
Robin Adair.

3.

But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair,
But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.
Yet he I lov'd so well
Still in my heart shall dwell;
Oh, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

* *This is a simplified version of an Irish air.*—ED.

# JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.*

*Poem by* SIR WALTER SCOTT

*Fairly slow.*

*mf*

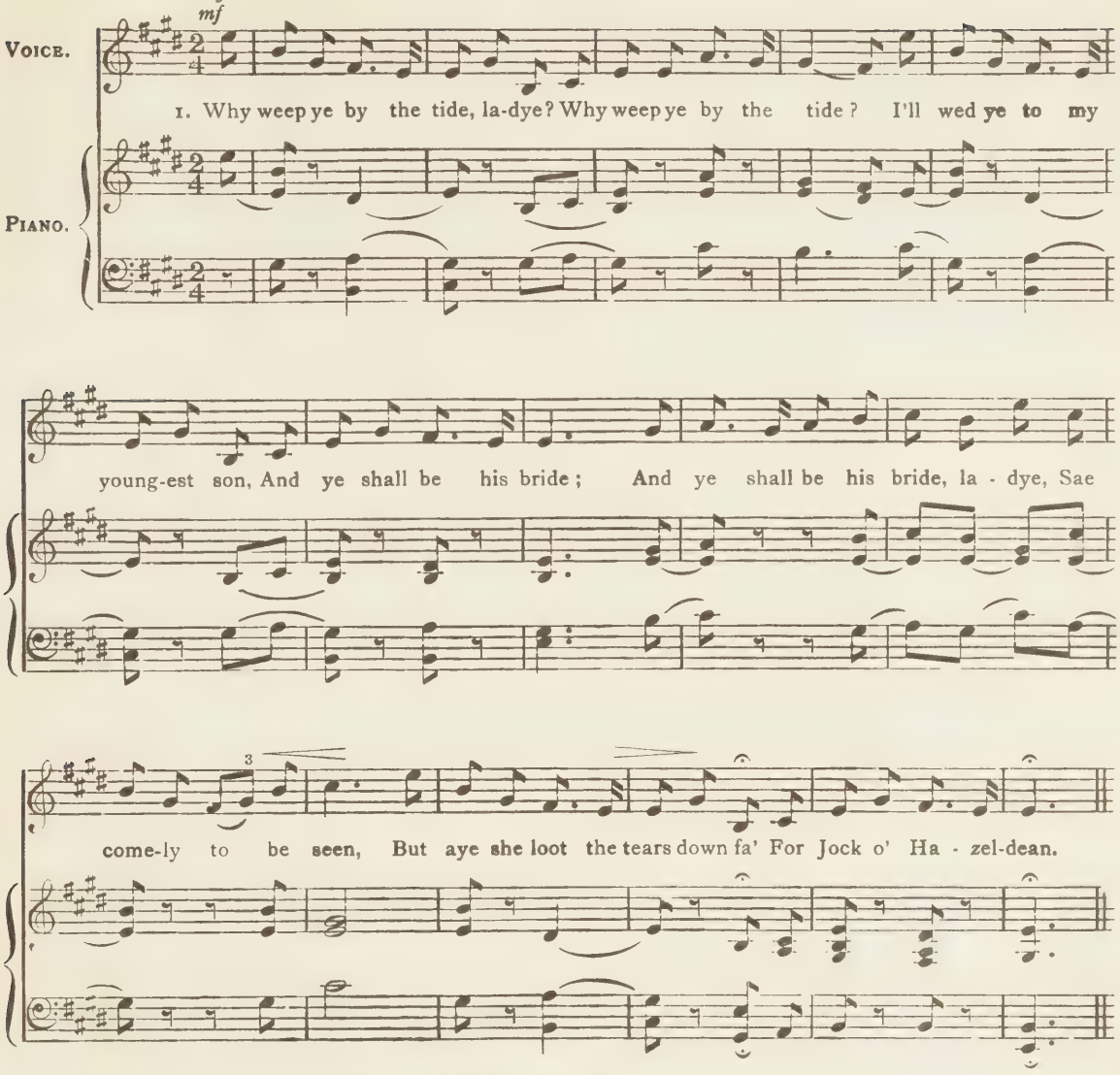
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Why weep ye by the tide, la-dye? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my
young-est son, And ye shall be his bride; And ye shall be his bride, la - dye, Sae
3
come-ly to be seen, But aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock o' Ha - zel-dean.

2.

Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale,
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale.
His step is first in peaceful ha'
His sword in battle keen—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

3.

A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

4.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The taper glimmer'd fair,
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha',
The lady was not seen;
She's o'er the border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

*This is probably a variant of the Irish tune known as* "I'd mourn the hopes that leave me," *or* "The girl I left behind me."—ED.

# THE HUNDRED PIPERS.

*Poem by* LADY NAIRNE.

*Quick.*

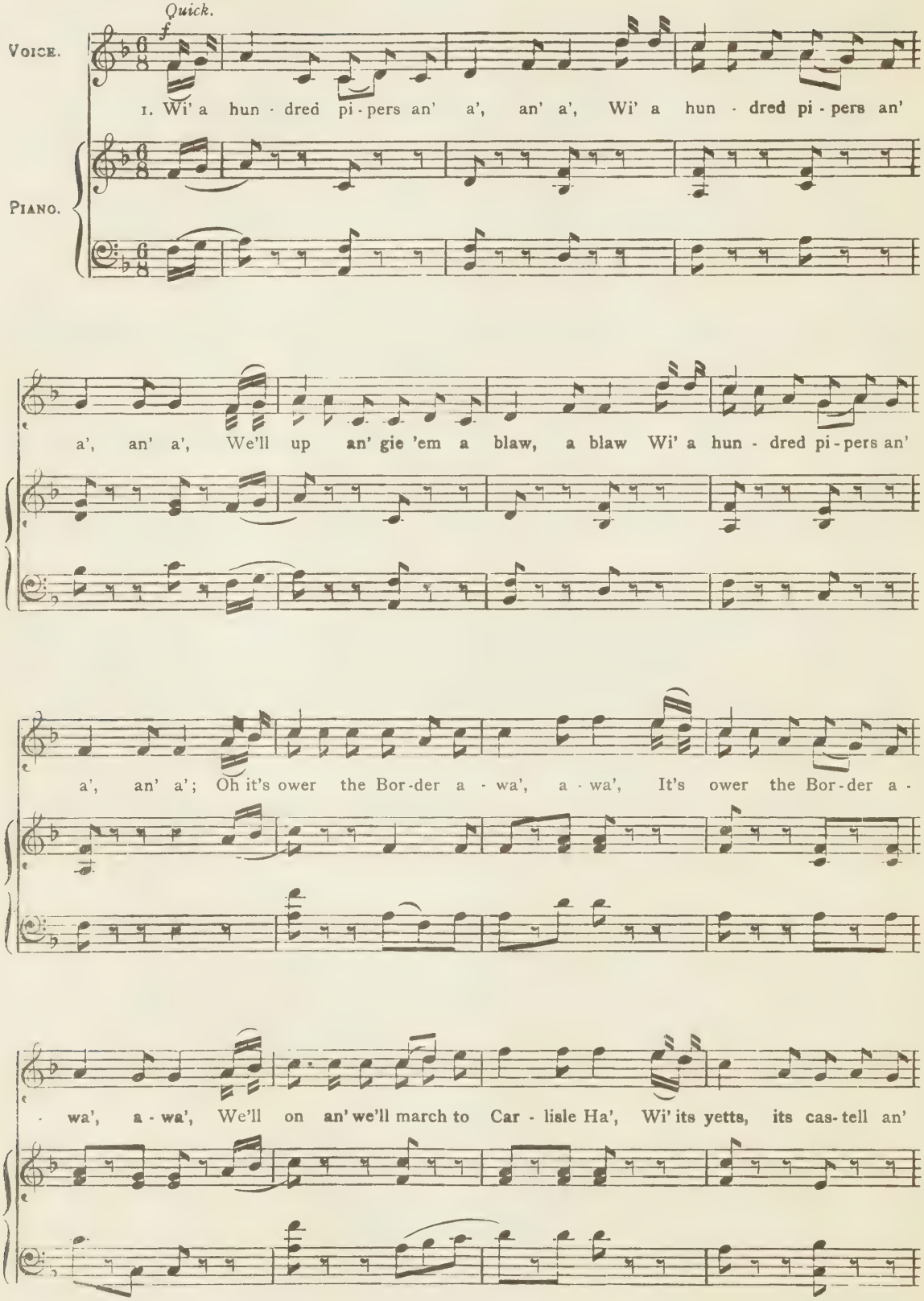
Voice.
Piano.
f
1. Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a', Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an'
a', an' a', We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an'
a', an' a'; Oh it's ower the Bor - der a - wa', a - wa', It's ower the Bor - der a -
- wa', a - wa', We'll on an' we'll march to Car - lisle Ha', Wi' its yetts, its cas - tell an'

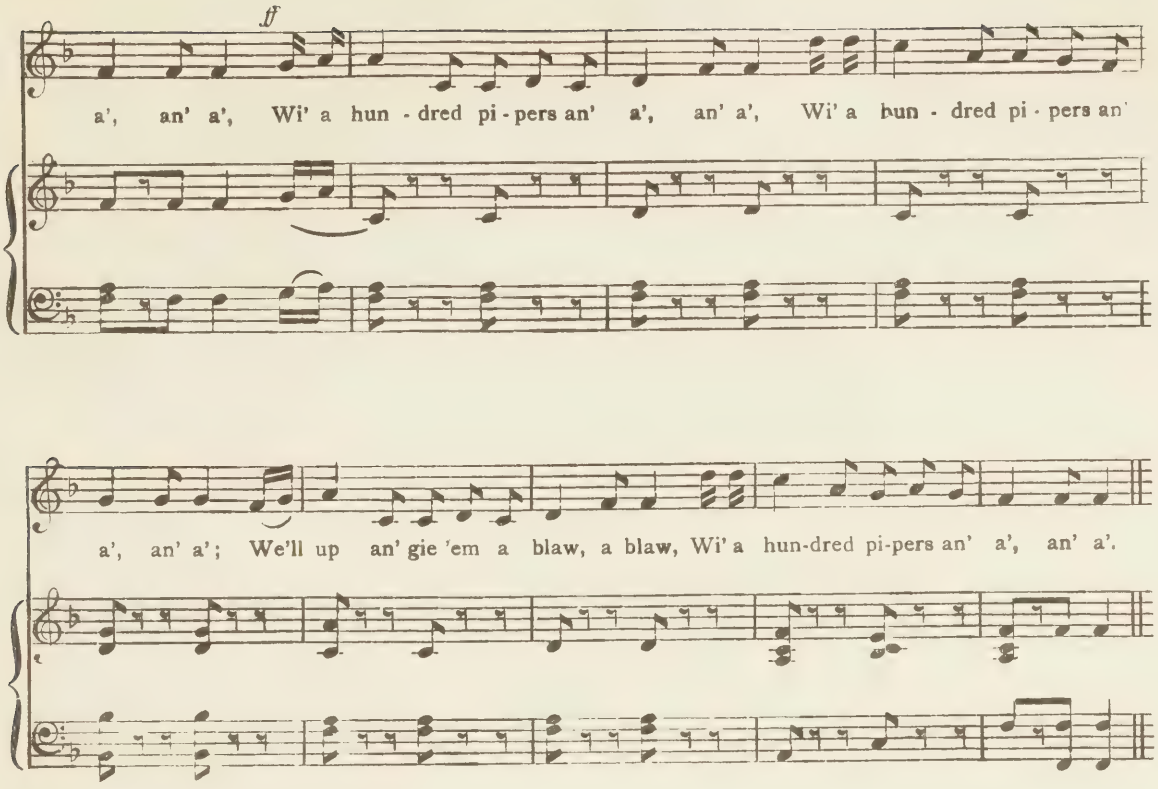


2.

Oh! our sodger lads look'd braw, look'd braw,
Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',
Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glitt'ring gear,
An' pibrochs sounding sweet an' clear.
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' return—our Hieland men?
Second-sighted Sandy look'd fu' wae,
And mothers grat when they march'd awa'.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';
But they'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

3.

Oh wha is foremaist o' a', o' a'?
Oh wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurra!
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'!
His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high!
His prancing steed maist seems to fly!
The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers blaw in an unco flare!

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';
We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

3.

The Esk was swollen, sae red, sae deep;
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep;
Twa thousand swam ower to fell English ground,
An' danc'd themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfounder'd, the English saw, they saw!
Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the blaw!
Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa', awa'
Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'!

Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a';
We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a'.

# LEEZIE LINDSAY.

ANONYMOUS.
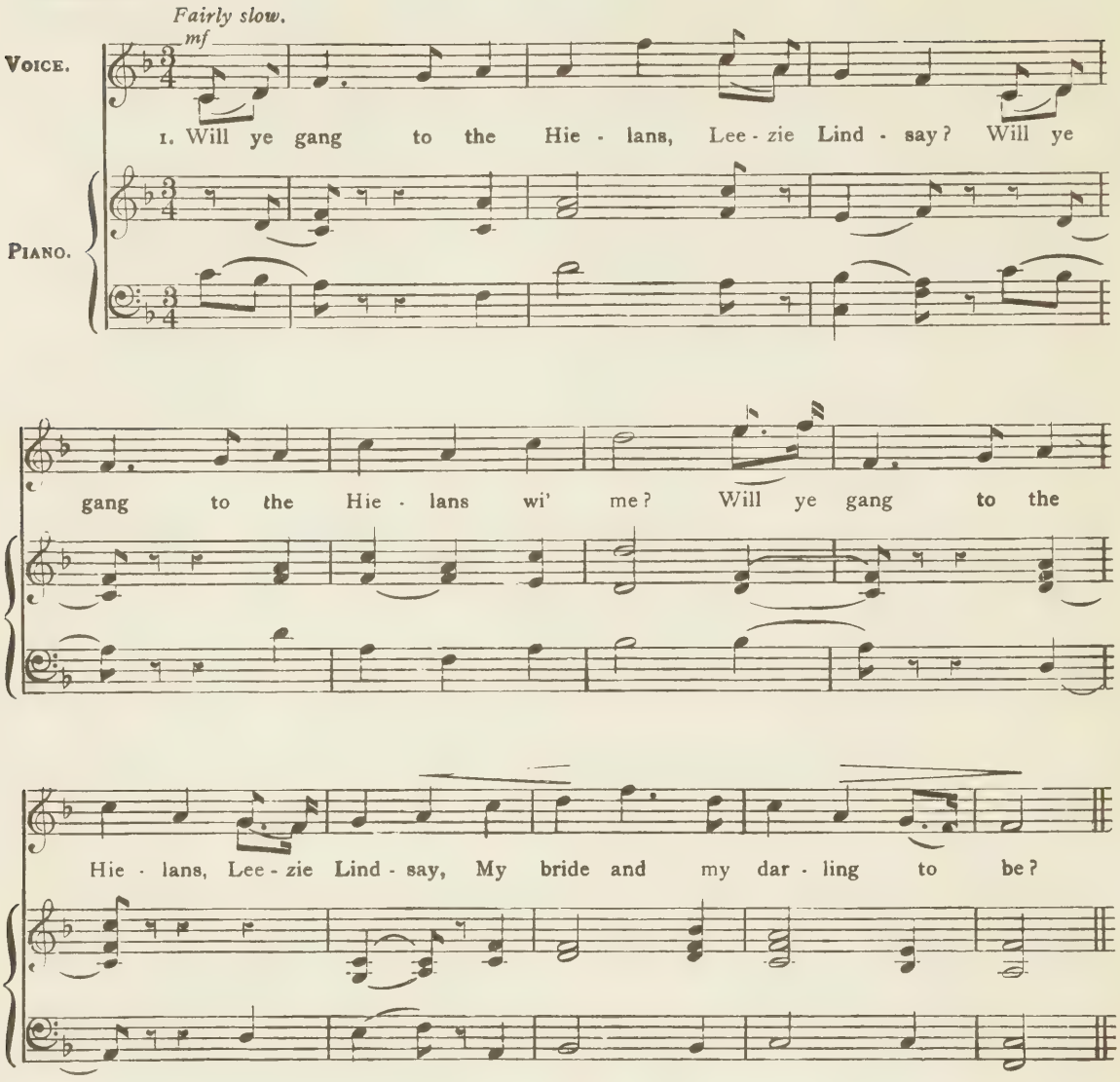
Fairly slow.
mf
Voice.
Piano.
1. Will ye gang to the Hie - lans, Lee - zie Lind - say? Will ye
gang to the Hie - lans wi' me? Will ye gang to the
Hie - lans, Lee - zie Lind - say, My bride and my dar - ling to be?

2.

To gang to the Hielans wi' you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be,
For I ken na' the lan' that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

3.

O Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little
If sae be that ye dinna ken me,
My name is Lord Ronald Mac Donald,
A chieftain o' high degree.

4.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Mac Donald,
His bride an' his darlin' to be.

# WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

*Poem by* LADY NAIRNE.

*In moderate time (2 beats).*
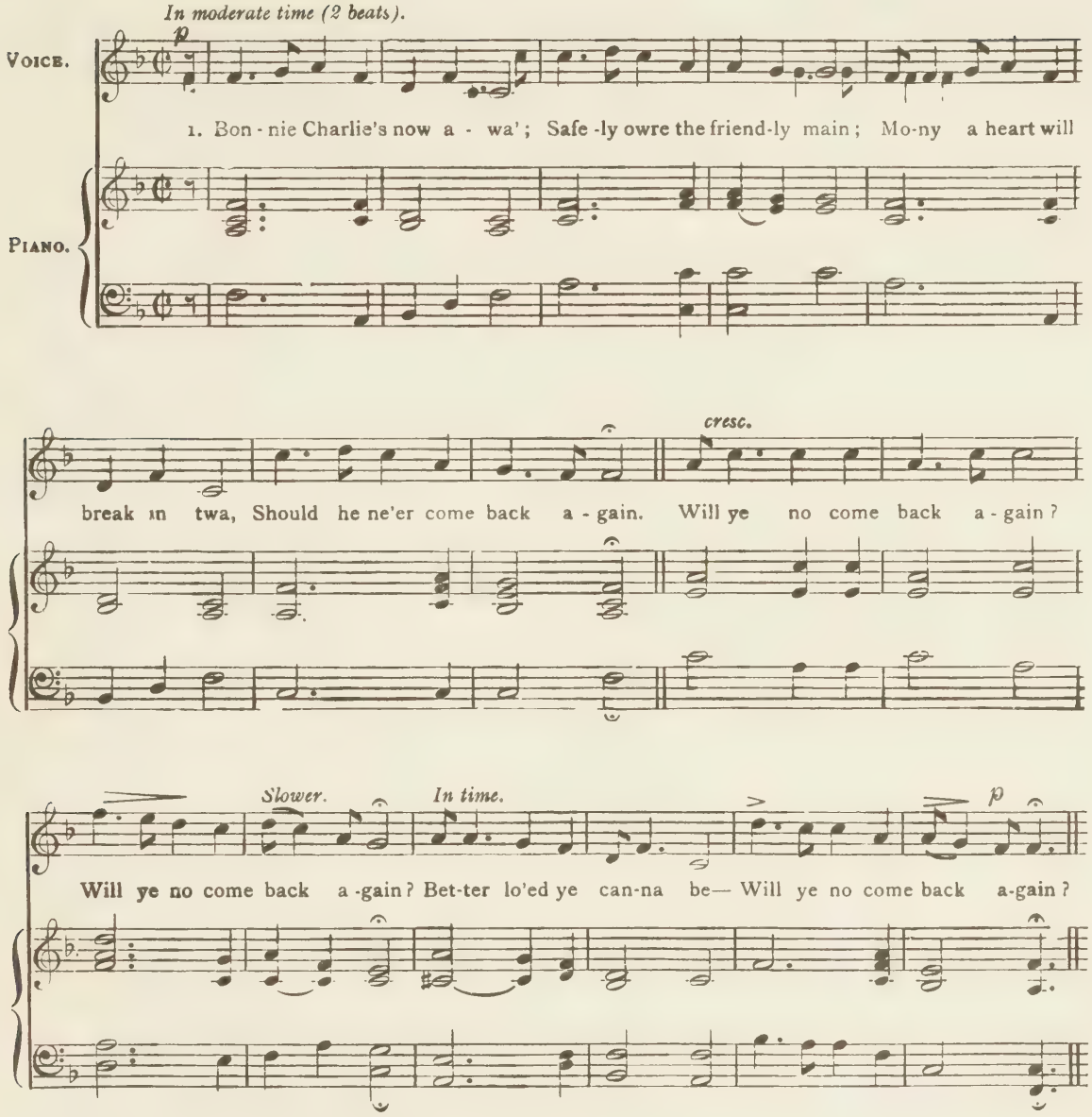
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. Bon - nie Charlie's now a - wa'; Safe -ly owre the friend-ly main; Mo-ny a heart will
break in twa, Should he ne'er come back a - gain. Will ye no come back a - gain?
cresc.
Slower.
In time.
Will ye no come back a-gain? Bet-ter lo'ed ye can-na be— Will ye no come back a-gain?
p

2.

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
They trusted you, dear Charlie!
They kent your hiding in the glen,
Death or exile braving.
Will ye no come back, &c.

3.

English bribes were a' in vain,
Tho' puir, and puirer, we maun be;
Siller canna buy the heart
That beats aye for thine and thee.
Will ye no come back, &c.

4.

We watched thee in the gloaming hour,
We watched thee in the morning grey;
Tho' thirty thousand pound they gie,
Oh, there is nane that wad betray!
Will ye no come back, &c.

5.

Sweet's the laverock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings ae sang:—
"Will ye no come back again?"
Will ye no come back, &c.

# THOU BONNIE WOOD OF CRAIGIELEA.

*Poem by* TANNAHILL. *Music by* JAMES BARR.

*Smoothly and quietly.*

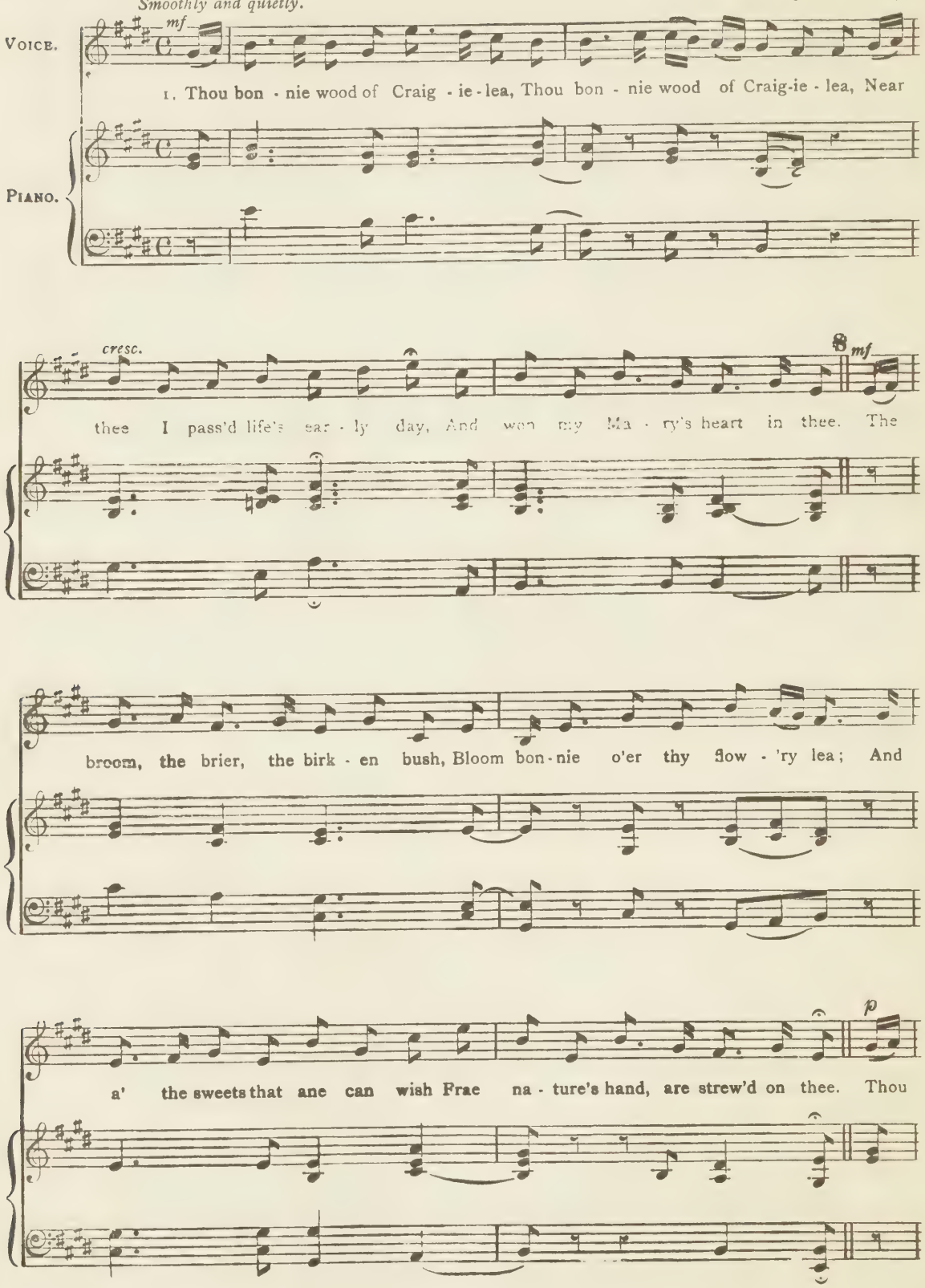
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
1. Thou bon - nie wood of Craig - ie - lea, Thou bon - nie wood of Craig-ie - lea, Near
cresc.
thee I pass'd life's ear - ly day, And won my Ma - ry's heart in thee. The
mf
broom, the brier, the birk - en bush, Bloom bon - nie o'er thy flow - 'ry lea; And
p
a' the sweets that ane can wish Frae na - ture's hand, are strew'd on thee. Thou

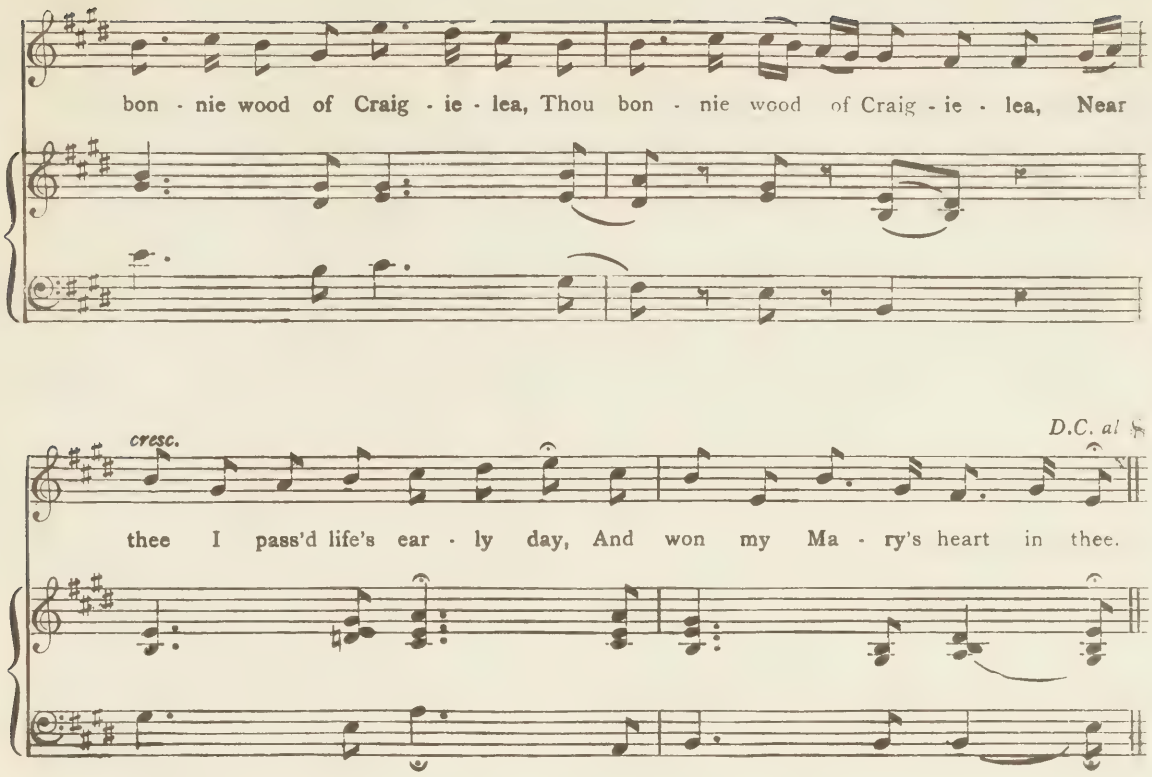
bon - nie wood of Craig - ie - lea, Thou bon - nie wood of Craig - ie - lea, Near
cresc.
D.C. al
thee I pass'd life's ear - ly day, And won my Ma - ry's heart in thee.

2.

Far ben thy dark green plantings' shade
The cushat croodles am'rously;
The mavis, down thy bughted glade,
Gars echo ring frae ev'ry tree.

Thou bonnie wood, &c.

3.

Awa! ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
Then, O in pity let them be!

Thou bonnie wood, &c.

4.

When winter blows in sleety showers
Frae aff the Norlan hills sae hie,
He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bowers,
As laith to harm a flower in thee.

Thou bonnie wood, &c.

5.

Though fate should drag me south the line
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
The happy hours I'll ever mind
That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.

Thou bonnie wood, &c.

# YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON.

*Poem by* BURNS.

*Moderately slow.*

*mp*

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae
2. Oft ha'e I roved by bon - nie Doon, By morn - ing and by

fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye lit - tle birds, And I'm sae wea - ry
ev - 'ning shine, To hear the birds sing o' their loves As fond - ly once I

fu' o' care? Ye'll break my heart, ye war - bling bird That war - bles on the
sang o' mine. Wi' light - some heart I stretch'd my hand And pu'd a rose - bud

flow - 'ry thorn, Ye mind me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed ne - ver to re - turn.
from the tree; But my fause lo - ver stole the rose And left, and left the thorn wi' me.

# THE AULD HOOSE.

*Poem by* LADY NAIRNE.

*Fairly slow.*
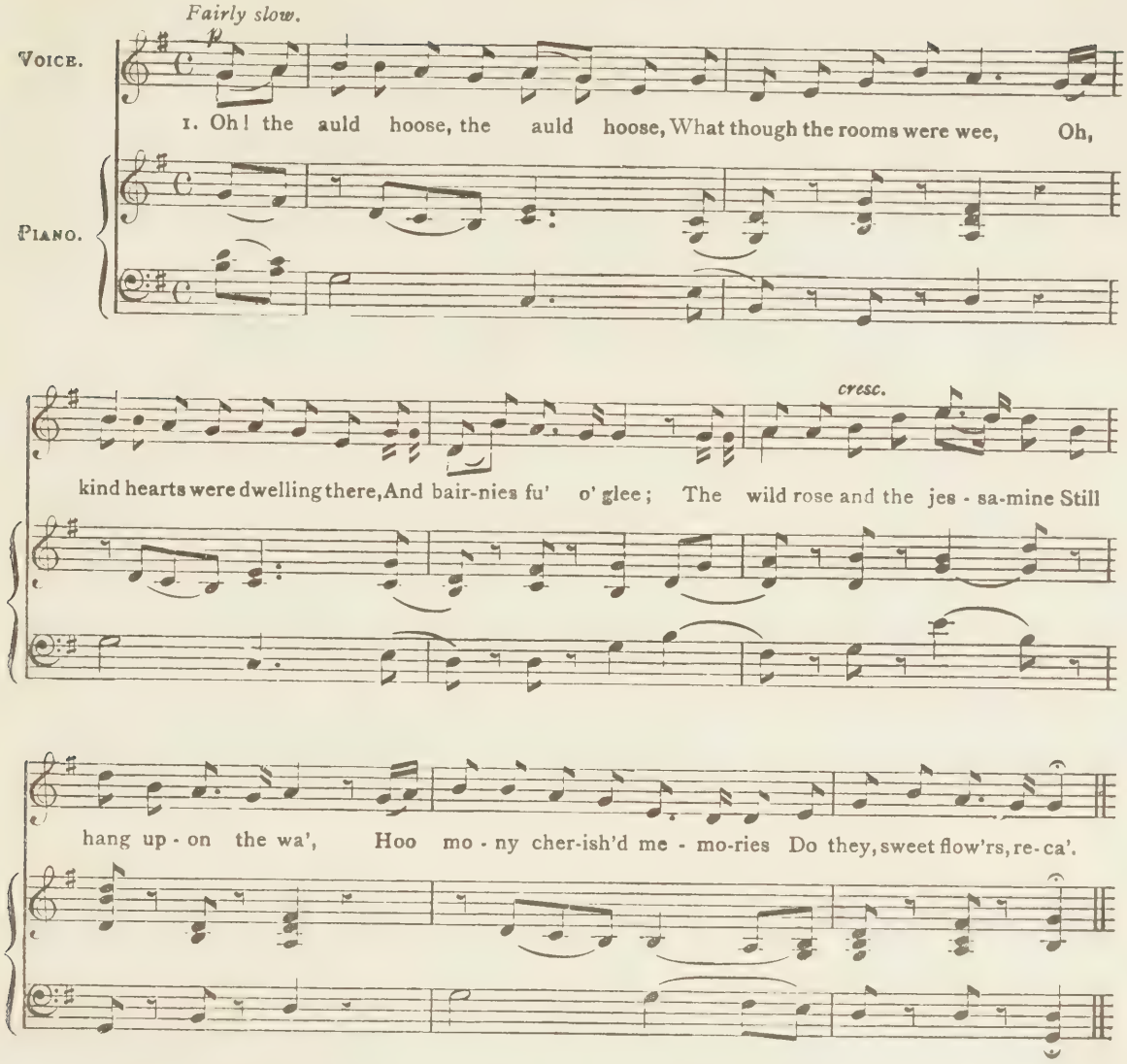
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
1. Oh! the auld hoose, the auld hoose, What though the rooms were wee, Oh,
cresc.
kind hearts were dwelling there, And bair-nies fu' o' glee; The wild rose and the jes - sa-mine Still
hang up - on the wa', Hoo mo - ny cher-ish'd me - mo-ries Do they, sweet flow'rs, re-ca'.

2. Oh! the auld laird, the auld laird,
Sae canty, kind, and crouse,
Hoo mony did he welcome to
His ain wee dear auld hoose.
And the leddy too, sae genty,
There sheltered Scotland's heir,
And clipt a lock wit' her ain han'
Frae his lang yellow hair.

3. The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
The blue-bells sweetly blaw,
The bonnie Earn's clear winding still,
But the auld hoose is awa'.
The auld hoose, the auld hoose,
Deserted though ye be,
There ne'er can be a new hoose
Will seem sae fair to me.

4. Still flourishing the auld pear tree
The bairnies liked to see,
And oh! hoo aften did they speer
When ripe they a' wad be.
The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
Aye rinnin' here and there,
The merry shout—oh, whiles we greet
To think we'll hear nae mair.

5. For they are a' wide scattered noo,
Some to the Indies gane,
And ane alas! to her lang hame—
Not here we'll meet again.
The kirkyard, the kirkyard!
Wi' flow'rs o' ev'ry hue,
Is shelter'd by the holly's shade
An' the dark sombre yew.

6. The setting sun, the setting sun!
Hoo glorious it gaed down;
The cloudy splendour rais'd oor hearts
To cloudless skies aboon.
The auld dial, the auld dial,
It tauld hoo time did pass;
The wintry winds ha'e dang it down,
Noo hid 'mang weeds and grass.

# CALLER HERRIN'.

*Poem by* LADY NAIRNE.

*In moderate time.*

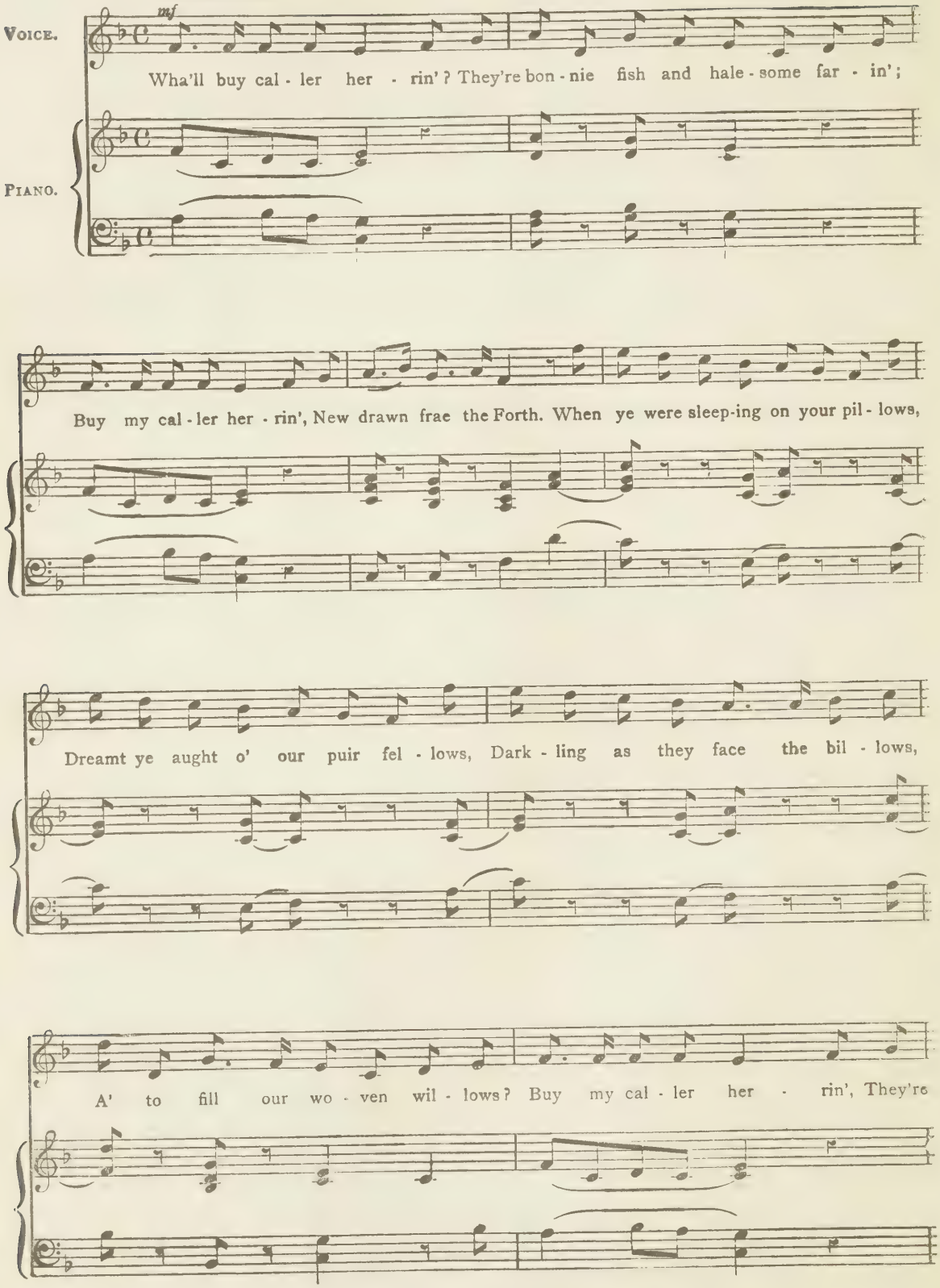
mf
VOICE.
PIANO.
Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin'? They're bon - nie fish and hale - some far - in';
Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth. When ye were sleep-ing on your pil - lows,
Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fel - lows, Dark - ling as they face the bil - lows,
A' to fill our wo - ven wil - lows? Buy my cal - ler her - rin', They're

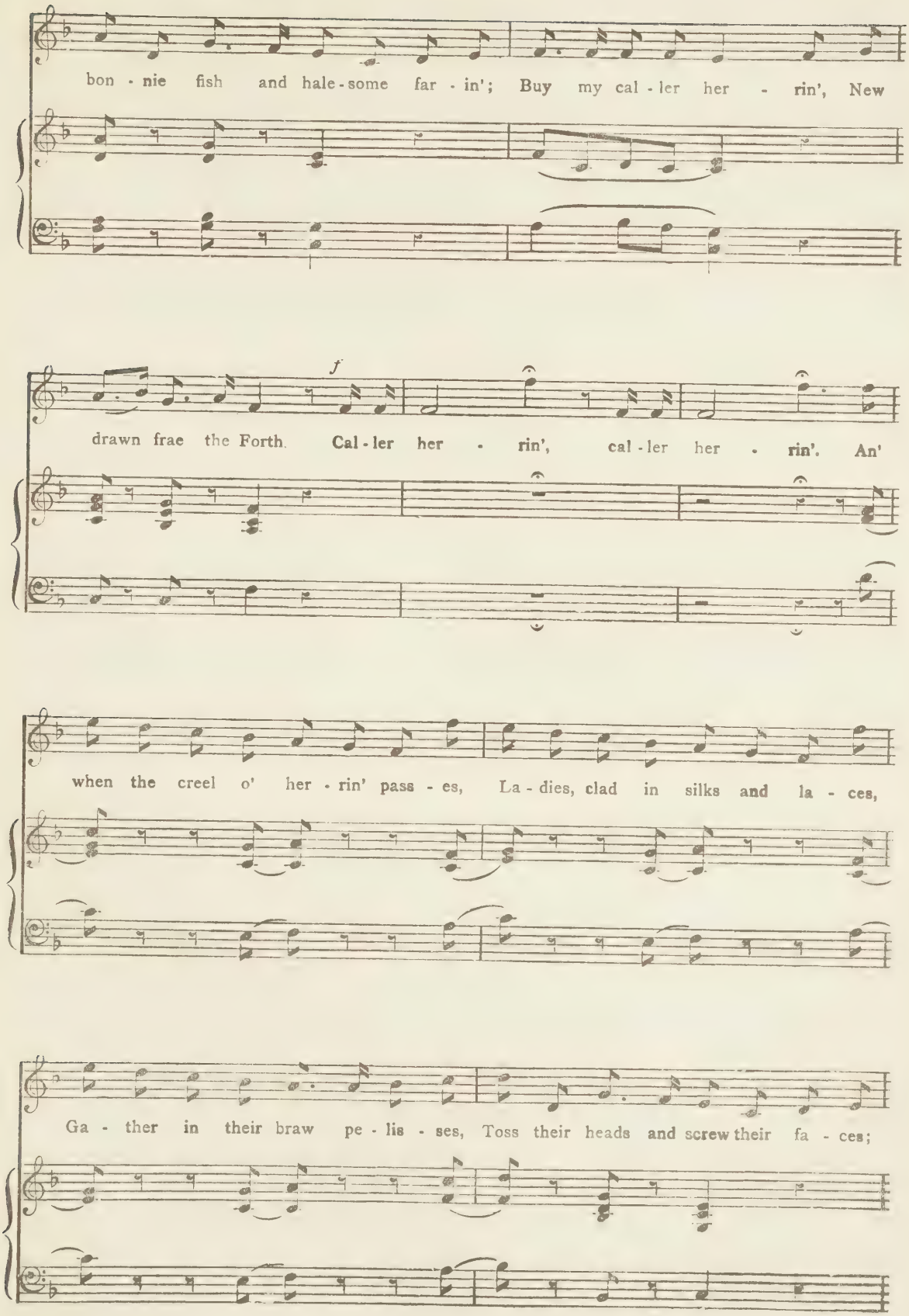
bon - nie fish and hale - some far - in'; Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New
f
drawn frae the Forth. Cal - ler her - rin', cal - ler her - rin'. An'
when the creel o' her - rin' pass - es, La - dies, clad in silks and la - ces,
Ga - ther in their braw pe - lis - ses, Toss their heads and screw their fa - ces;

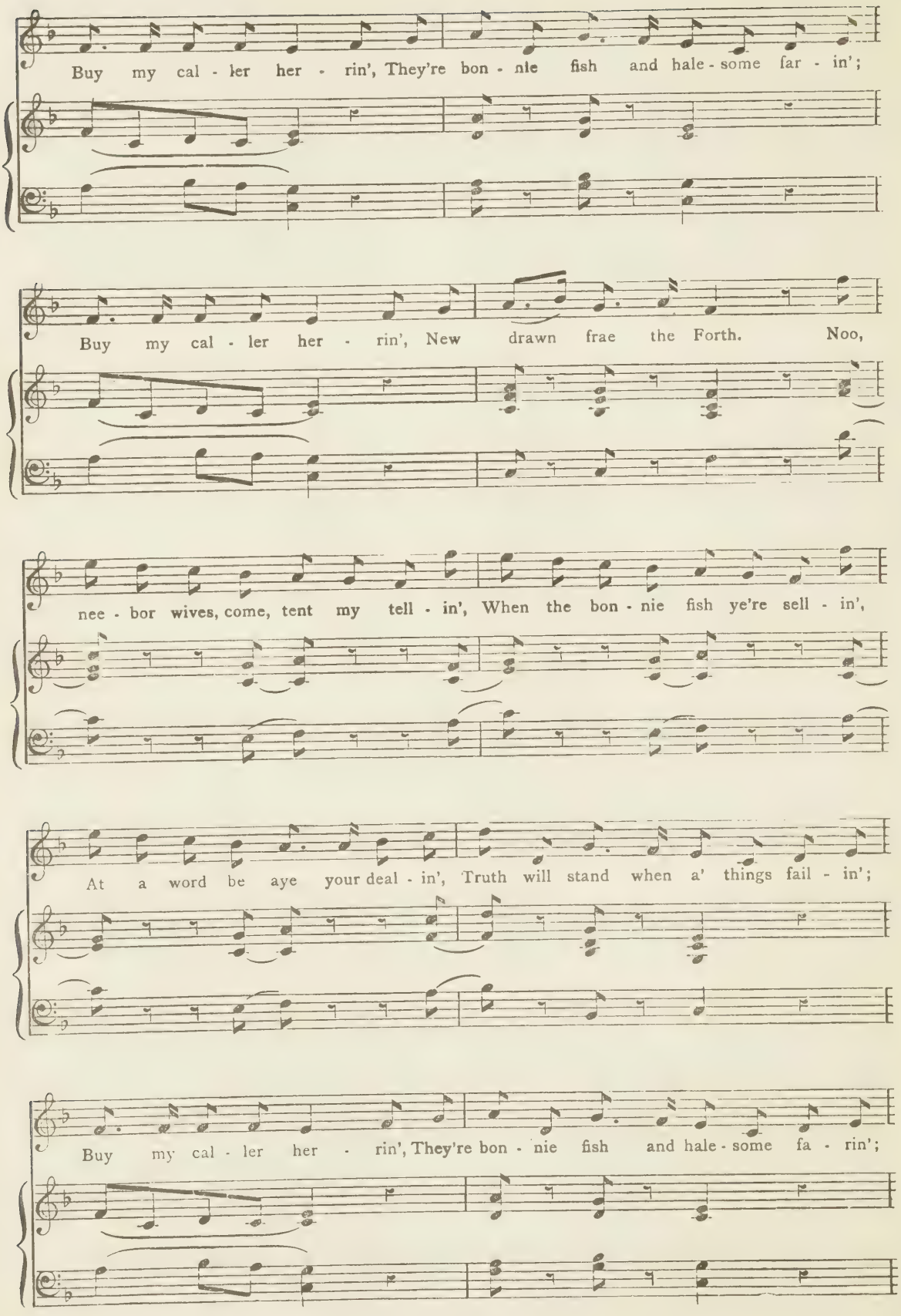
Buy my cal - ler her - rin', They're bon - nie fish and hale - some far - in';
Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth. Noo,
nee - bor wives, come, tent my tell - in', When the bon - nie fish ye're sell - in',
At a word be aye your deal - in', Truth will stand when a' things fail - in';
Buy my cal - ler her - rin', They're bon - nie fish and hale - some fa - rin';
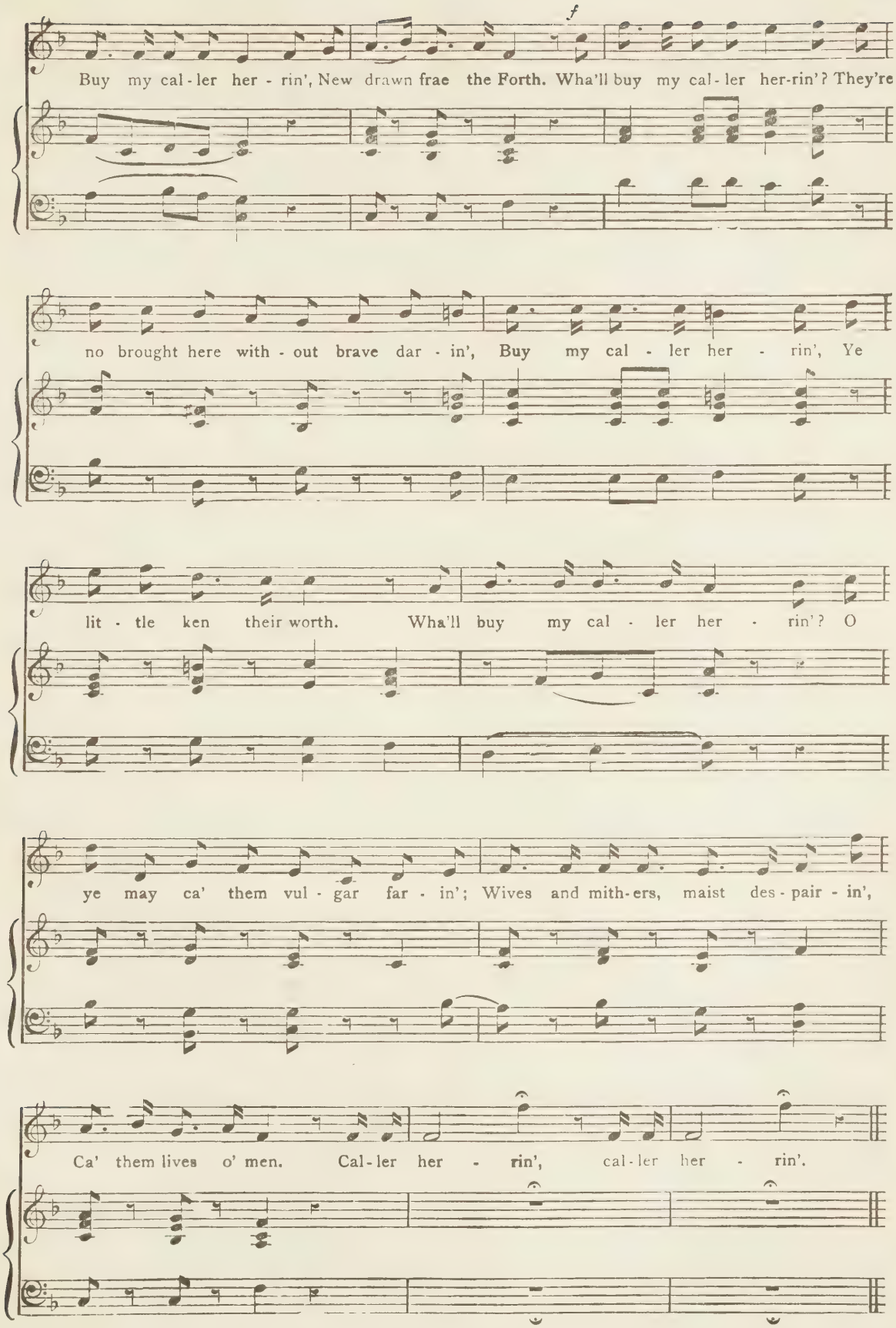
f
Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll buy my cal - ler her-rin'? They're
no brought here with - out brave dar - in', Buy my cal - ler her - rin', Ye
lit - tle ken their worth. Wha'll buy my cal - ler her - rin'? O
ye may ca' them vul - gar far - in'; Wives and mith-ers, maist des - pair - in',
Ca' them lives o' men. Cal - ler her - rin', cal - ler her - rin'.

# AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE

*Poem by* SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

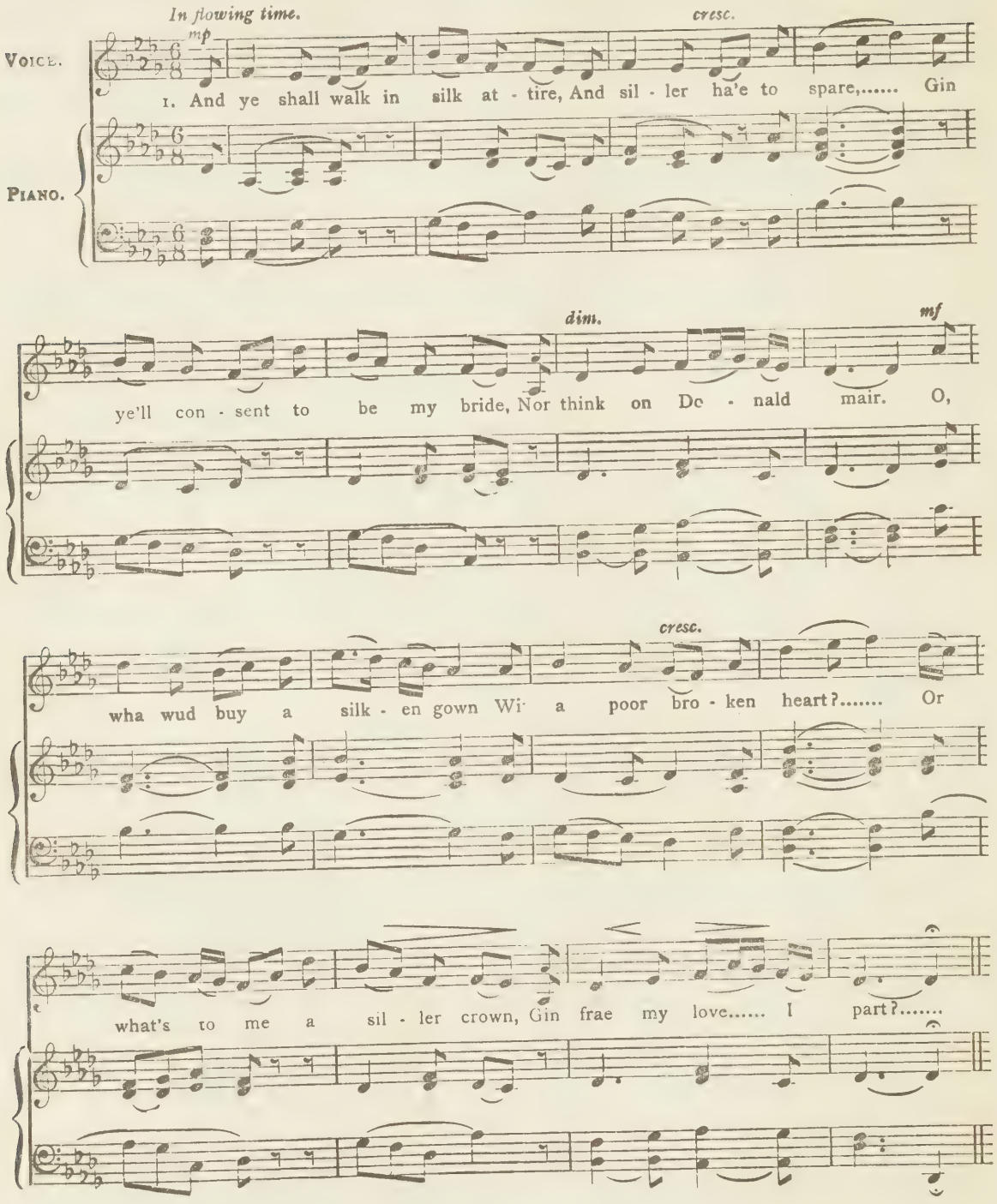
In flowing time.
mp
cresc.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. And ye shall walk in silk at - tire, And sil - ler ha'e to spare,..... Gin
dim.
mf
ye'll con - sent to be my bride, Nor think on Do - nald mair. O,
cresc.
wha wud buy a silk - en gown Wi' a poor bro - ken heart?..... Or
what's to me a sil - ler crown, Gin frae my love..... I part?.....

2.

The mind whose meanest wish is pure
Far dearer is to me;
And ere I'm forced to break my faith
I'll lay me down and dee.
For I ha'e vow'd a virgin's vow
My lover's fate to share:
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
And what can man do mair?
And ye shall walk, &c.

3.

His mind and manners wan my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift,
And did I wish to see it back,
It wad be waur than theft;
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me;
And ere I'm forced to break my faith
I'll lay me down and dee.
And ye shall walk, &c.

# THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.
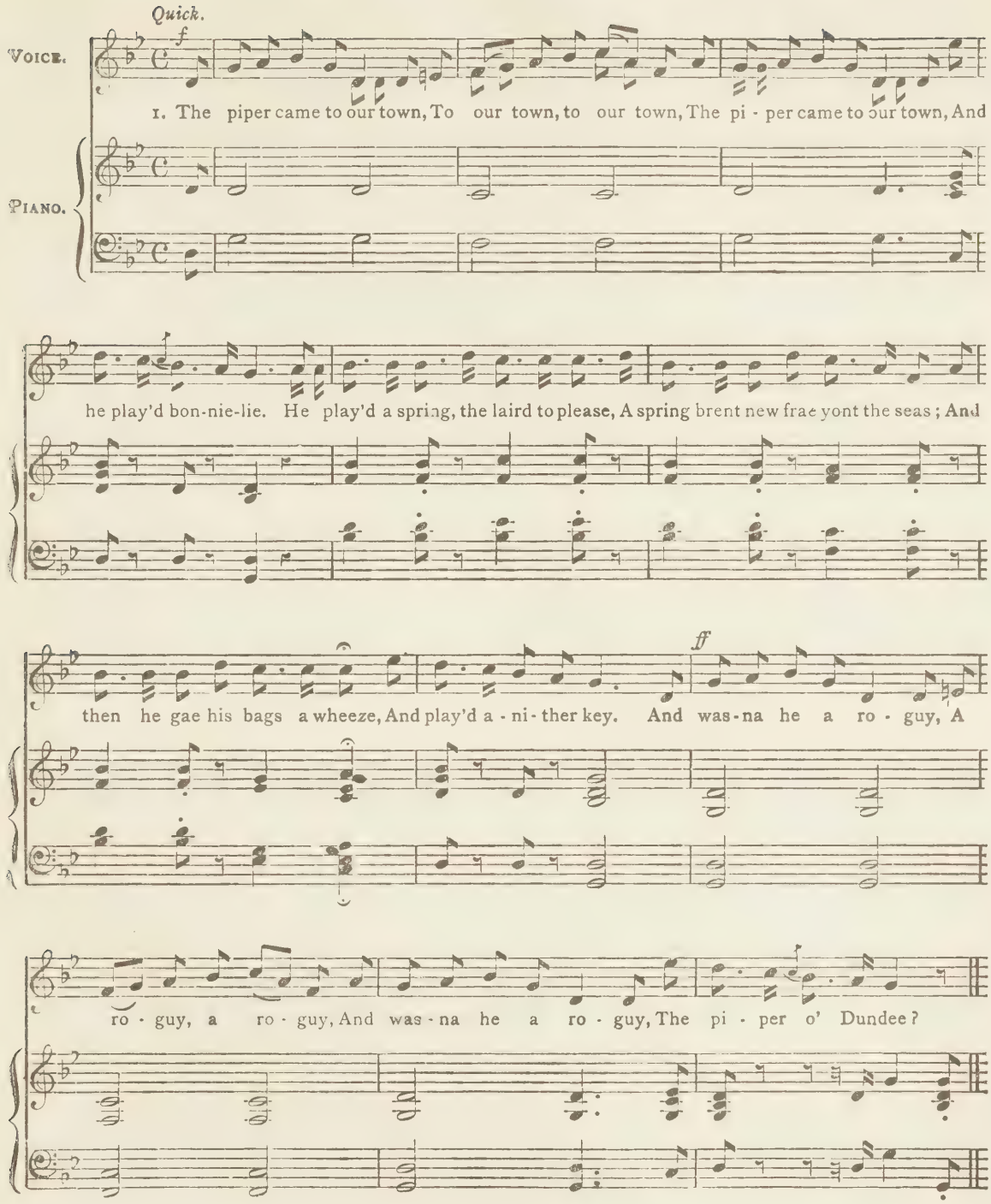
Quick.
f
Voice.
Piano.
1. The piper came to our town, To our town, to our town, The pi - per came to our town, And
he play'd bon-nie-lie. He play'd a spring, the laird to please, A spring brent new frae yont the seas; And
ff
then he gae his bags a wheeze, And play'd a - ni - ther key. And was-na he a ro - guy, A
ro - guy, a ro - guy, And was - na he a ro - guy, The pi - per o' Dundee?

2. He play'd "The Welcome owre the Main,"
And "Ye'se be fou and I'se be fain,"
And "Auld Stuart's back again,"
Wi' muckle mirth and glee.
He play'd "The Kirk," he play'd "The Queer,"
"The Mulin Dhu" and "Chevalier,"
And "Lang awa', but welcome here,"
Sae sweet, sae bonnielie.

And wasna, &c.

3. It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,
And some were dancing mad their lane,
And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en
That nicht at Amulrie.
There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,
And brave Carnegie, wha but he,
The piper o' Dundee.

And wasna, &c.

# THE LAMENT OF FLORA MACDONALD.

*The verses by* JAMES HOGG *(from the Gaelic.)*

*Rather slowly.*

*mf*

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Far o - ver yon hills of the hea - ther sae green, An'

down by the cor - rie that sings to the sea, The bon - nie young Flo - ra sat

sigh - ing her lane, The dew on her plaid, an' the tear in her e'e. She

*cresc.*

look'd at a boat wi' the bree - zes that swung, A - way on the wave like a

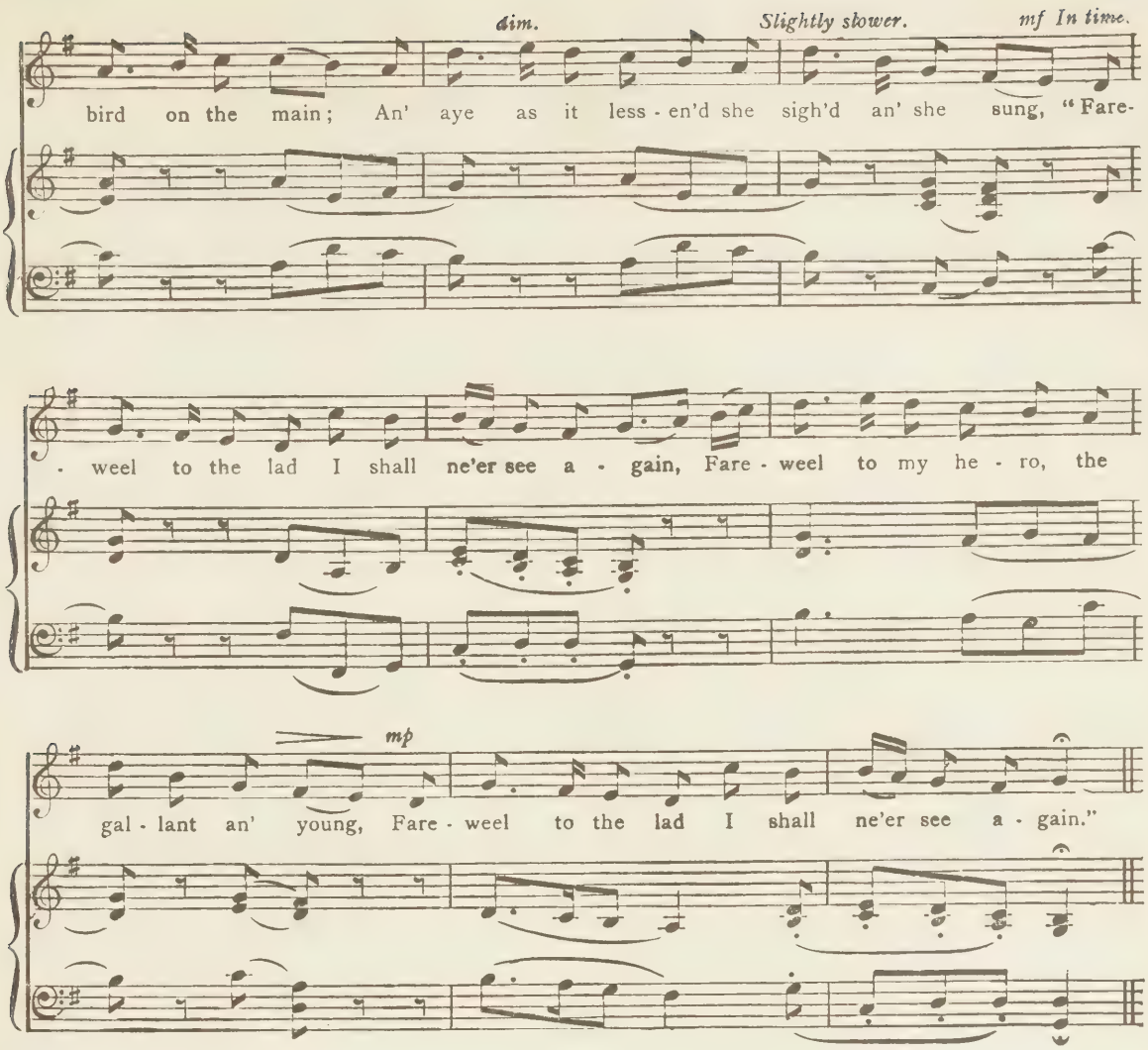
dim.
Slightly slower.
mf In time.
bird on the main; An' aye as it less - en'd she sigh'd an' she sung, "Fare-
- weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain, Fare - weel to my he - ro, the
mp
gal - lant an' young, Fare - weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain."

2.

The moorcock that crows on the brows o' Ben-Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan-Ronald,
Unawed and unhunted his eyrie can claim;
The solan can sleep on the shelve of the shores,
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,
But, ah, there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame in his country has he;
The conflict is past, and our name is no more,
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland an' me!

3.

The target is torn from the arm of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;
The hoof of the horse and the foot of the proud
Have trode o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue.
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud
When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow.

# GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

(MAID OF THE VALLEY.)

*Poem by* MOORE.
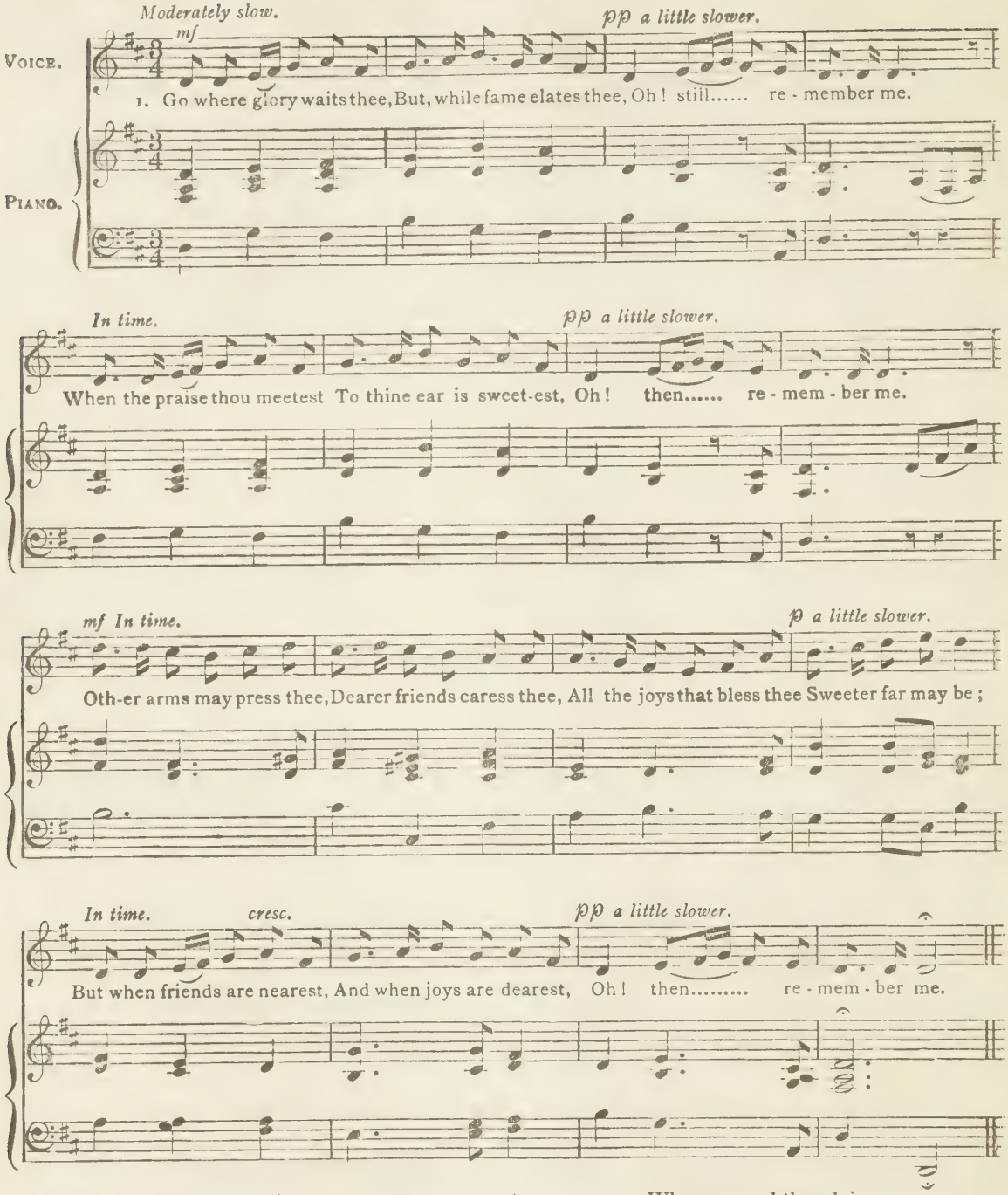
Moderately slow.
mf
pp a little slower.
Voice.
1. Go where glory waits thee, But, while fame elates thee, Oh! still..... re - member me.
Piano.
In time.
pp a little slower.
When the praise thou meetest To thine ear is sweet-est, Oh! then..... re - mem - ber me.
mf In time.
p a little slower.
Oth-er arms may press thee, Dearer friends caress thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweeter far may be;
In time.
cresc.
pp a little slower.
But when friends are nearest, And when joys are dearest, Oh! then..... re - mem - ber me.

2. When, at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

3. When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let mem'ry bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,—
Oh! then remember me.

# OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

(THE BROWN MAID.)

*Poem by* MOORE.
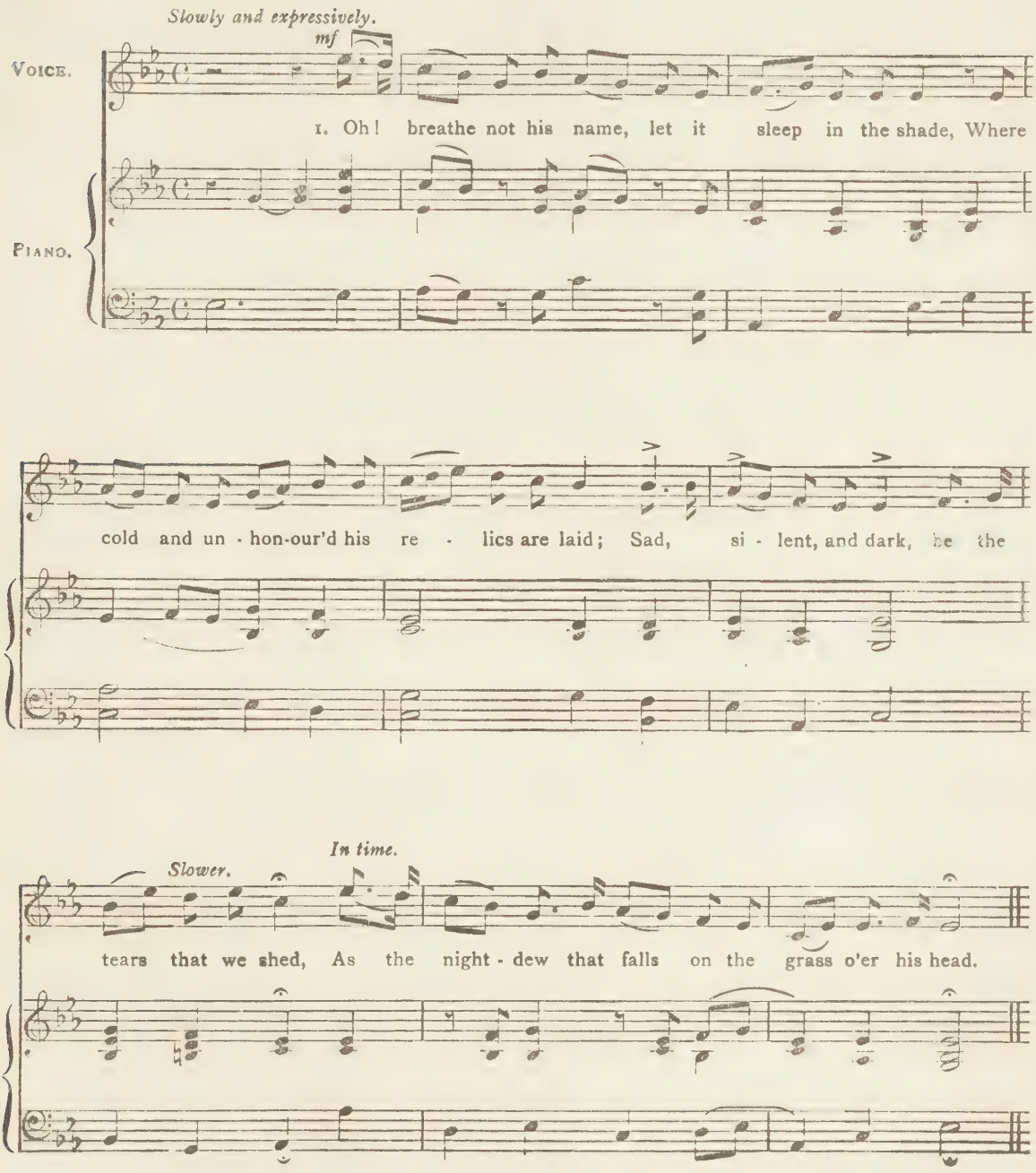
Slowly and expressively.
mf
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, Where
cold and un - hon-our'd his re - lics are laid; Sad, si - lent, and dark, be the
In time.
Slower.
tears that we shed, As the night - dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

2.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

# REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

(MOLLY McALPIN.)

*Poem by* MOORE.

*In march time, and with strongly marked rhythm.*

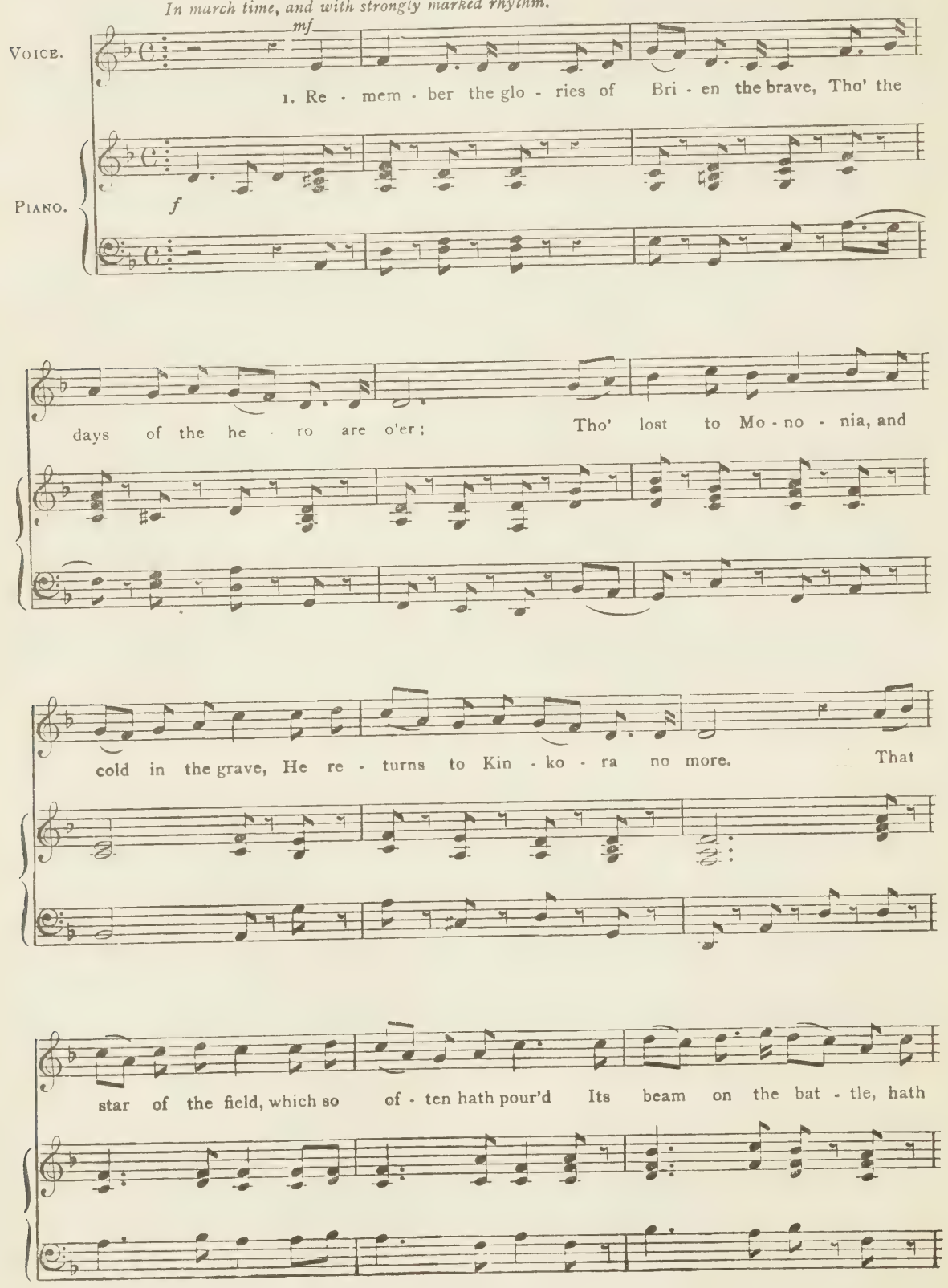
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
f
1. Re - mem - ber the glo - ries of Bri - en the brave, Tho' the
days of the he - ro are o'er; Tho' lost to Mo - no - nia, and
cold in the grave, He re - turns to Kin - ko - ra no more. That
star of the field, which so of - ten hath pour'd Its beam on the bat - tle, hath

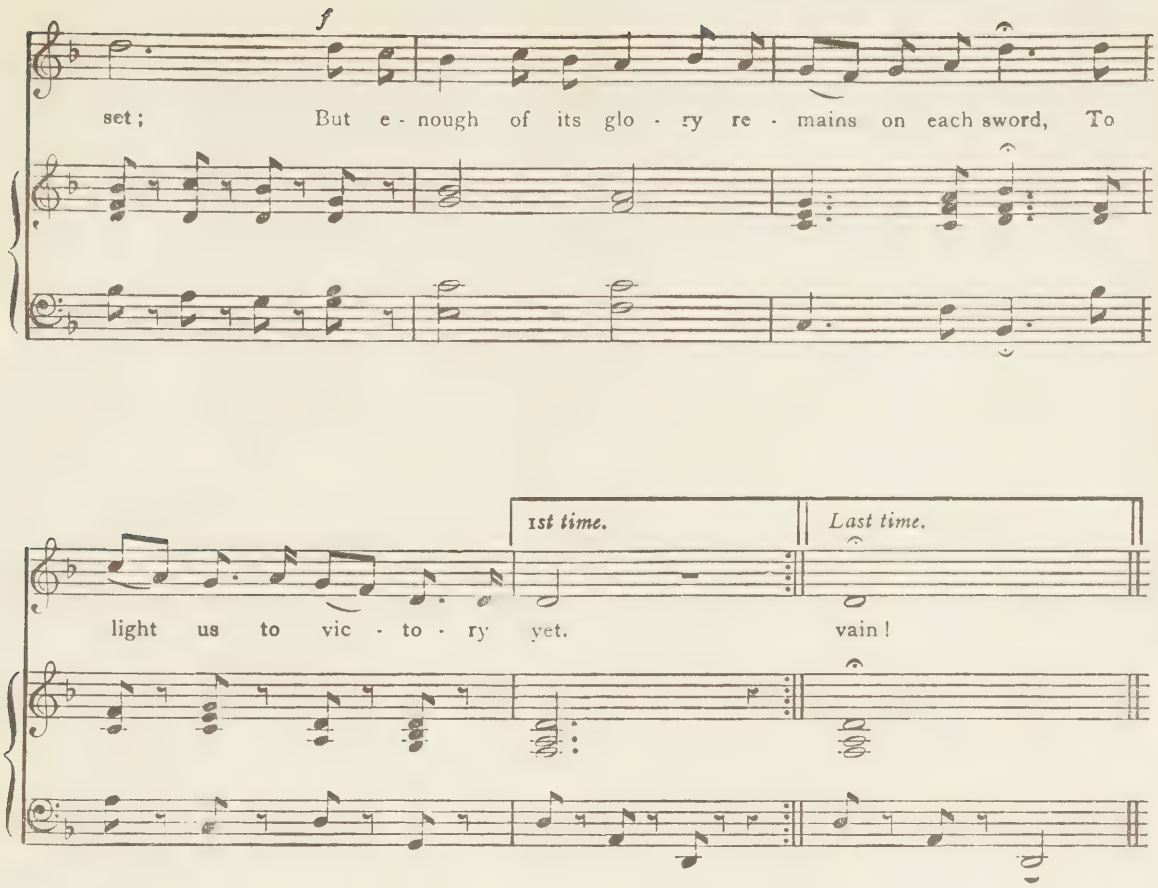


2.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?
No, Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

3.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood
They stirr'd not, but conquered and died.
That sun, which now blesses our arms with his light
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain!

# SILENT, OH MOYLE.

## (ARRAH, MY DEAR EVELEEN.)

*Poem by* MOORE.

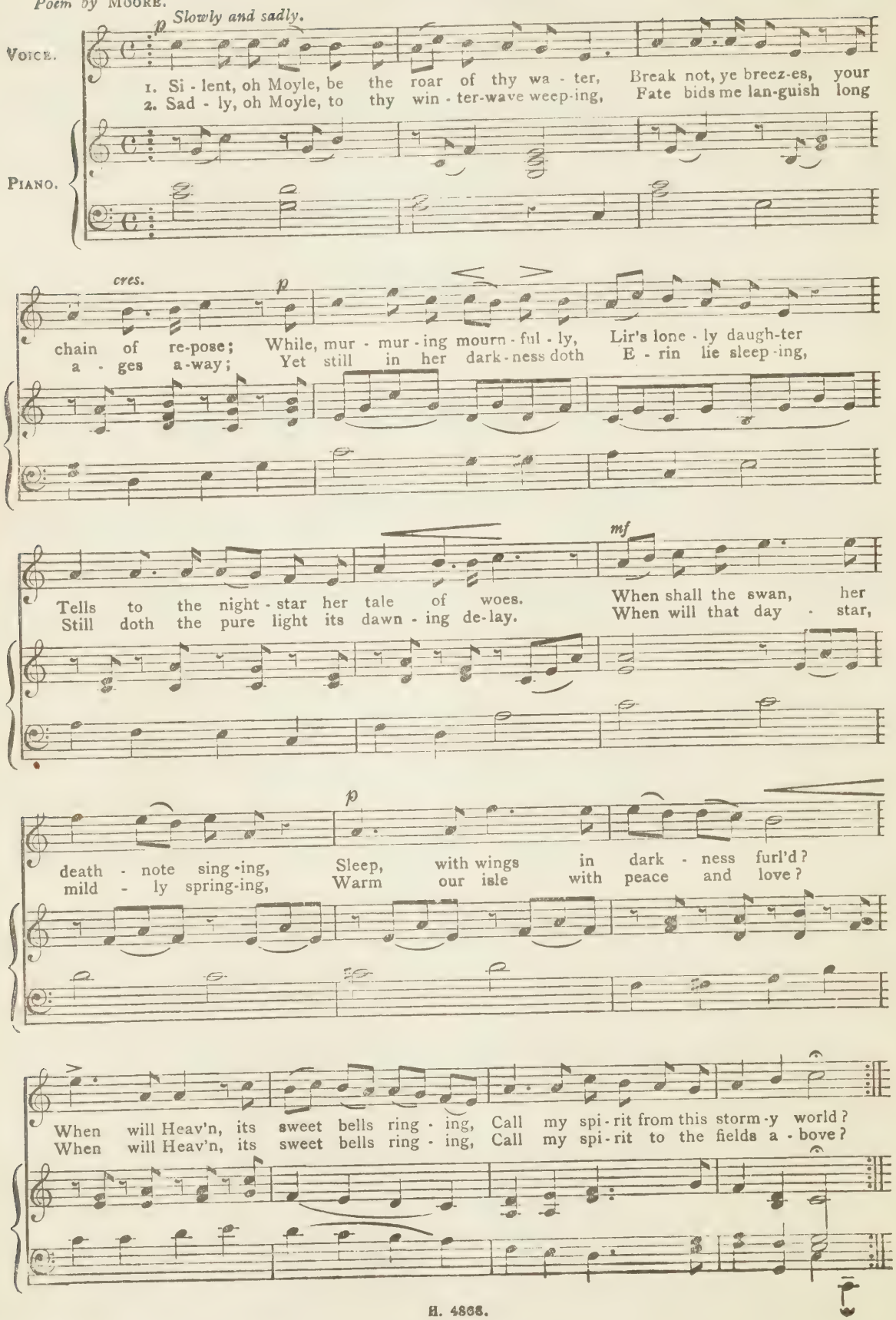
Slowly and sadly.
p
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Si - lent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy wa - ter, Break not, ye breez-es, your
2. Sad - ly, oh Moyle, to thy win - ter-wave weep-ing, Fate bids me lan-guish long
cres.
p
chain of re-pose; While, mur - mur - ing mourn - ful - ly, Lir's lone - ly daugh-ter
a - ges a-way; Yet still in her dark - ness doth E - rin lie sleep - ing,
mf
Tells to the night - star her tale of woes. When shall the swan, her
Still doth the pure light its dawn - ing de-lay. When will that day - star,
p
death - note sing - ing, Sleep, with wings in dark - ness furl'd?
mild - ly spring-ing, Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will Heav'n, its sweet bells ring - ing, Call my spi - rit from this storm - y world?
When will Heav'n, its sweet bells ring - ing, Call my spi - rit to the fields a - bove?

# THE MINSTREL BOY.

(THE MOREEN.)

*Poem by* MOORE.
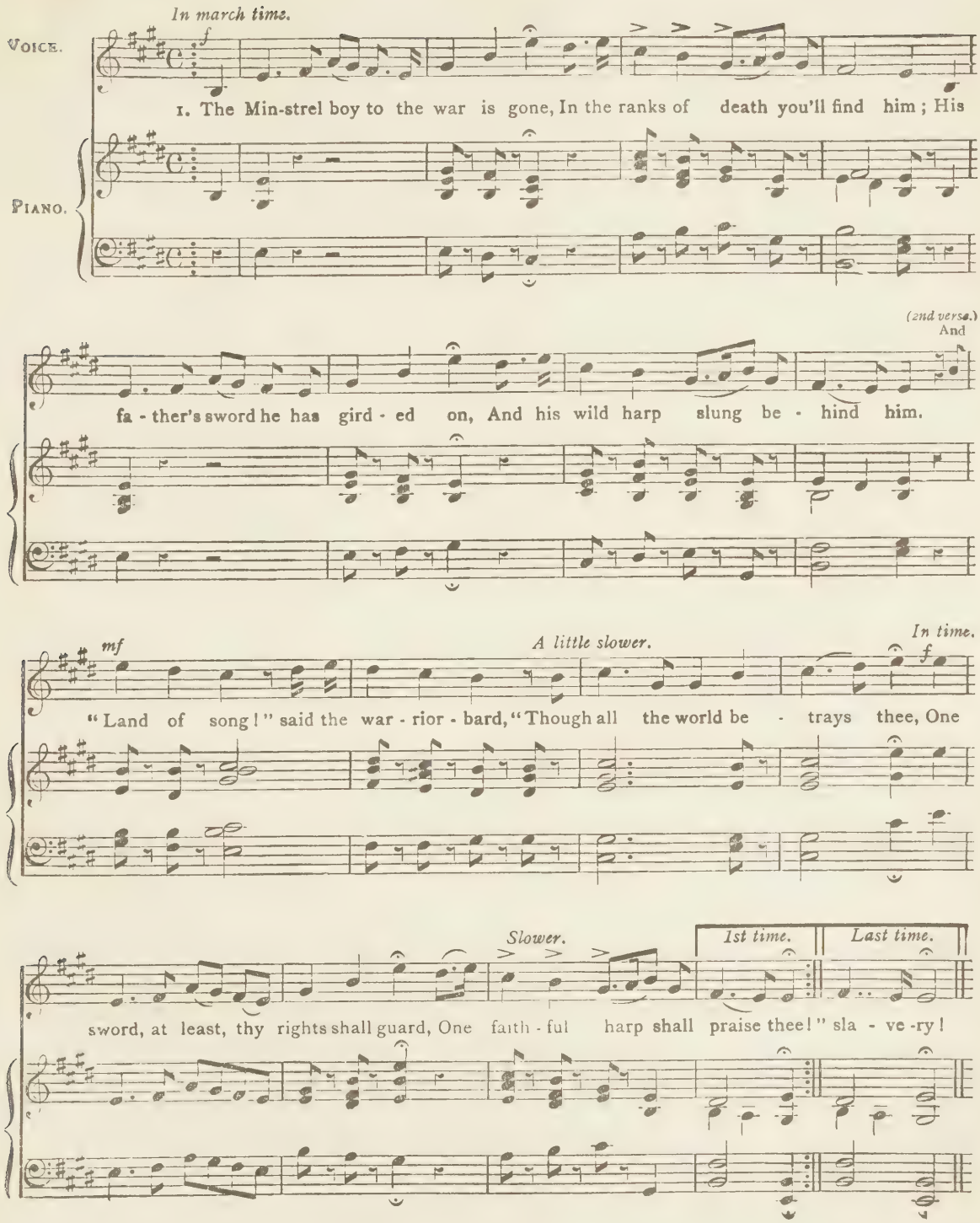
In march time.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. The Min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His
(2nd verse.)
And
fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.
mf
A little slower.
In time.
f
"Land of song!" said the war - rior - bard, "Though all the world be - trays thee, One
Slower.
1st time.
Last time.
sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee!" sla - ve - ry!

2. The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

# LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

(THE LITTLE RED FOX.)

*Poem by* MOORE.

*In moderate time.*

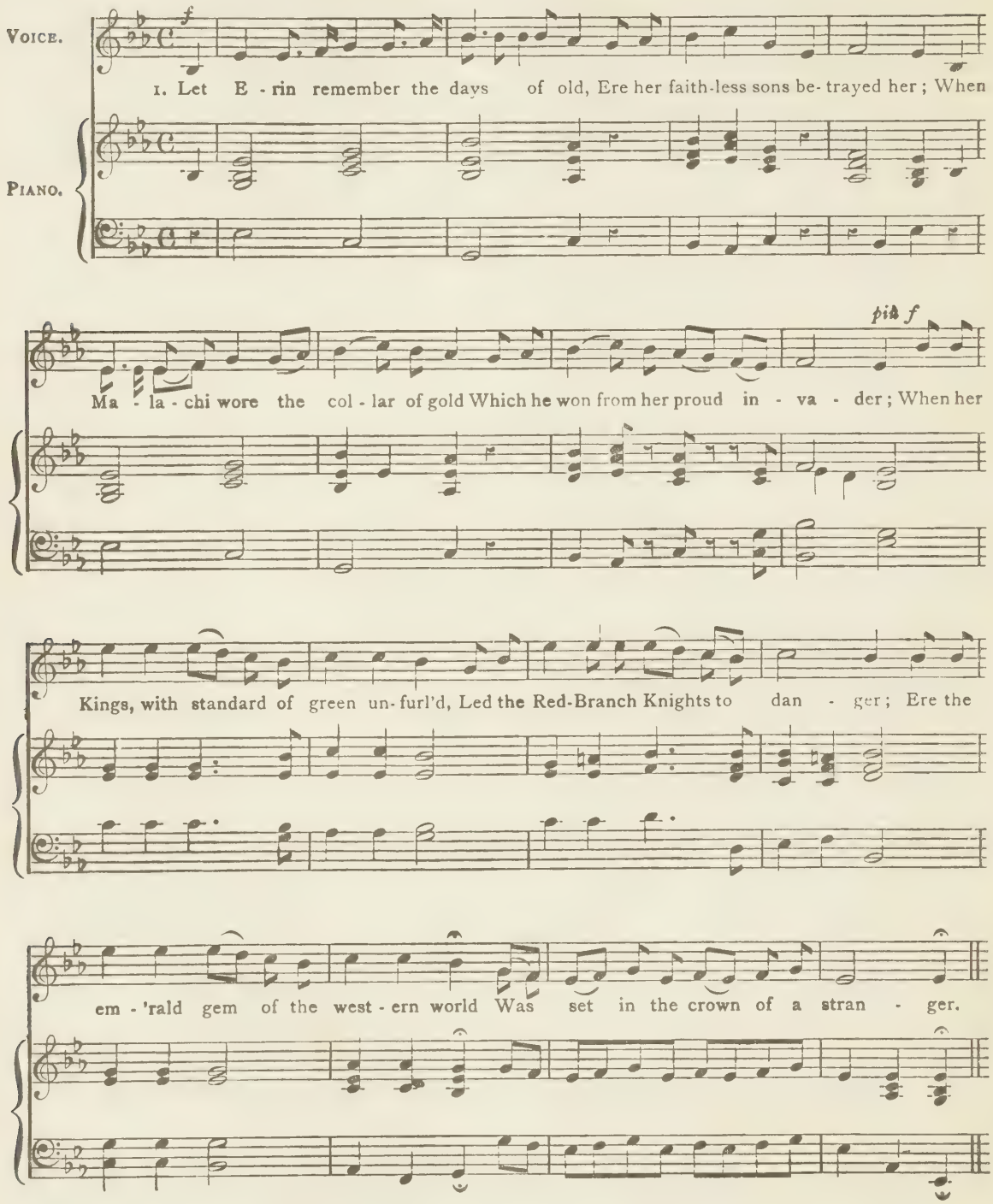
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
1. Let E - rin remember the days of old, Ere her faith-less sons be- trayed her; When
pia f
Ma - la - chi wore the col - lar of gold Which he won from her proud in - va - der; When her
Kings, with standard of green un-furl'd, Led the Red-Branch Knights to dan - ger; Ere the
em - 'rald gem of the west - ern world Was set in the crown of a stran - ger.

2.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall mem'ry often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look thro' the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.

# OH BAY OF DUBLIN.

(THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.)

*Poem by* LADY DUFFERIN.

*Moderately slow, but in flowing time.*
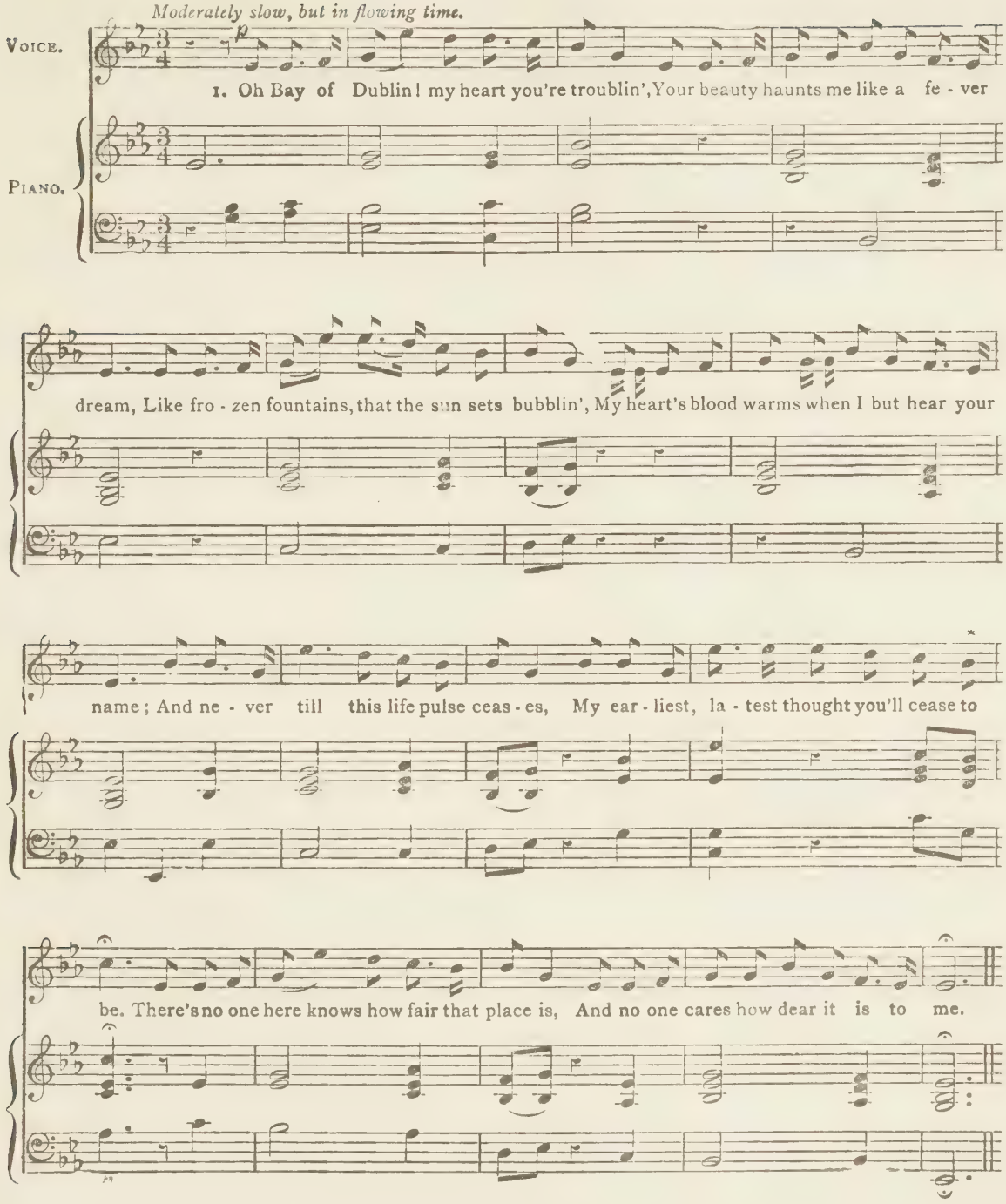
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Oh Bay of Dublin! my heart you're troublin', Your beauty haunts me like a fe - ver
dream, Like fro - zen fountains, that the sun sets bubblin', My heart's blood warms when I but hear your
name; And ne - ver till this life pulse ceas - es, My ear - liest, la - test thought you'll cease to
be. There's no one here knows how fair that place is, And no one cares how dear it is to me.

2.

Sweet Wicklow mountains! the sunlight sleeping
On your green banks is a picture rare,
You crowd around me, like young girls peeping,
And puzzling me to say which is most fair,—
As tho' you'd see your own sweet faces
Reflected in that smooth and silver sea.
My blessin' on those lovely places,
Tho' no one cares how dear they are to me.

3.

How often when at work I'm sitting,
And musing sadly on the days of yore,
I think I see my Katie knitting,
And the childer playin' around the cabin door;
I think I see the neighbours faces
All gathered round their long-lost friend to see.
Tho' no one here knows how fair that place is,
Heav'n knows how dear my poor home was to me

* *This B flat should be carefully observed. In most versions a natural has been wrongly inserted, which destroys the scale and character of the air.*—ED.

# THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

(MOLLY MY TREASURE.)

*Poem by* MOORE.

*In moderate time.*

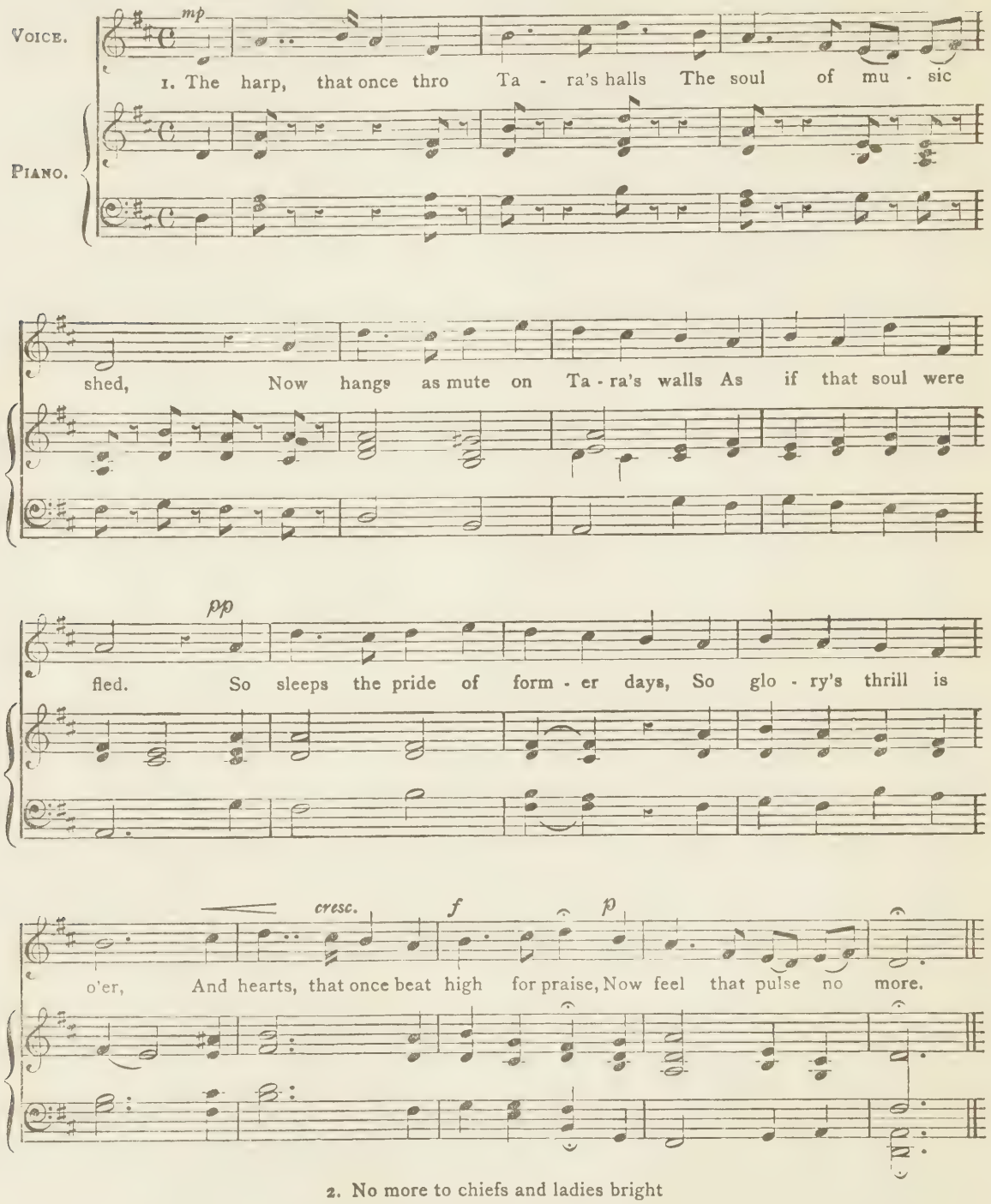
mp
VOICE.
1. The harp, that once thro Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic
PIANO.
shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were
pp
fled. So sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo - ry's thrill is
cresc.
f
p
o'er, And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

2. No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks.
To show that still she lives.

# AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

(CRUACHAN NA FEINE.)

*Poem by* MOORE.

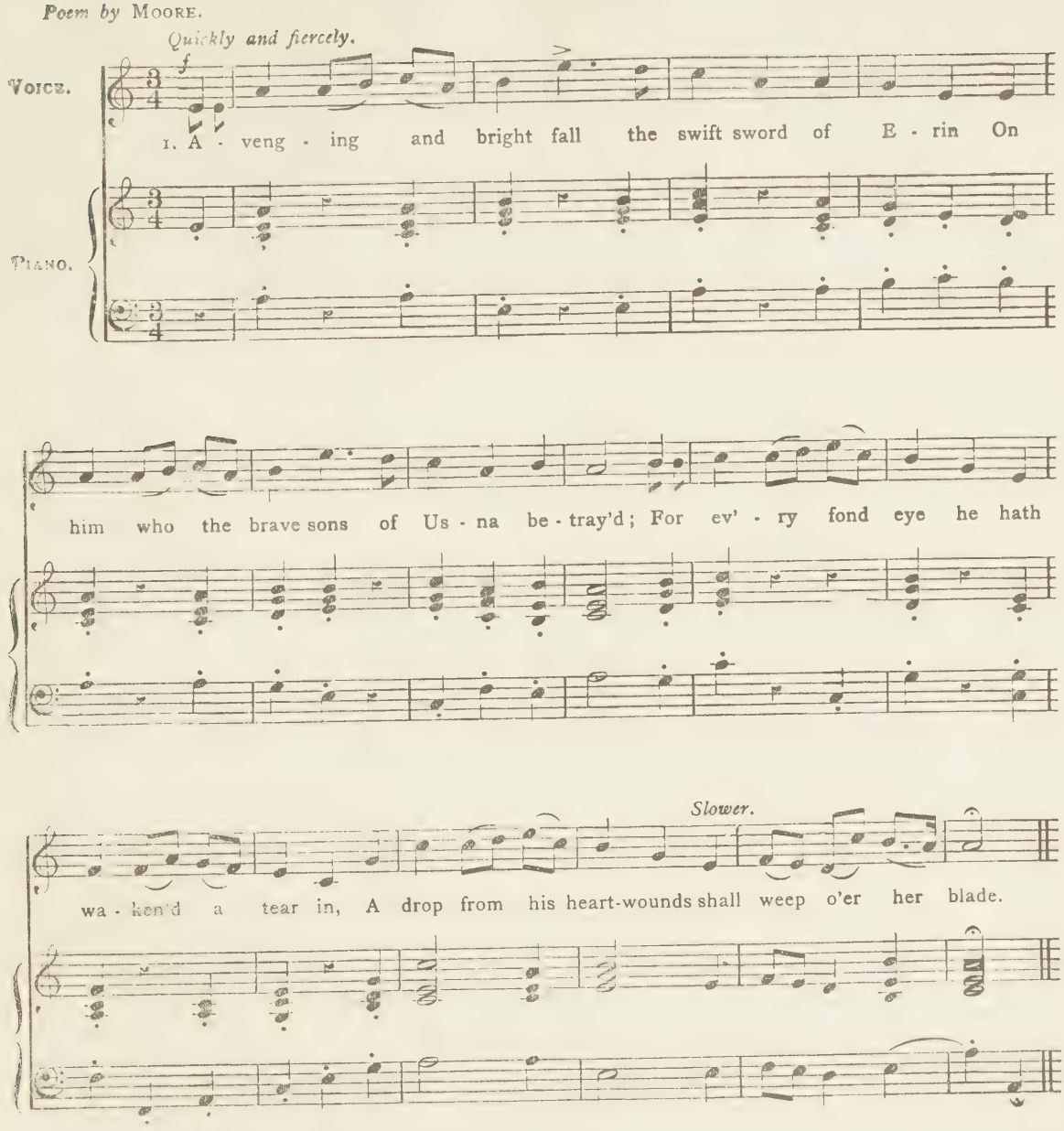
Quickly and fiercely.
f
VOICE.
1. A - veng - ing and bright fall the swift sword of E - rin On
PIANO.
him who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd; For ev' - ry fond eye he hath
Slower.
wa - ken'd a tear in, A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

2.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,
When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore—
By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore,

3.

We swear to avenge them! no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head.

4.

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

# 'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

(SAVOURNEEN DEELISH.)

*Poem by* MOORE.

*Slowly and expressively.*

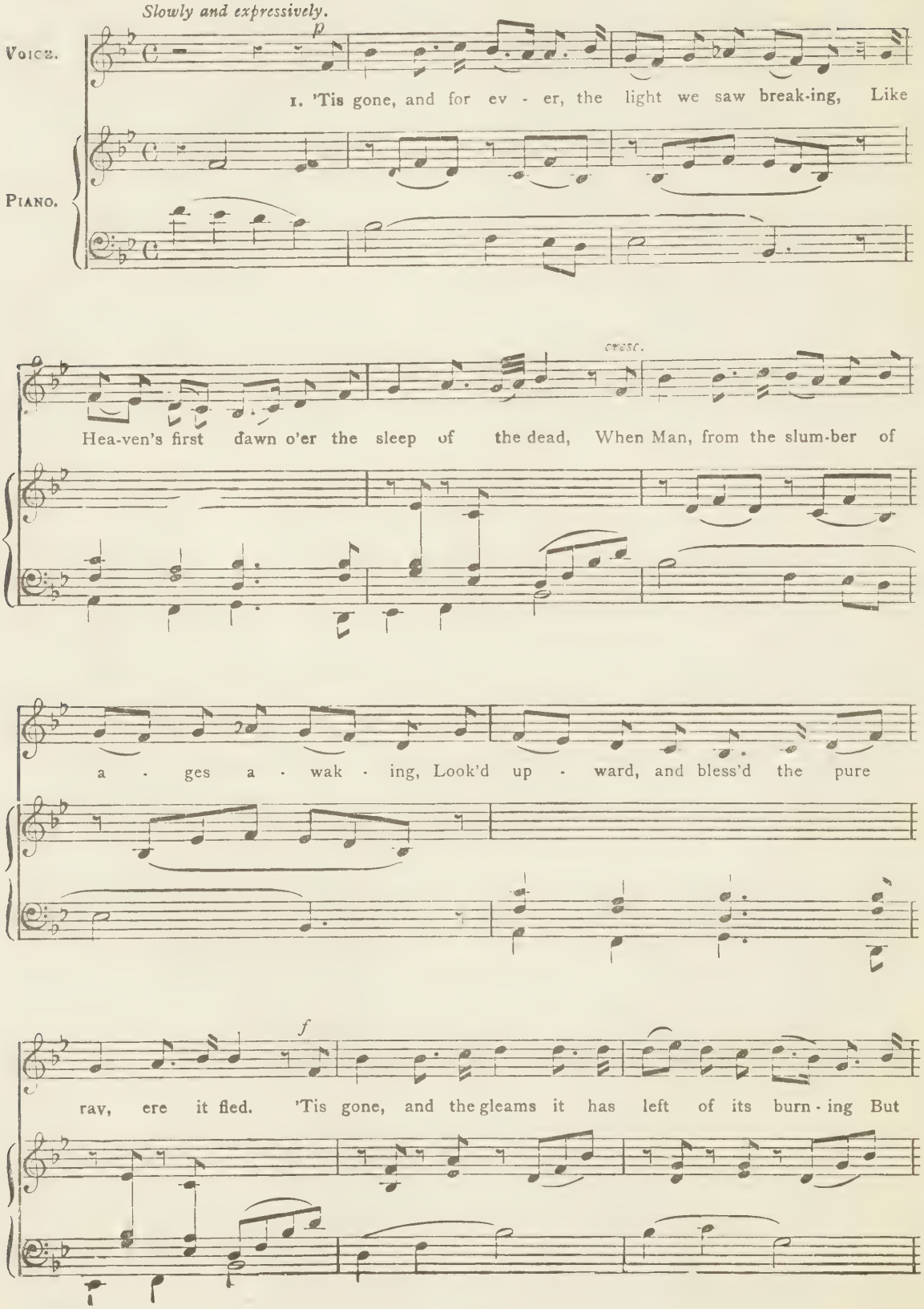
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. 'Tis gone, and for ev - er, the light we saw break-ing, Like
cresc.
Hea-ven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead, When Man, from the slum-ber of
a - ges a - wak - ing, Look'd up - ward, and bless'd the pure
f
ray, ere it fled. 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burn - ing But

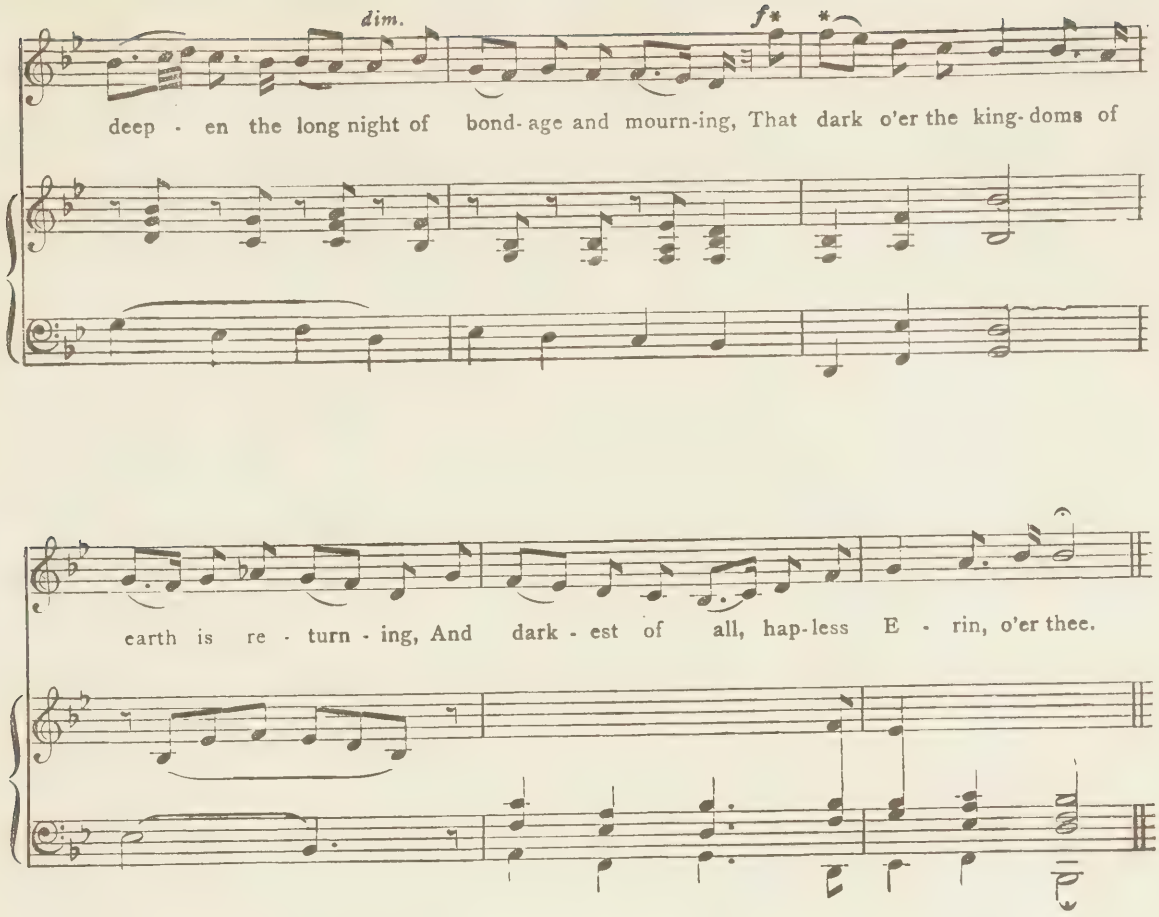
dim.
f*
*
deep - en the long night of bond-age and mourn-ing, That dark o'er the king-doms of
earth is re - turn - ing, And dark - est of all, hap-less E - rin, o'er thee.

2.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee through all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once, like a Sunburst, her banner unfurl'd.
Oh! never shall earth see a moment so splendid;
Then, then had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations, how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee!

3.

But shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood!
Then vanished for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and Elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

** If the range of this song is found to be too great for the voices, these two F's can be sung an octave lower, but care should be taken to show the true form of the melody.*—Ed

# AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

## (MOLLY, MY DEAR.)

*Poem by* MOORE.

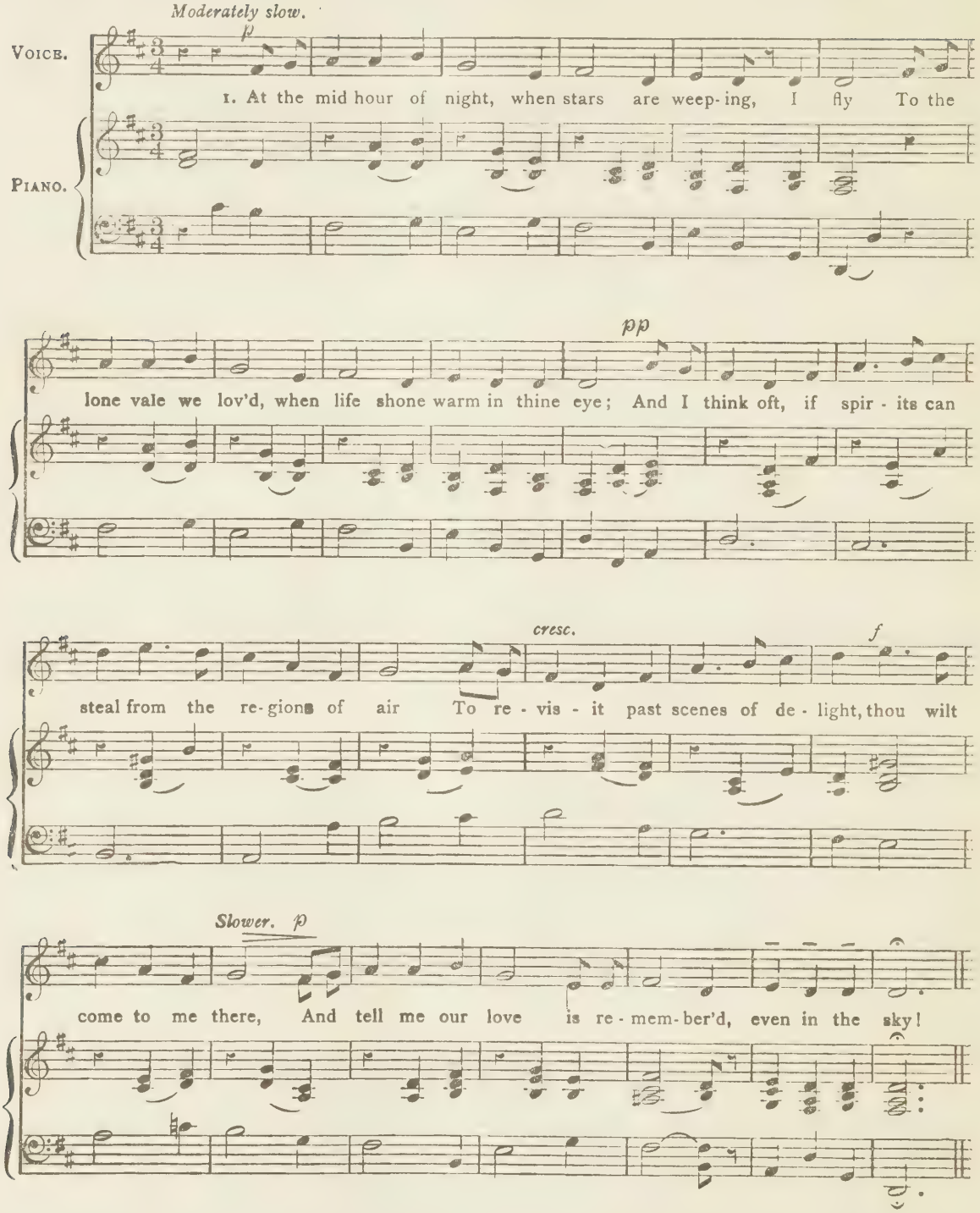
Moderately slow.
p
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep-ing, I fly To the
pp
lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye; And I think oft, if spir-its can
cresc.
f
steal from the re-gions of air To re-vis-it past scenes of de-light, thou wilt
Slower. p
come to me there, And tell me our love is re-mem-ber'd, even in the sky!

2. Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear,
When our voices, commingling, breath'd, like one, on the ear;
And, as Echo far off thro' the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

*N.B.—This melody is in strains of five bar rhythm.*—ED.

# MY GENTLE HARP.

(THE CAOINE OR LAMENT.)

*Poem by* MOORE.
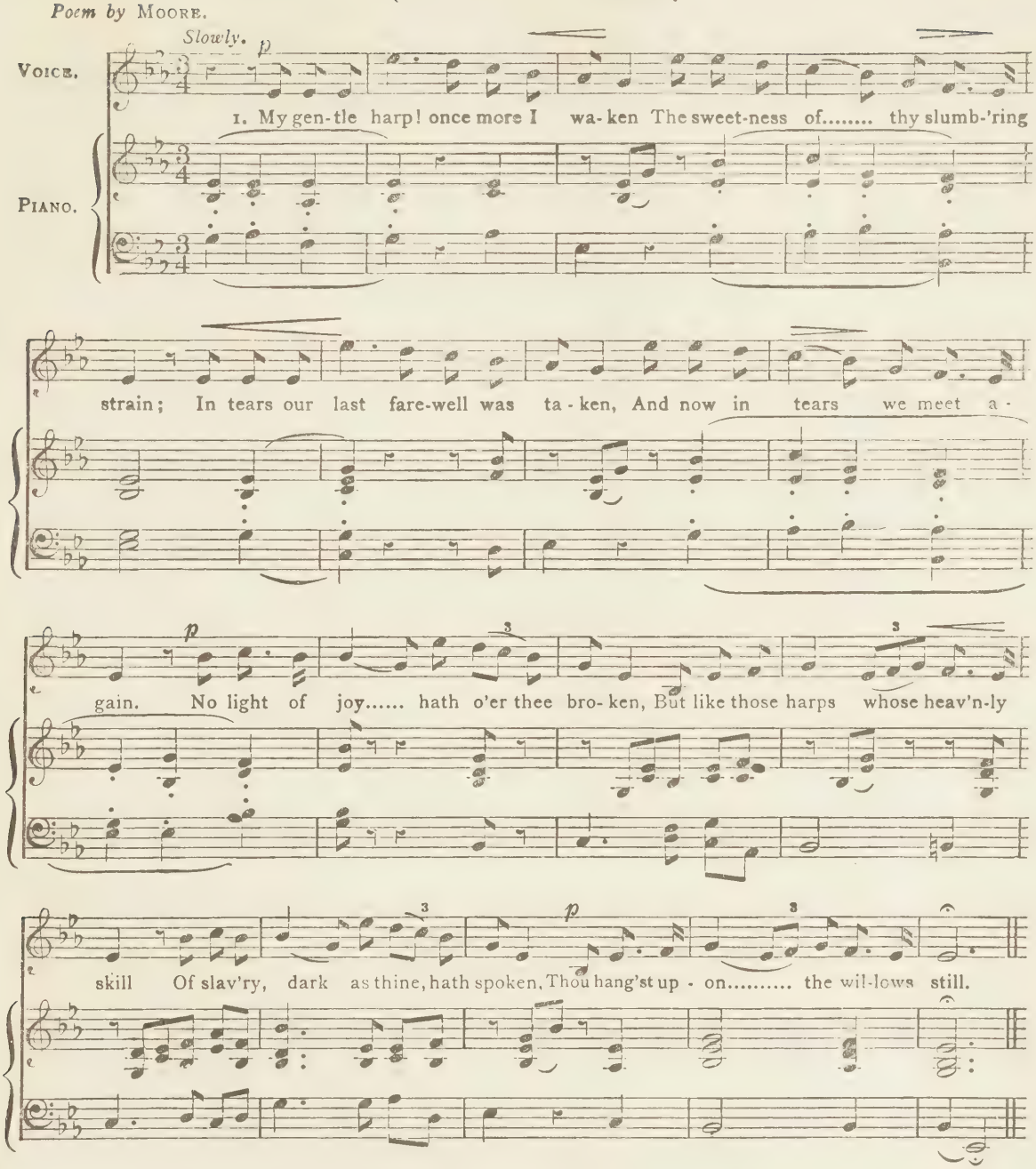
Slowly.
p
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. My gen-tle harp! once more I wa-ken The sweet-ness of..... thy slumb-'ring
strain; In tears our last fare-well was ta-ken, And now in tears we meet a-
p
gain. No light of joy..... hath o'er thee bro-ken, But like those harps whose heav'n-ly
p
skill Of slav'ry, dark as thine, hath spoken, Thou hang'st up-on..... the wil-lows still.

2. And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

3. Then who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping harp! from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee,
Are sadly mix'd, half flow'rs, half chains.

4. But come, if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy, oh, breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
How gaily, e'en 'mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill,
Like Memnon's broken image, sounding
'Mid desolation tuneful still.

# WHEN THRO' LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

(THE BANKS OF BANNA.)

*Poem by* MOORE.

*Moderately slow.*

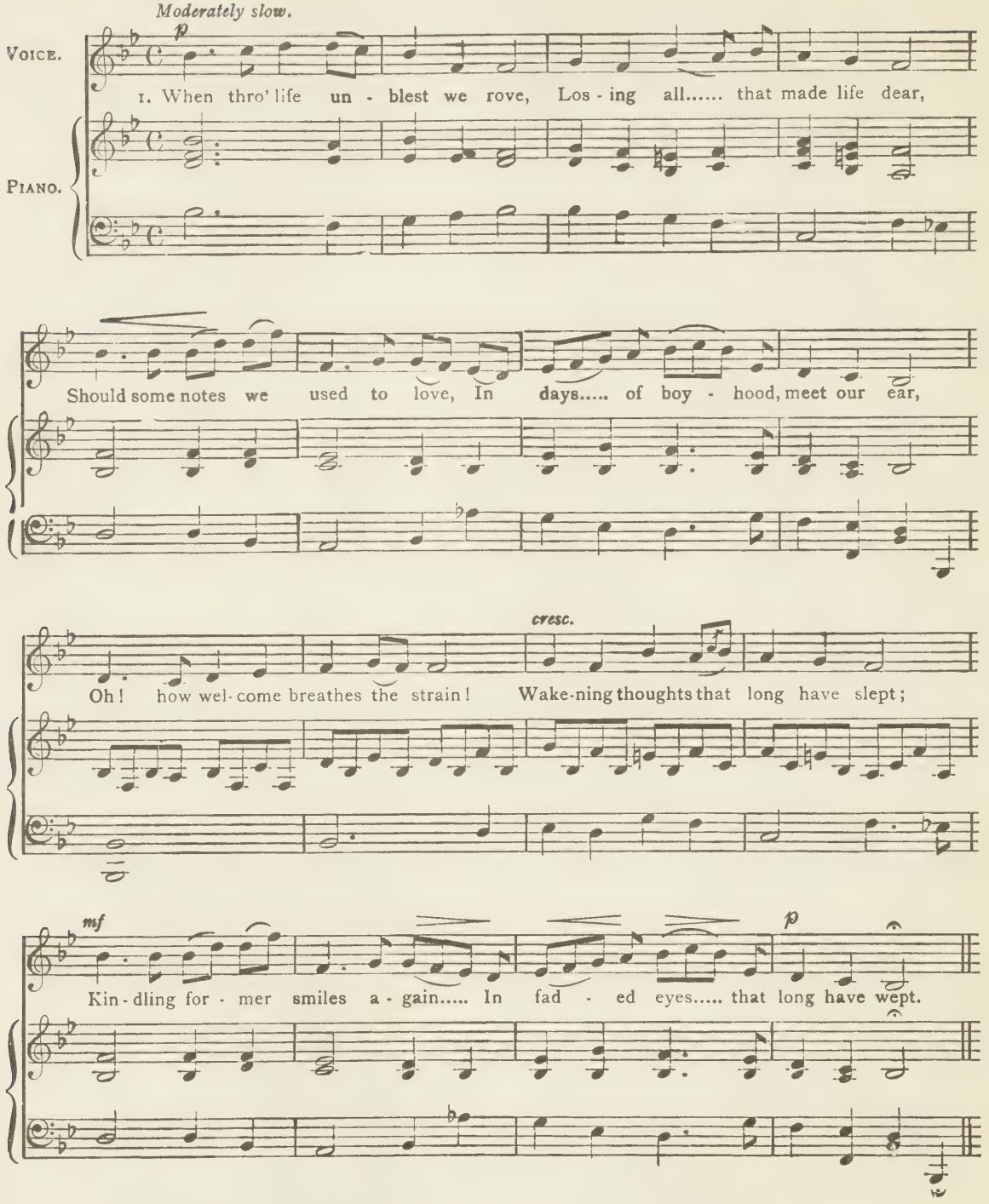
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. When thro' life un - blest we rove, Los - ing all..... that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love, In days..... of boy - hood, meet our ear,
cresc.
Oh! how wel - come breathes the strain! Wake-ning thoughts that long have slept;
mf
p
Kin - dling for - mer smiles a - gain..... In fad - ed eyes..... that long have wept.

2.

Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on,
Tho' the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its mem'ry lives in Music's breath.

3.

Music, oh how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are e'en more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe and not betray.

# IT IS NOT THE TEAR.

(THE SIXPENCE.)

Poem by MOORE.

*Smoothly, and in moderate time.*
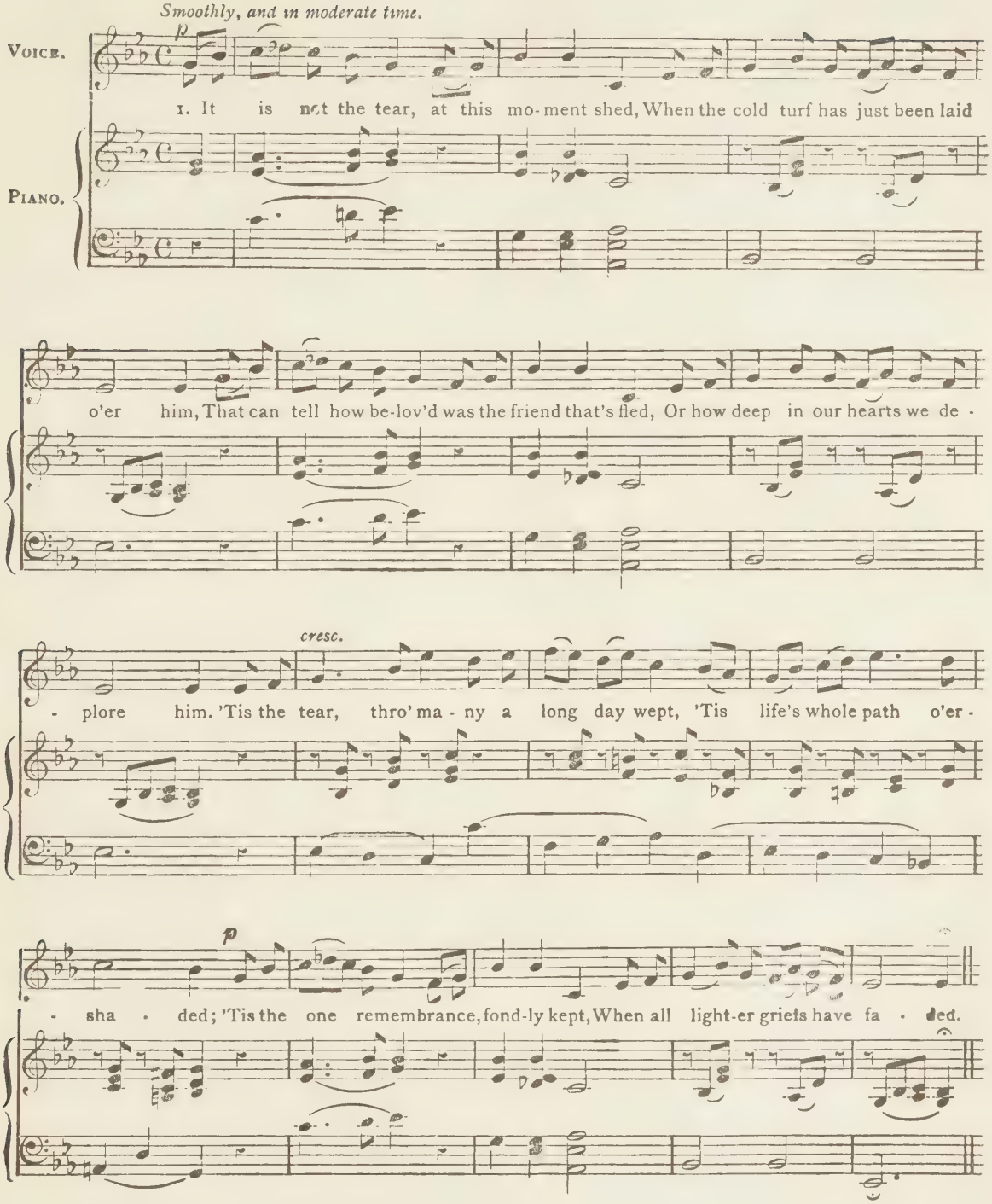
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. It is not the tear, at this mo-ment shed, When the cold turf has just been laid
o'er him, That can tell how be-lov'd was the friend that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de -
cresc.
- plore him. 'Tis the tear, thro' ma - ny a long day wept, 'Tis life's whole path o'er -
p
- sha - ded; 'Tis the one remembrance, fond-ly kept, When all light-er griefs have fa - ded.

2. Thus his memory, like some holy light,
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he lived but to love them.
And as fresher flowers the sod perfume
Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

# THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

(THE OLD HEAD OF DENNIS.)

*Poem by* MOORE.

*Placidly but not too slow.*

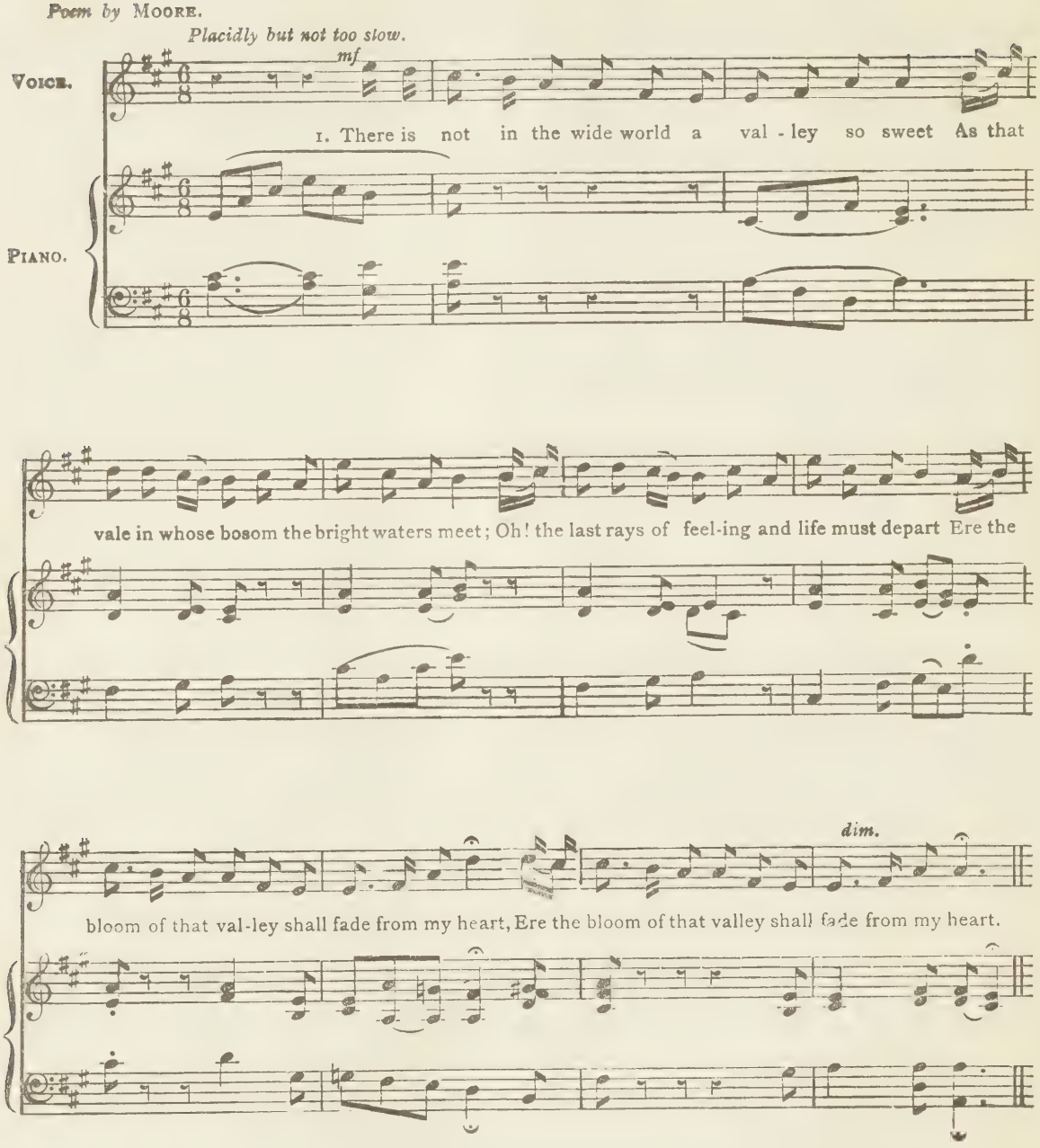
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet As that
vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet; Oh! the last rays of feel-ing and life must depart Ere the
dim.
bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

2.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

3.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

# SWEET INNISFALLEN.

## (THE CAPTIVATING YOUTH.)

*Poem by* MOORE.

*Slowly and expressively.*

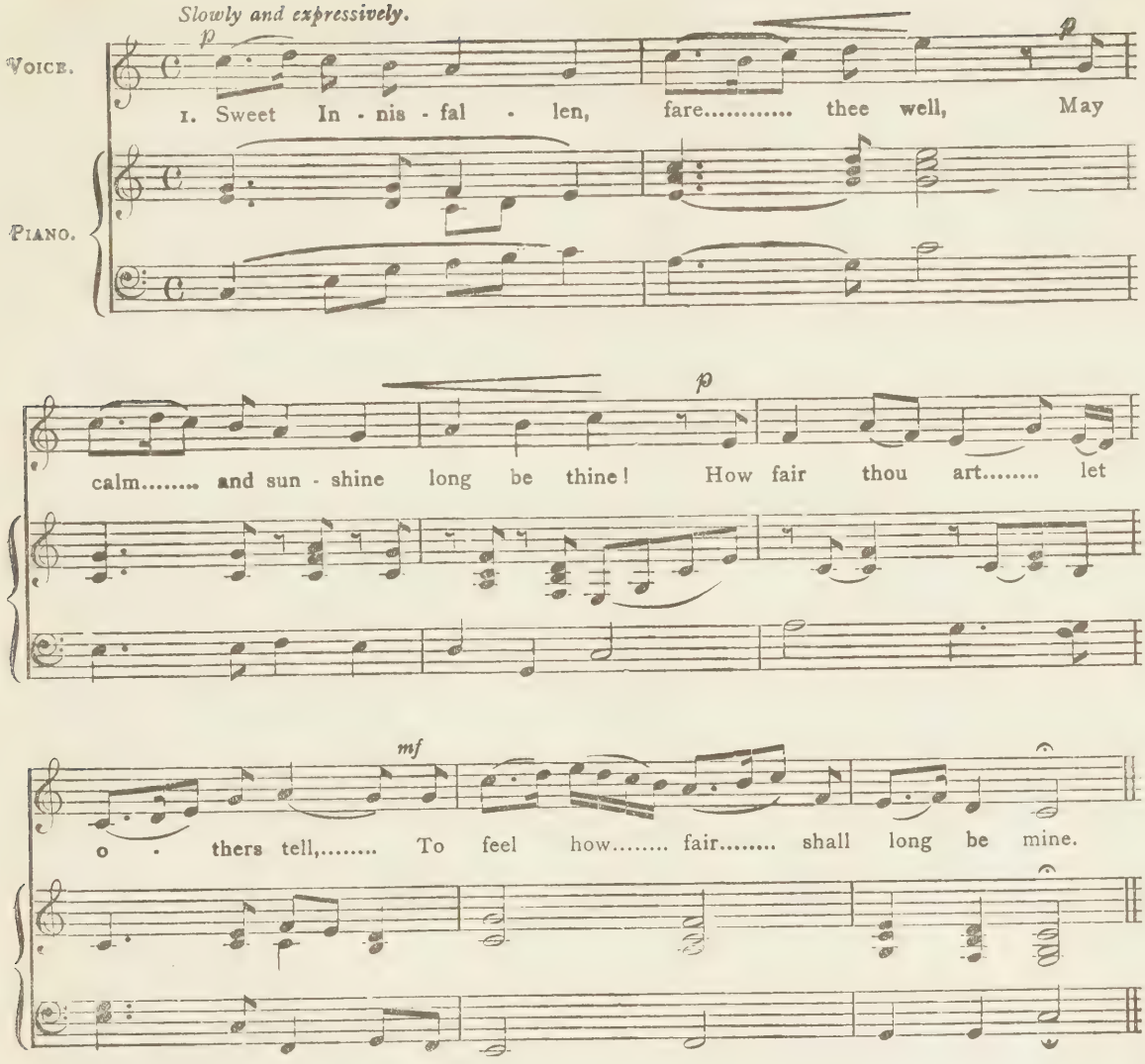
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
1. Sweet In - nis - fal - len, fare..... thee well, May
p
calm..... and sun - shine long be thine! How fair thou art..... let
mf
o - thers tell,..... To feel how..... fair..... shall long be mine.

2.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In mem'ry's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

3.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one
Who had to turn to paths of care;
Thro' crowded haunts again to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there;

4.

No more unto thy shores to come,
But, on the world's rude ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost!

5.

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

6.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, too blest,
But thus in shadow, seem'st a place
Where erring man might hope to rest.—

7.

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er its way.

8.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And all the lovelier for thy tears;
For though but rare thy sunny smile,
'Tis Heaven's own glance when it appears.

9.

Like feeling hearts whose joys are few,
But, when indeed they come, divine;
The brightest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

# 'TWAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

(THE SONG OF THE WOODS.)

*Poem by* MOORE.

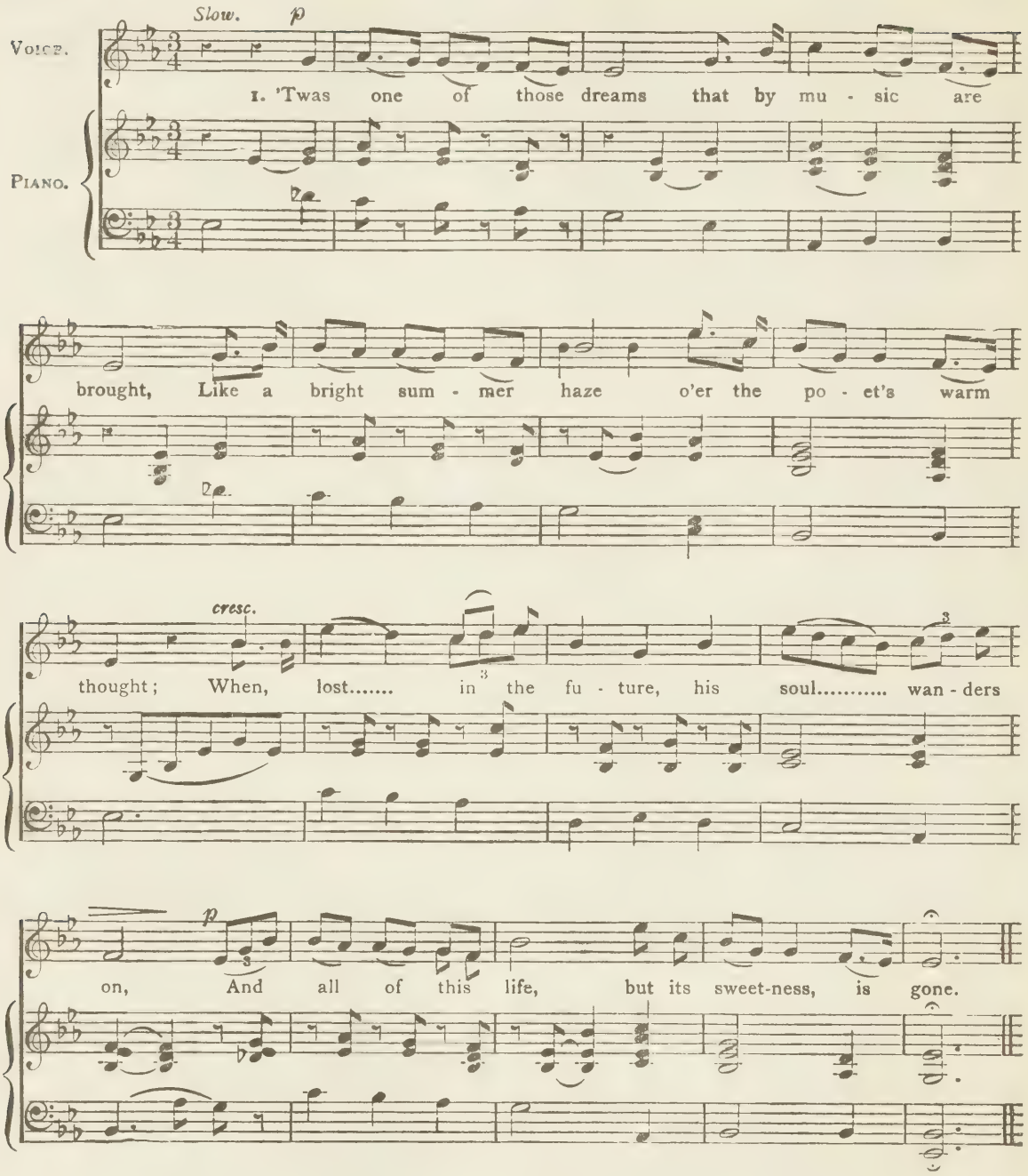
Slow.
p
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. 'Twas one of those dreams that by mu - sic are
brought, Like a bright sum - mer haze o'er the po - et's warm
cresc.
thought; When, lost..... in the fu - ture, his soul..... wan - ders
p
on, And all of this life, but its sweet-ness, is gone.

2.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
He had taught to sing Erin's dark bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Dinis' green isle to Glenà's wooded shore.

3.

He listen'd—while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
The ling'ring sounds on their way loved to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

# AS VANQUISHED ERIN.

(THE BOYNE WATER.)

*Poem by* MOORE.
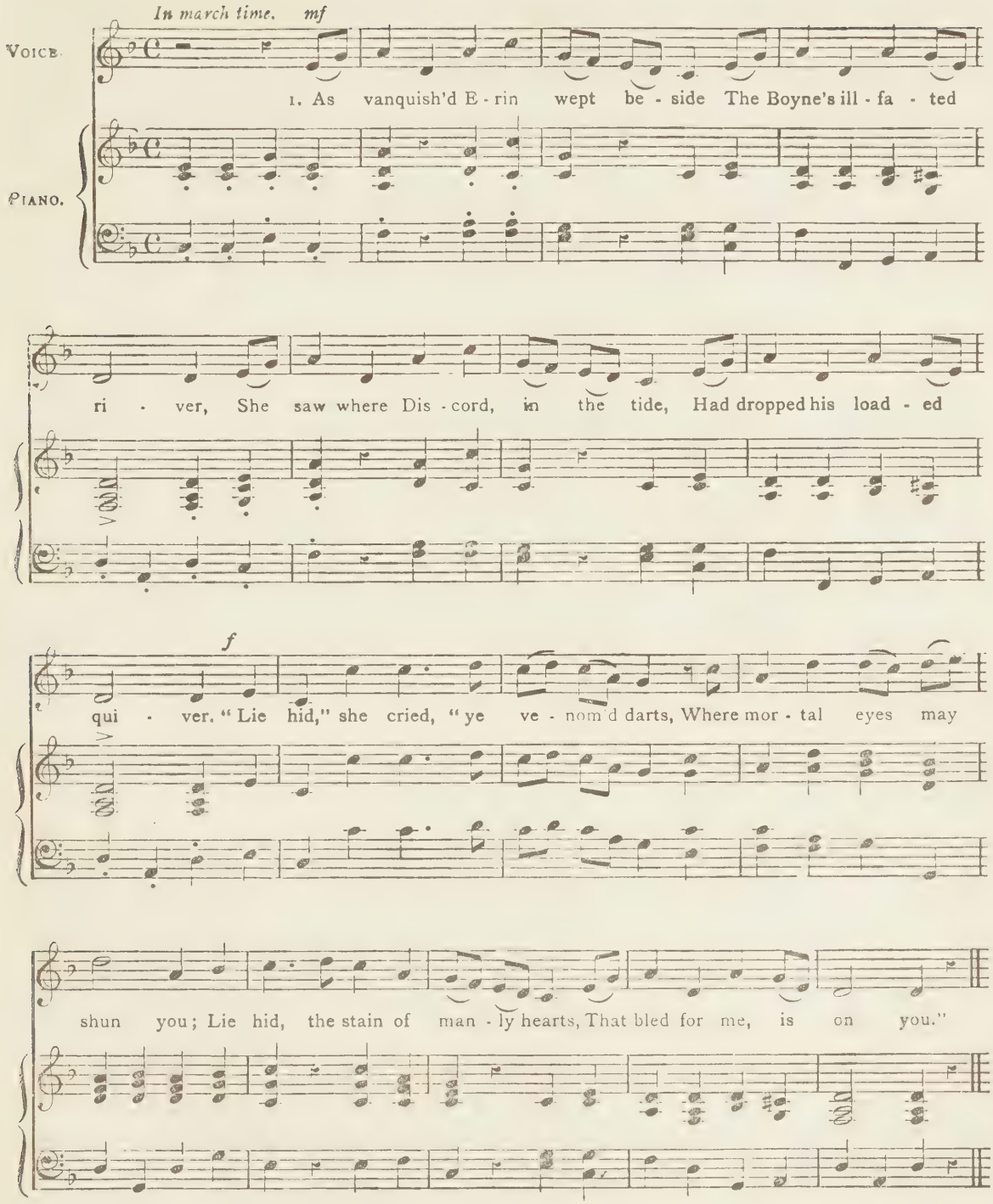
In march time. mf
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. As vanquish'd E - rin wept be - side The Boyne's ill - fa - ted
ri - ver, She saw where Dis - cord, in the tide, Had dropped his load - ed
f
qui - ver. "Lie hid," she cried, "ye ve - nom'd darts, Where mor - tal eyes may
shun you; Lie hid, the stain of man - ly hearts, That bled for me, is on you."

2.

But vain her wish, her weeping vain,
As time too well hath taught her,
Each year the Fiend returns again
And dives into that water:
And brings triumphant from beneath
His shafts of desolation,
And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
Throughout her madd'ning nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
Ev'n now beside that river!
Unwearied still the Fiend returns,
And stored is still his quiver.
"When will this end, ye Pow'rs of Good?"
She weeping asks for ever,
But only hears from out that flood,
The demon answer, "Never!"

# LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

(IF THE SEA WERE INK.)

*Poem by* MOORE.

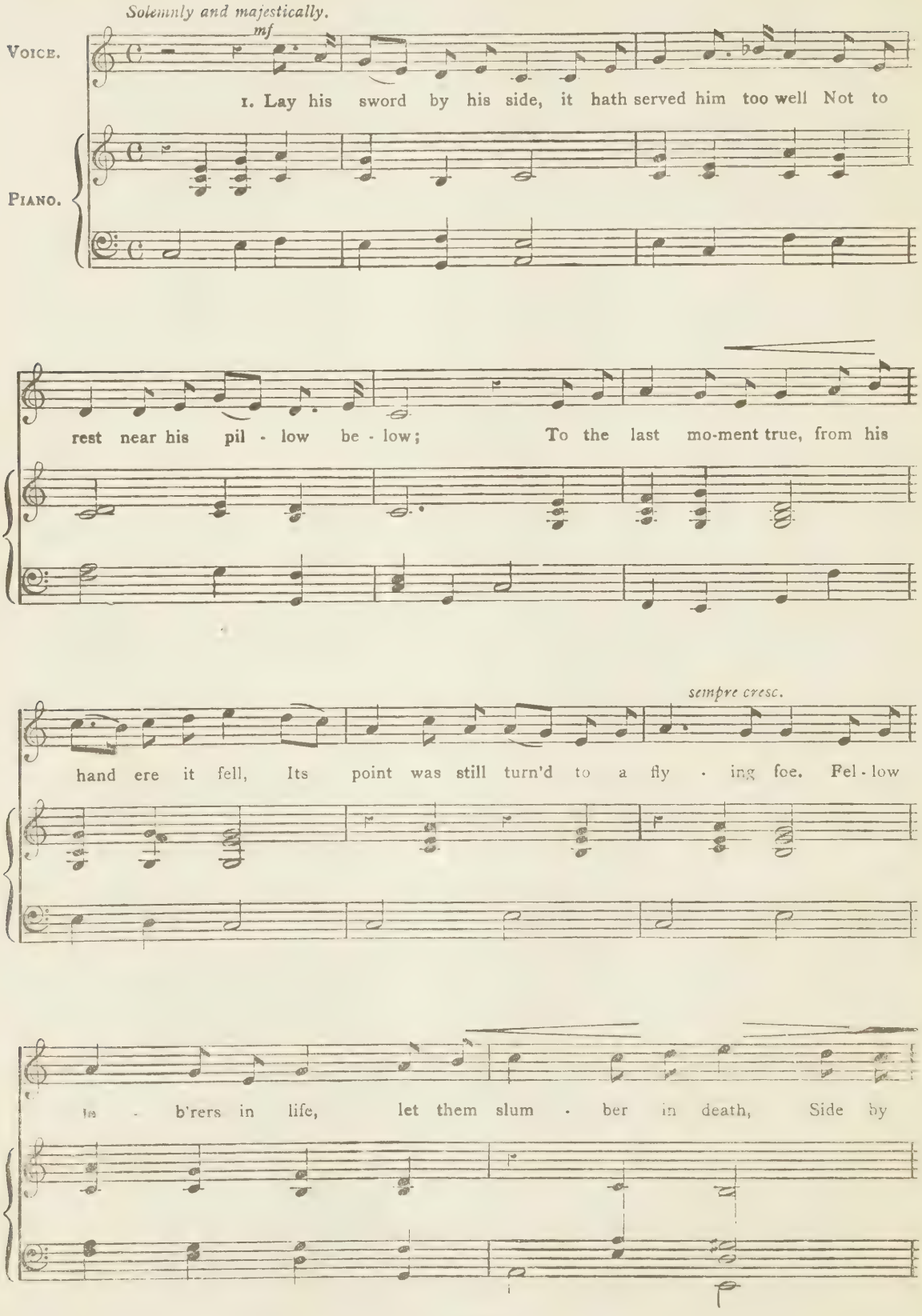
Solemnly and majestically.
mf
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Lay his sword by his side, it hath served him too well Not to
rest near his pil - low be - low; To the last mo-ment true, from his
sempre cresc.
hand ere it fell, Its point was still turn'd to a fly - ing foe. Fel - low
b'rers in life, let them slum - ber in death, Side by

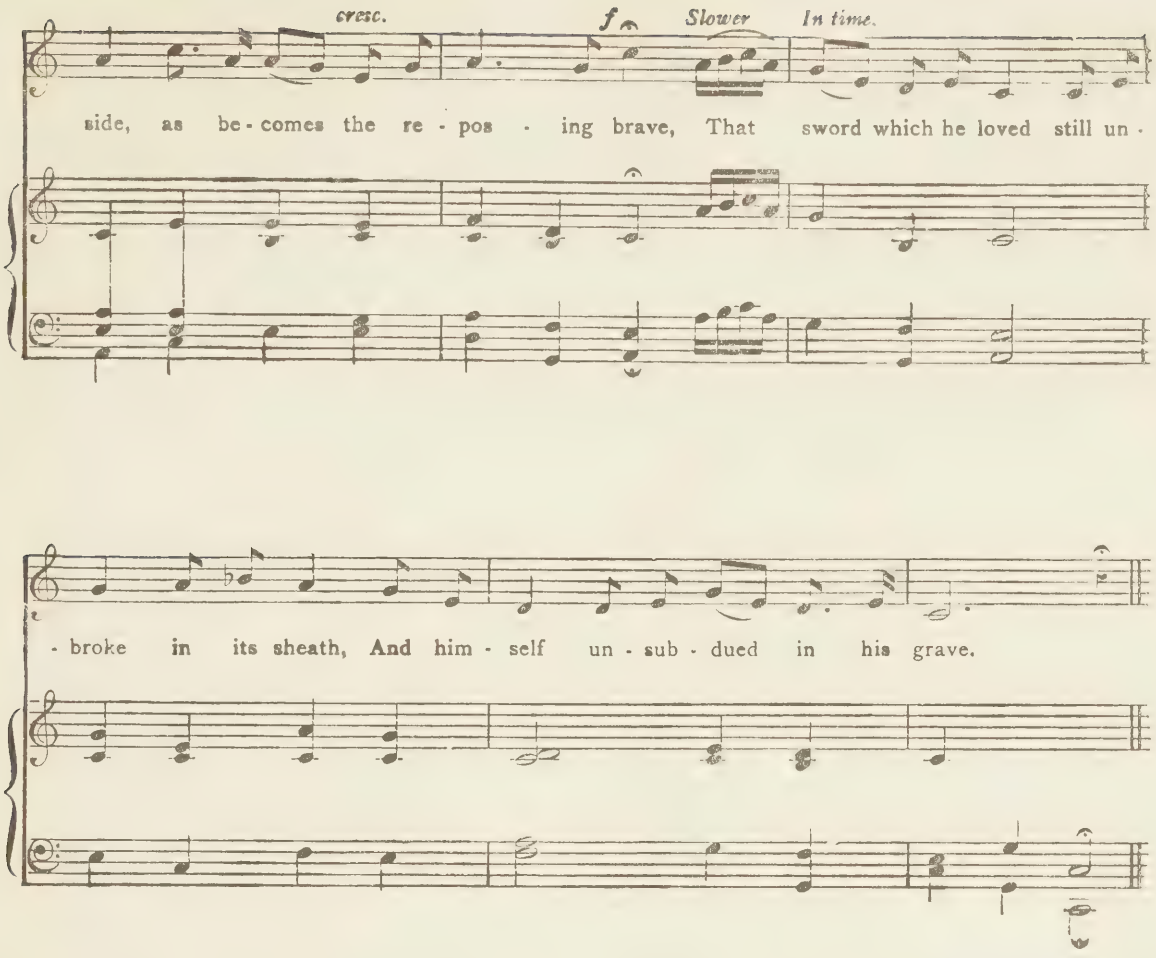
cresc.
f
Slower
In time.
side, as be - comes the re - pos - ing brave, That sword which he loved still un -
- broke in its sheath, And him - self un - sub - dued in his grave.

2.

*Yet pause—for in fancy a still voice I hear,
As if breath'd from his brave heart's remains;
*Faint echo of that which, in slavery's ear,
Once sounded the war-word, "Burst your chains!"
And it cries, from the grave where the Hero lies deep,
"Tho' the day of your Chieftain for ever hath set,
Oh leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep,
It has victory's life in it yet!"

3.

"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield,
Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,
*Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,
Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.
But if grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the proud use
Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain,
Then, †at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,
Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!"

* *Sing these words to two notes.* † *Sing this word to the last of the group of four notes.*

# FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

(MOLL ROONE.)

*Poem by* MOORE.

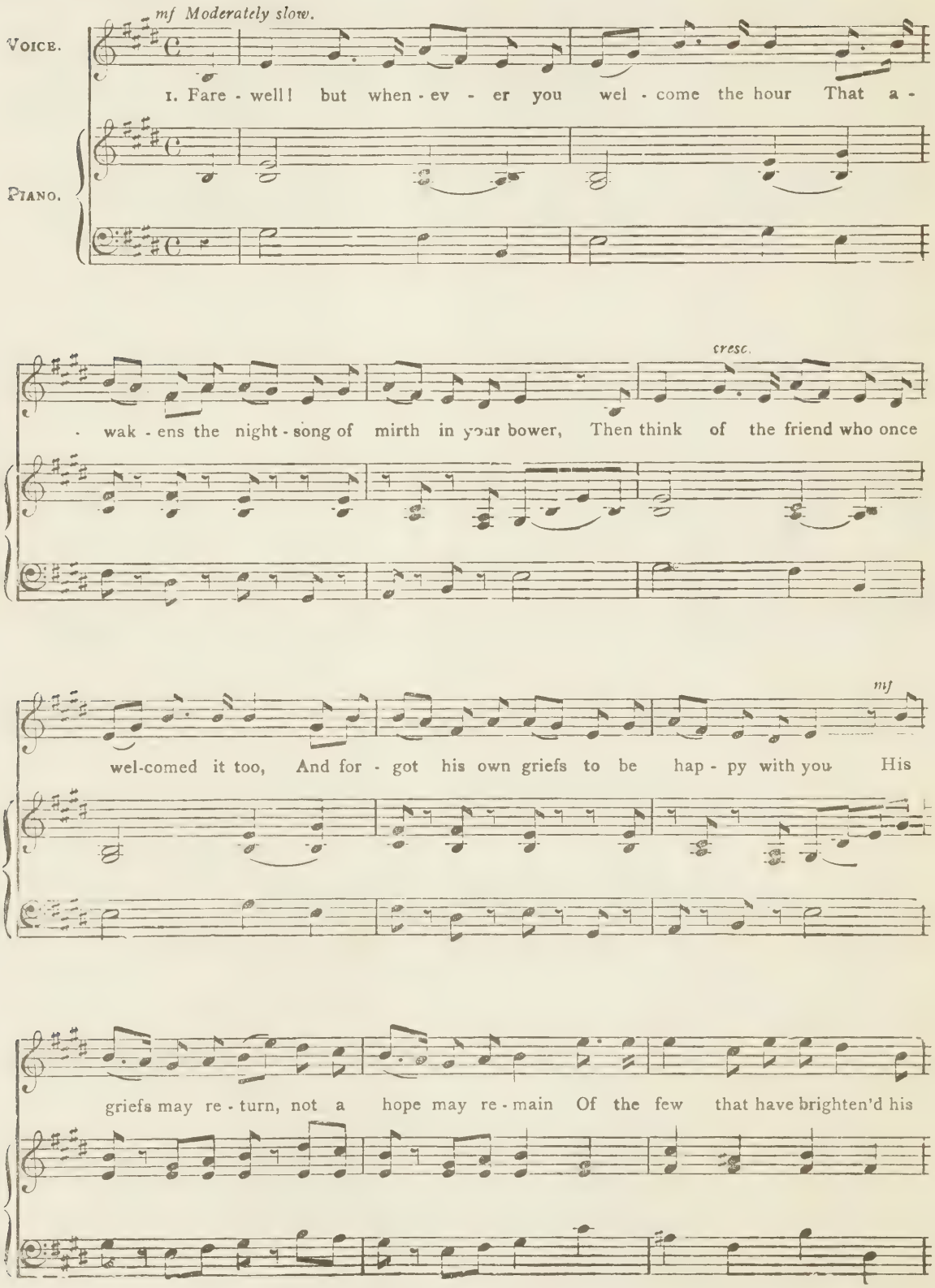
mf Moderately slow.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Fare - well! but when - ev - er you wel - come the hour That a -
cresc.
- wak - ens the night - song of mirth in your bower, Then think of the friend who once
mf
wel-comed it too, And for - got his own griefs to be hap - py with you His
griefs may re - turn, not a hope may re - main Of the few that have brighten'd his

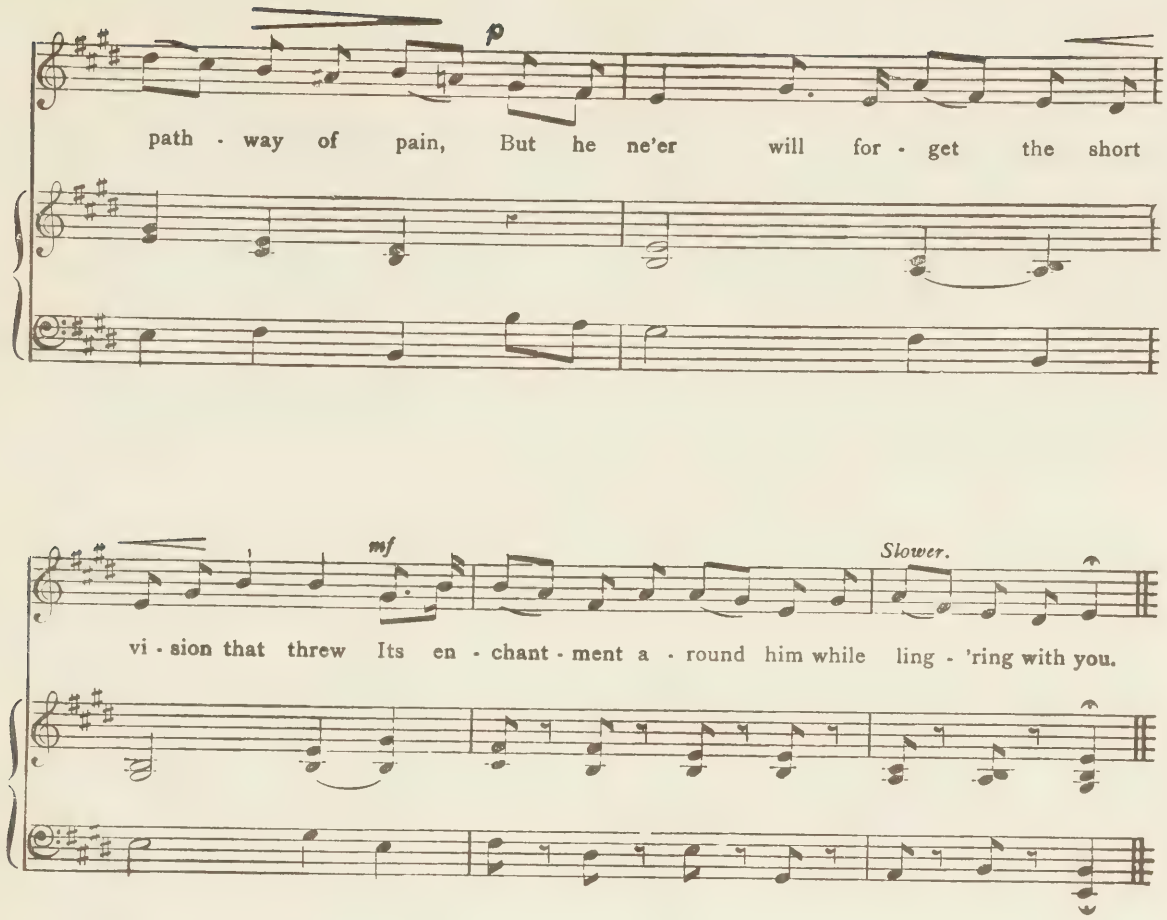
p
path - way of pain, But he ne'er will for - get the short
mf
Slower.
vi - sion that threw Its en - chant - ment a - round him while ling - 'ring with you.

2.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where e'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles—
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd "I wish he were here."

3.

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

# SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

(OPEN THE DOOR SOFTLY.)

*Poem by* MOORE.

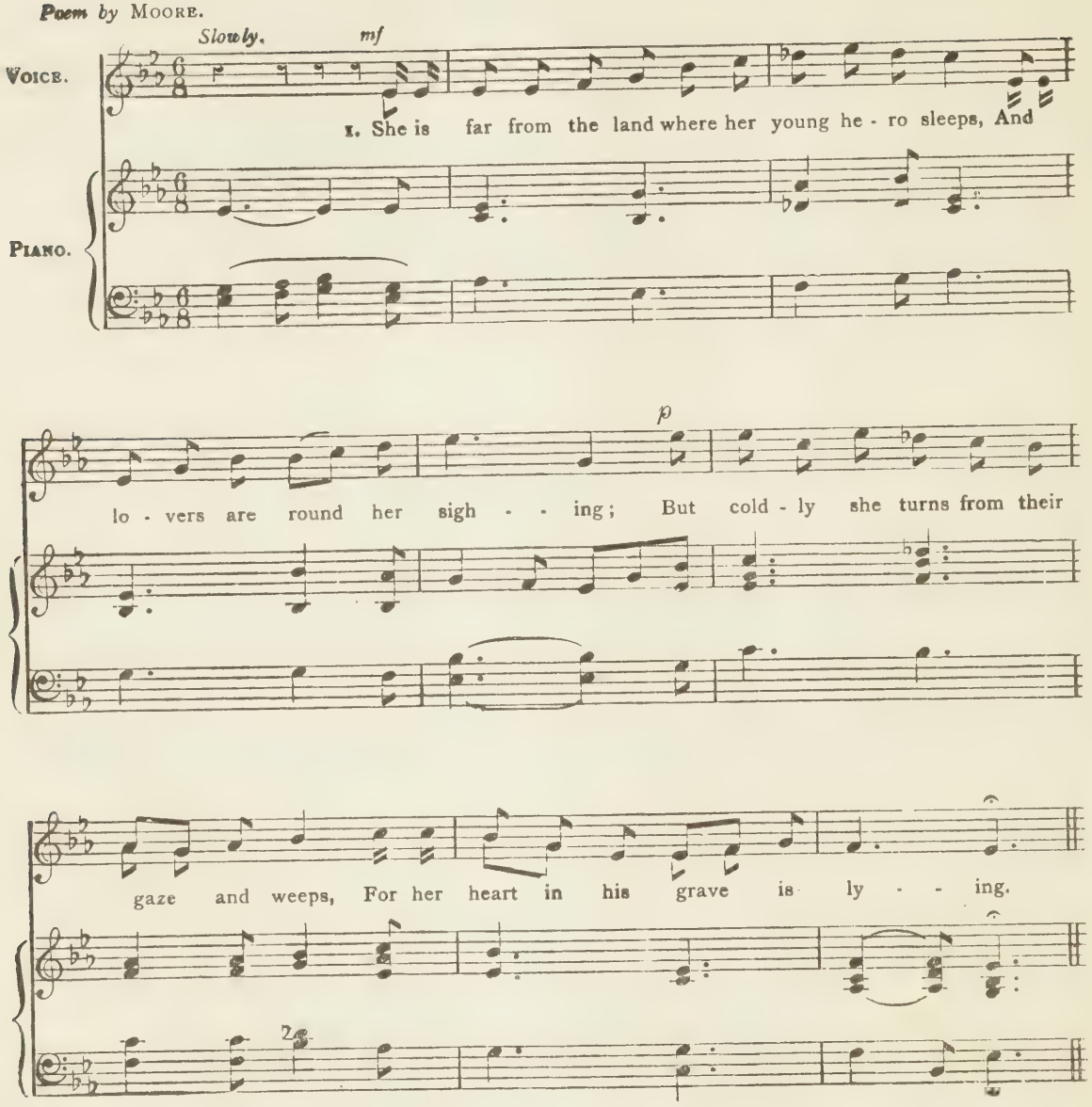
Slowly.
mf
Voice.
Piano.
1. She is far from the land where her young he - ro sleeps, And
p
lo - vers are round her sigh - - ing; But cold - ly she turns from their
gaze and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly - - ing.

2.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Ev'ry note which he loved awaking;—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

3.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

4.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

# I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

(THE ROSE-TREE.)

*Poem by* MOORE.

*mp Not too slow.*

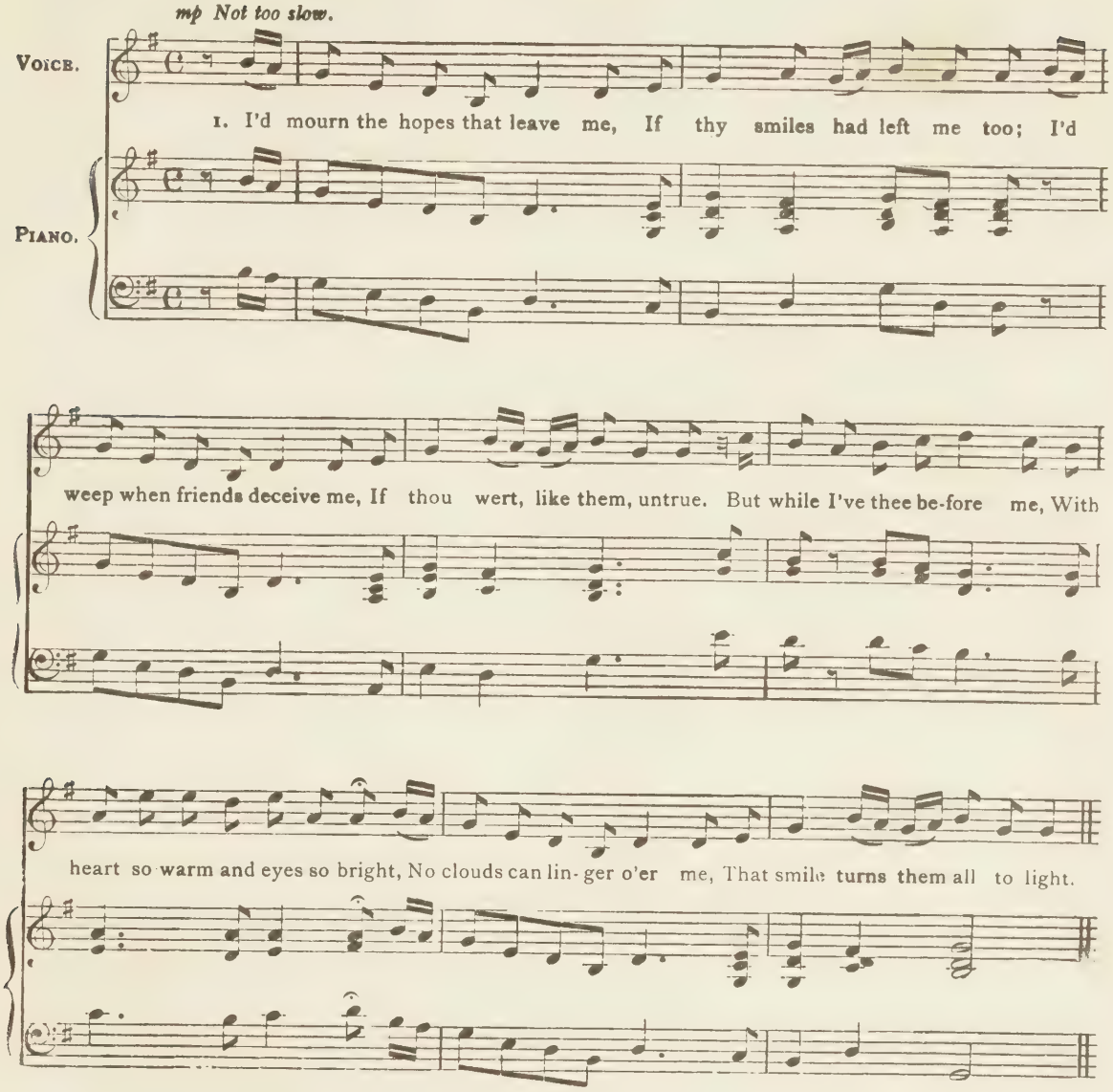
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy smiles had left me too; I'd
weep when friends deceive me, If thou wert, like them, untrue. But while I've thee be-fore me, With
heart so warm and eyes so bright, No clouds can lin-ger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light.

2.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

3

And though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam,—
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home

4.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The trav'ller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

# AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

## (THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.)

*Poem by* MOORE.

*Quickly and with spirit.*

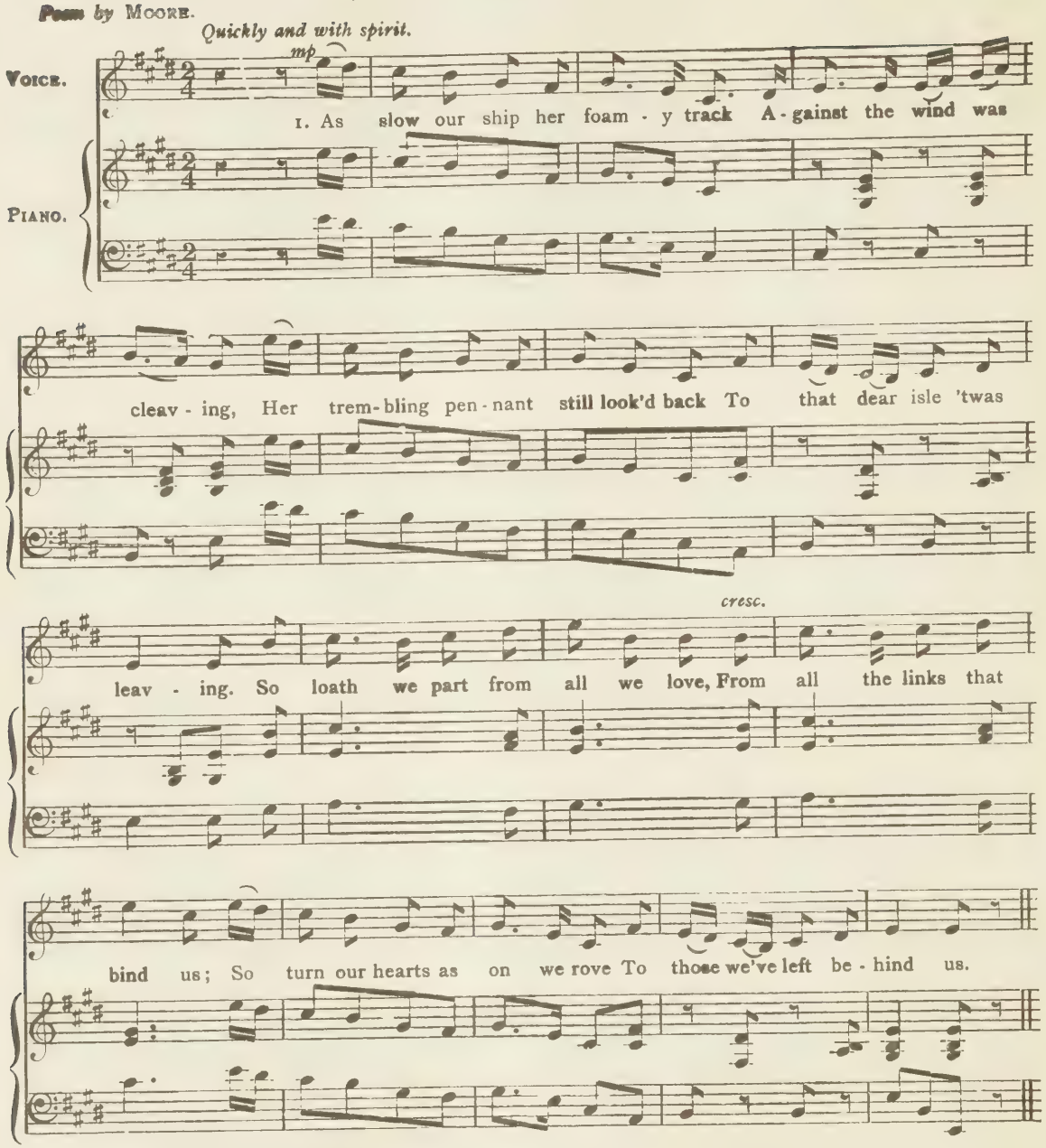
mp
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. As slow our ship her foam - y track A - gainst the wind was
cleav - ing, Her trem - bling pen - nant still look'd back To that dear isle 'twas
cresc.
leav - ing. So loath we part from all we love, From all the links that
bind us; So turn our hearts as on we rove To those we've left be - hind us.

2. When round the bowl of vanish'd years
We talk, with joyous seeming,
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us.

3. And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild and sweet
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss
If Heav'n had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us.

4. As trav'llers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing;
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

*The first, second, and last lines of this air are slightly simplified from the more ornate and difficult original version; but there is authority also for this easier version.*—ED.

# THE GIRL I'VE LEFT BEHIND ME.*

(BRIGHTON CAMP.)

*18th cen.*

1.

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley,
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill
Since parting with my Sally;
I seek no more the fine or gay,
For each does but remind me
How swiftly pass'd the hours away
With the girl I've left behind me.

2.

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silv'ry light,
When first she vow'd to love me!
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp,
Kind Heaven then pray guide me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

3.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,
May leave the swan repining.
Ye gods above! oh, hear my pray'r,
To my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

4.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The falling waters cease to roar,
Ere I shall seek to change her.
The vows we register'd above
Shall ever cheer and bind me
In constancy to her I love,
The girl I've left behind me.

* *Sung to the air of* "As slow our Ship," *preceding page*

# FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

(THE LAMENTATION OF AUGHRIM.)

*Poem by* MOORE.

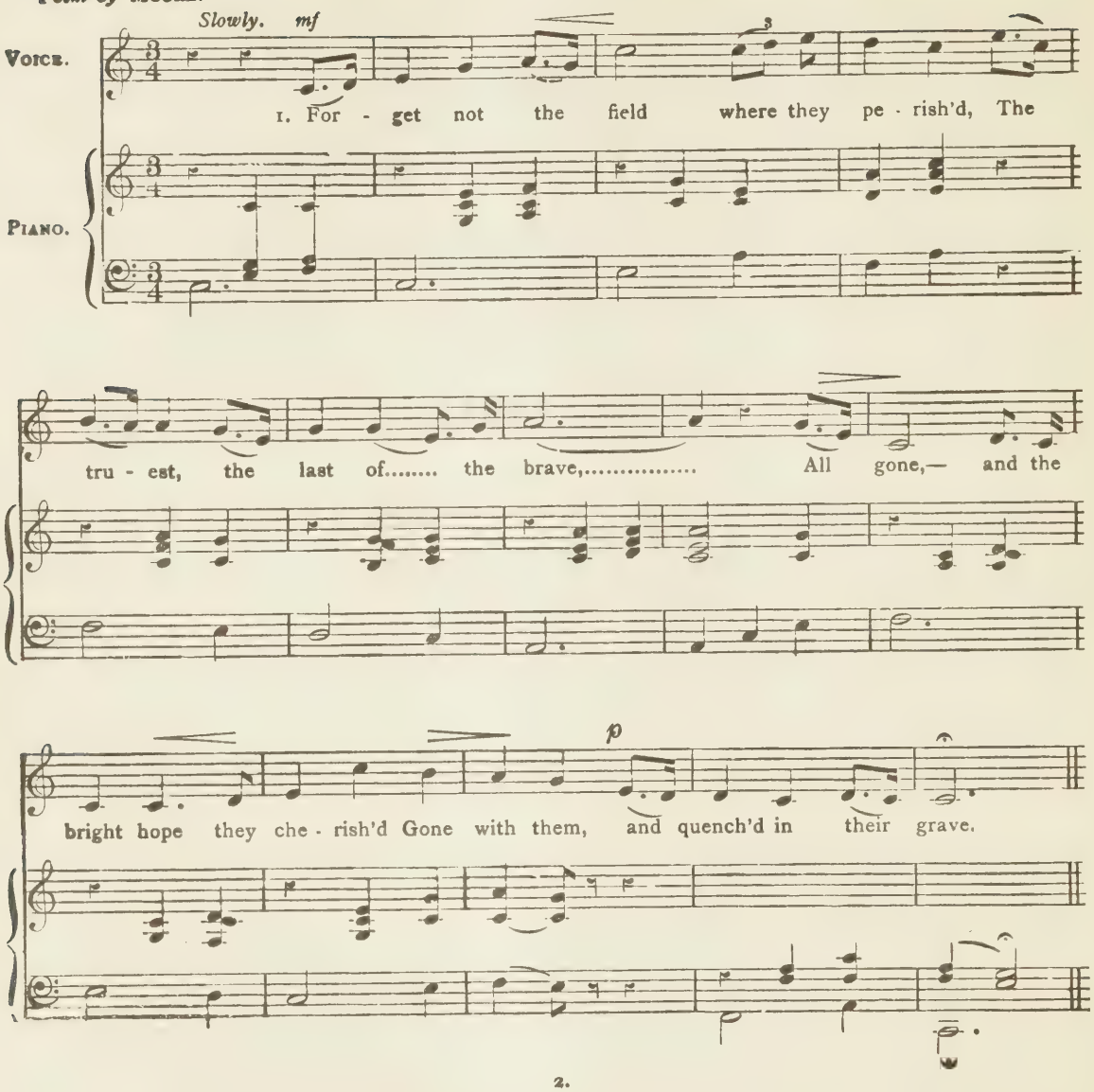
Slowly. mf
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. For - get not the field where they pe - rish'd, The
tru - est, the last of..... the brave,..... All gone,— and the
p
bright hope they che - rish'd Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave.

2.

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high Heav'n to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;

3.

But 'tis past, and tho' blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurs'd is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

4

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumined by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On liberty's ruins to fame!

# OH FOR THE SWORDS.

*Poem by* MOORE.

*In march time and with spirit.*
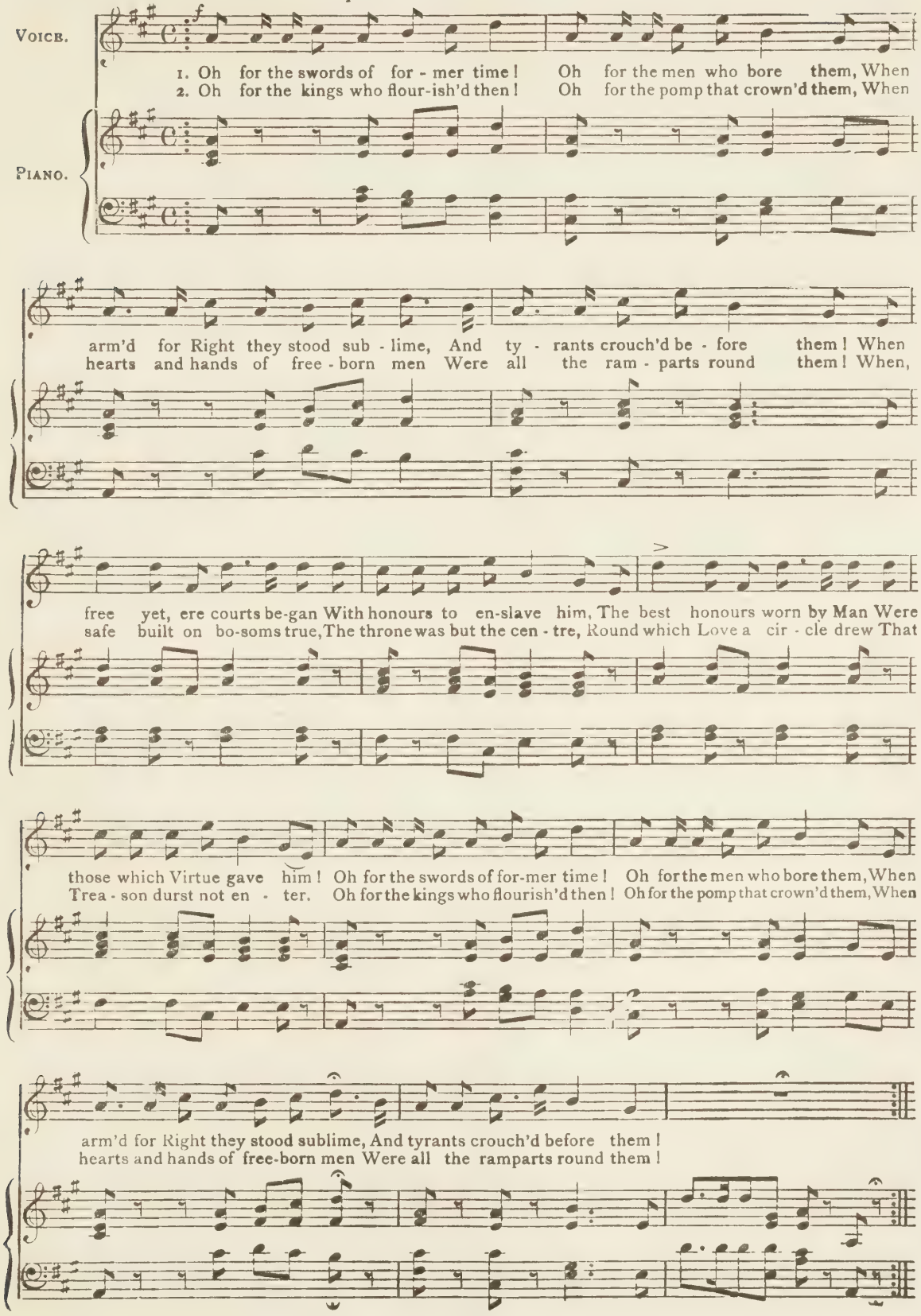
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Oh for the swords of for - mer time! Oh for the men who bore them, When
2. Oh for the kings who flour-ish'd then! Oh for the pomp that crown'd them, When
arm'd for Right they stood sub - lime, And ty - rants crouch'd be - fore them! When
hearts and hands of free - born men Were all the ram - parts round them! When,
free yet, ere courts be-gan With honours to en-slave him, The best honours worn by Man Were
safe built on bo-soms true, The throne was but the cen - tre, Round which Love a cir - cle drew That
those which Virtue gave him! Oh for the swords of for-mer time! Oh for the men who bore them, When
Trea - son durst not en - ter. Oh for the kings who flourish'd then! Oh for the pomp that crown'd them, When
arm'd for Right they stood sublime, And tyrants crouch'd before them!
hearts and hands of free-born men Were all the ramparts round them!

# SING. SWEET HARP.

*Poem by* MOORE.
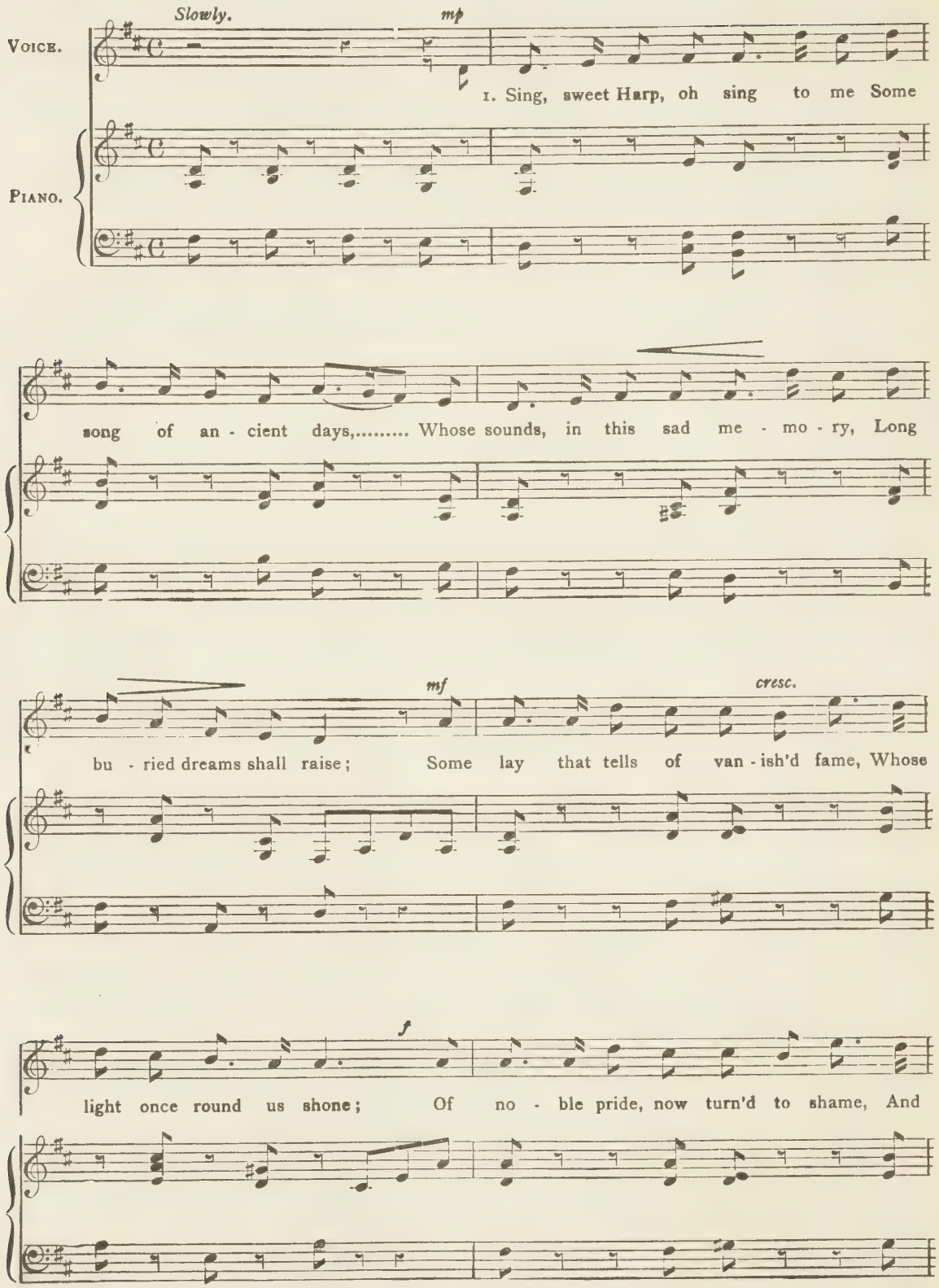
Slowly.
mp
VOICE.
1. Sing, sweet Harp, oh sing to me Some
PIANO.
song of an - cient days,..... Whose sounds, in this sad me - mo - ry, Long
mf
cresc.
bu - ried dreams shall raise; Some lay that tells of van - ish'd fame, Whose
f
light once round us shone; Of no - ble pride, now turn'd to shame, And
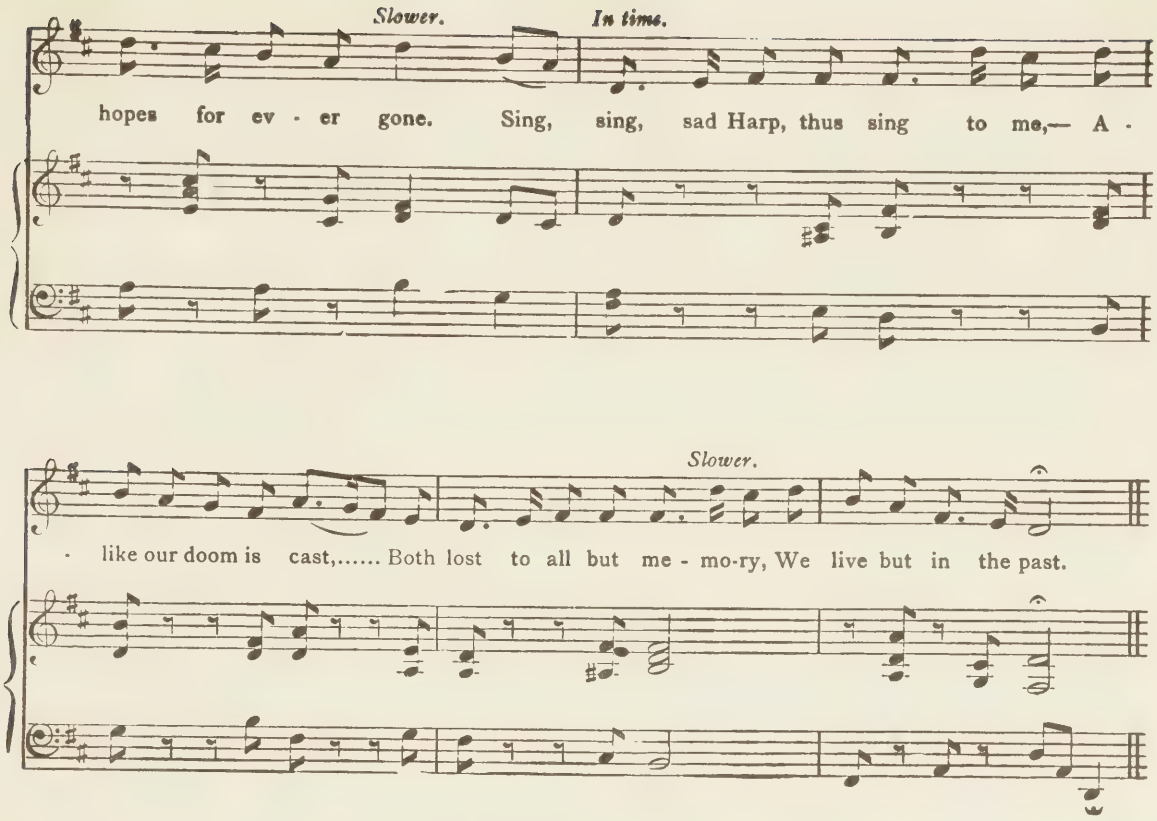
Slower.
In time.
hopes for ev - er gone. Sing, sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me,— A -
Slower.
- like our doom is cast,..... Both lost to all but me - mo-ry, We live but in the past.

2.

How mournfully the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there
Of voices long gone by;
Of Chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd
The foremost then in fame:
Of Bards, who once immortal deem'd,
Now sleep without a name.
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh,—
In vain it seeks an echo there
Of voices long gone by.

3.

Couldst thou but call those spirits round,
Who once, in bow'r and hall,
Sat list'ning to thy magic sound,
Now mute and mould'ring all;
But, no; they would but wake to weep
Their children's slavery;
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
The dead at least are free!
Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
That knell of Freedom's day;
Or, list'ning to its death-like moan,
Let me, too, die away.

# THE LITTLE RED LARK.

*Poem by* A. P. GRAVES.

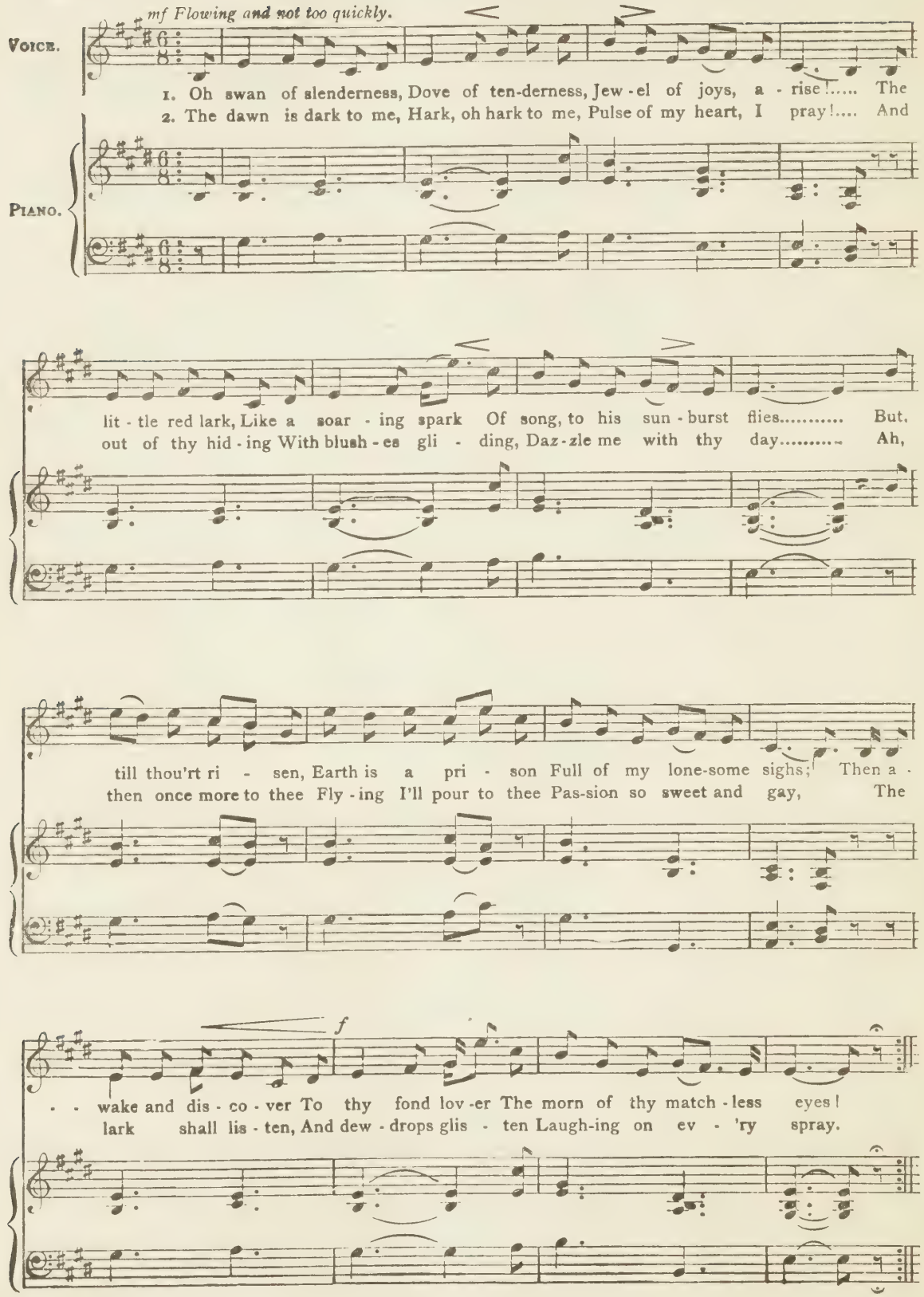
mf Flowing and not too quickly.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Oh swan of slenderness, Dove of ten-derness, Jew-el of joys, a-rise!..... The
2. The dawn is dark to me, Hark, oh hark to me, Pulse of my heart, I pray!.... And
lit-tle red lark, Like a soar-ing spark Of song, to his sun-burst flies..... But,
out of thy hid-ing With blush-es gli-ding, Daz-zle me with thy day..... Ah,
till thou'rt ri-sen, Earth is a pri-son Full of my lone-some sighs; Then a-
then once more to thee Fly-ing I'll pour to thee Pas-sion so sweet and gay, The
f
-wake and dis-co-ver To thy fond lov-er The morn of thy match-less eyes!
lark shall lis-ten, And dew-drops glis-ten Laugh-ing on ev-'ry spray.

# O SLEEP, MY BABY.

(ANCIENT LULLABY.)

***Words, founded on an old Celtic Poem,*** *by* A. P. GRAVES.

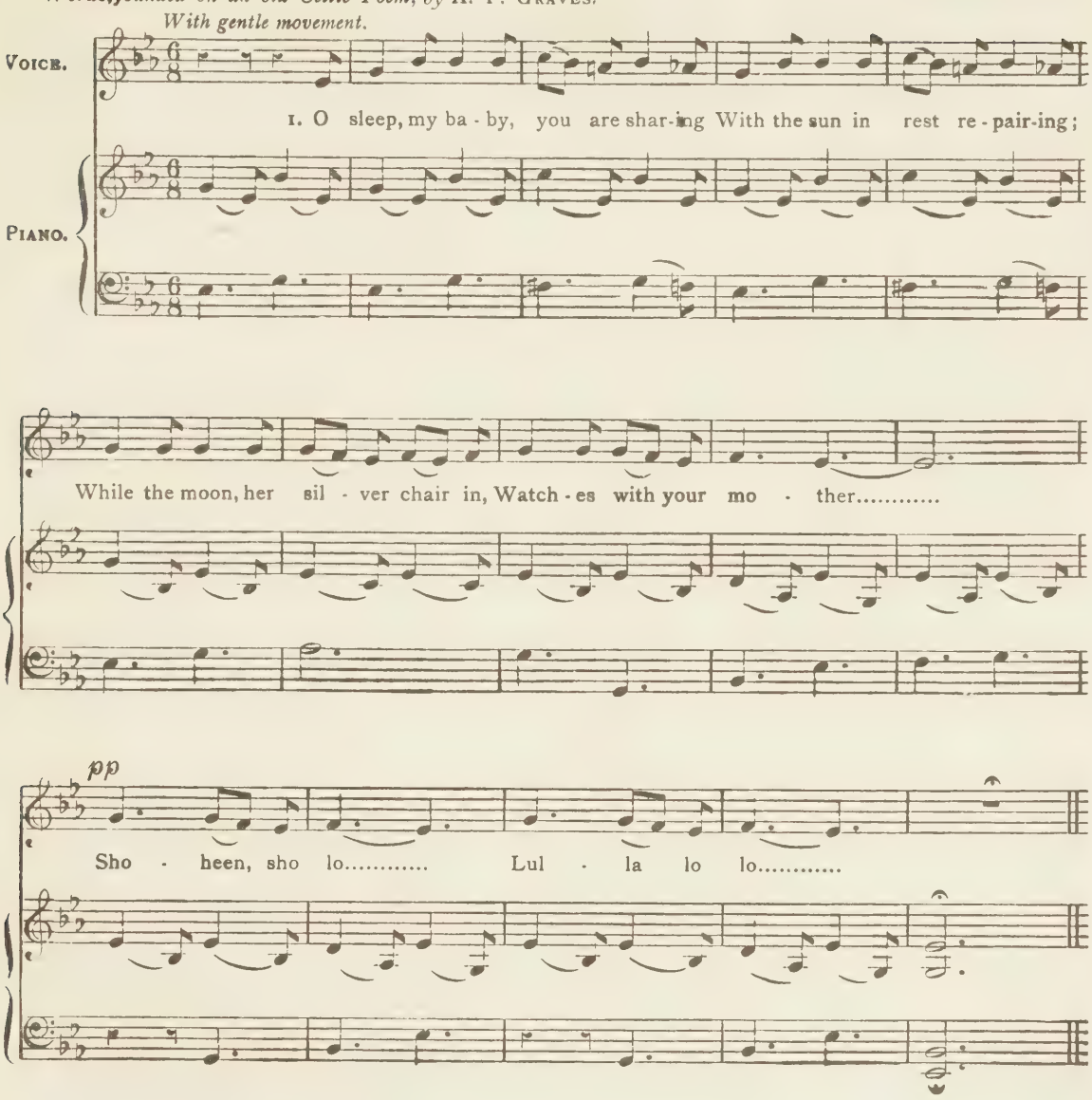
With gentle movement.
Voice.
Piano.
1. O sleep, my ba - by, you are shar-ing With the sun in rest re - pair-ing;
While the moon, her sil - ver chair in, Watch - es with your mo - ther.....
pp
Sho - heen, sho lo..... Lul - la lo lo.....

2.

The morning on a bed of roses,
Evening on rude hills reposes;
Dusk his heavy eyelid closes,
Under dreamy curtains.
Shoheen, sho lo,
Lulla lo lo.

3.

The winds lie lulled on bluest billows,
Shining stars on cloudy pillows,
Waters under nodding willows,
Mists upon the mountains.
Shoheen, sho lo,
Lulla lo lo.

# 'TWAS PRETTY TO BE IN BALLINDERRY.

*Poem, adapted from an Old Ballad, by* A. P. GRAVES.
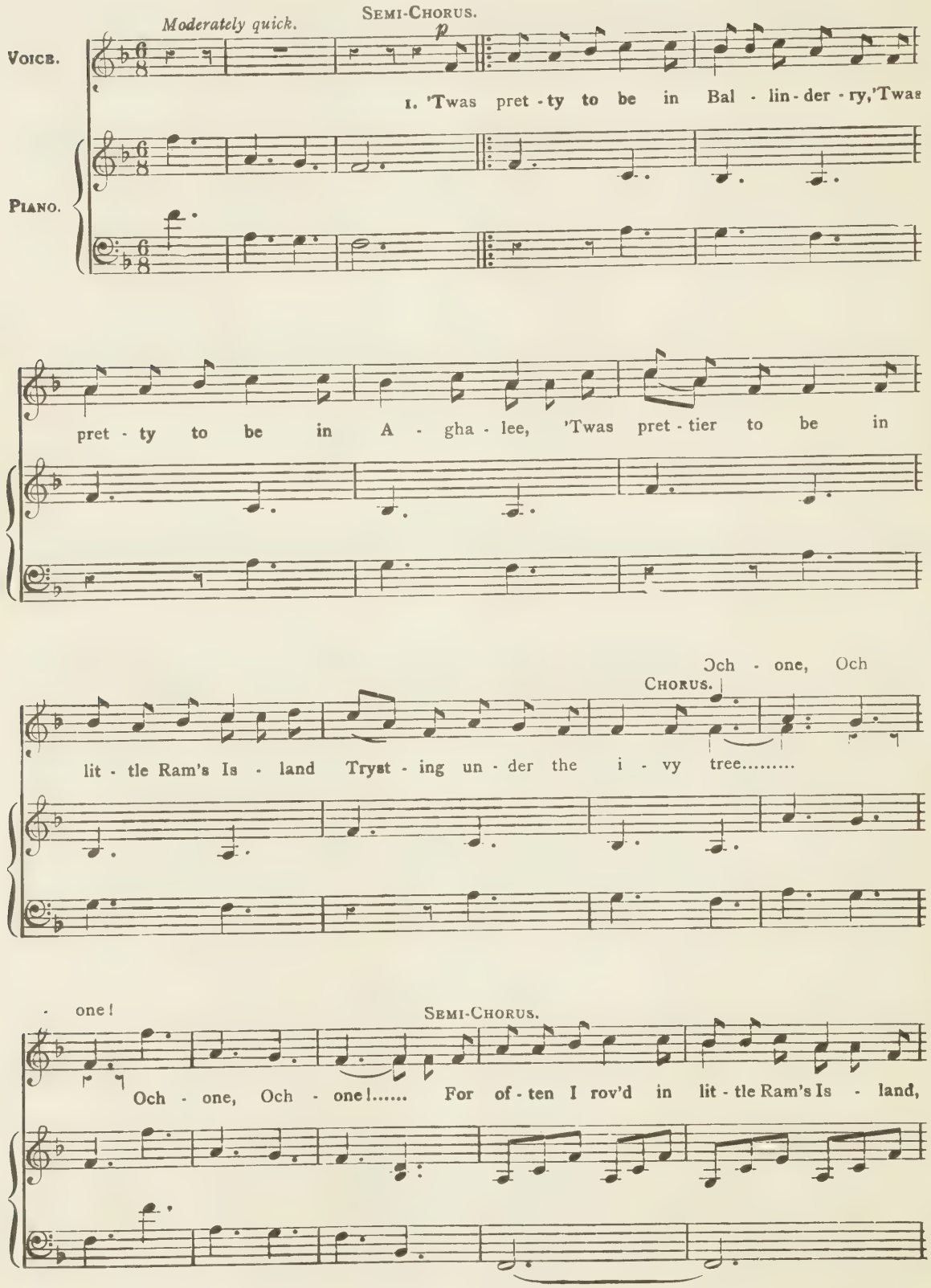
Moderately quick.
SEMI-CHORUS.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. 'Twas pret - ty to be in Bal - lin - der - ry, 'Twas
pret - ty to be in A - gha - lee, 'Twas pret - tier to be in
Och - one, Och
CHORUS.
lit - tle Ram's Is - land Tryst - ing un - der the i - vy tree.....
- one!
SEMI-CHORUS.
Och - one, Och - one!..... For of - ten I rov'd in lit - tle Ram's Is - land,
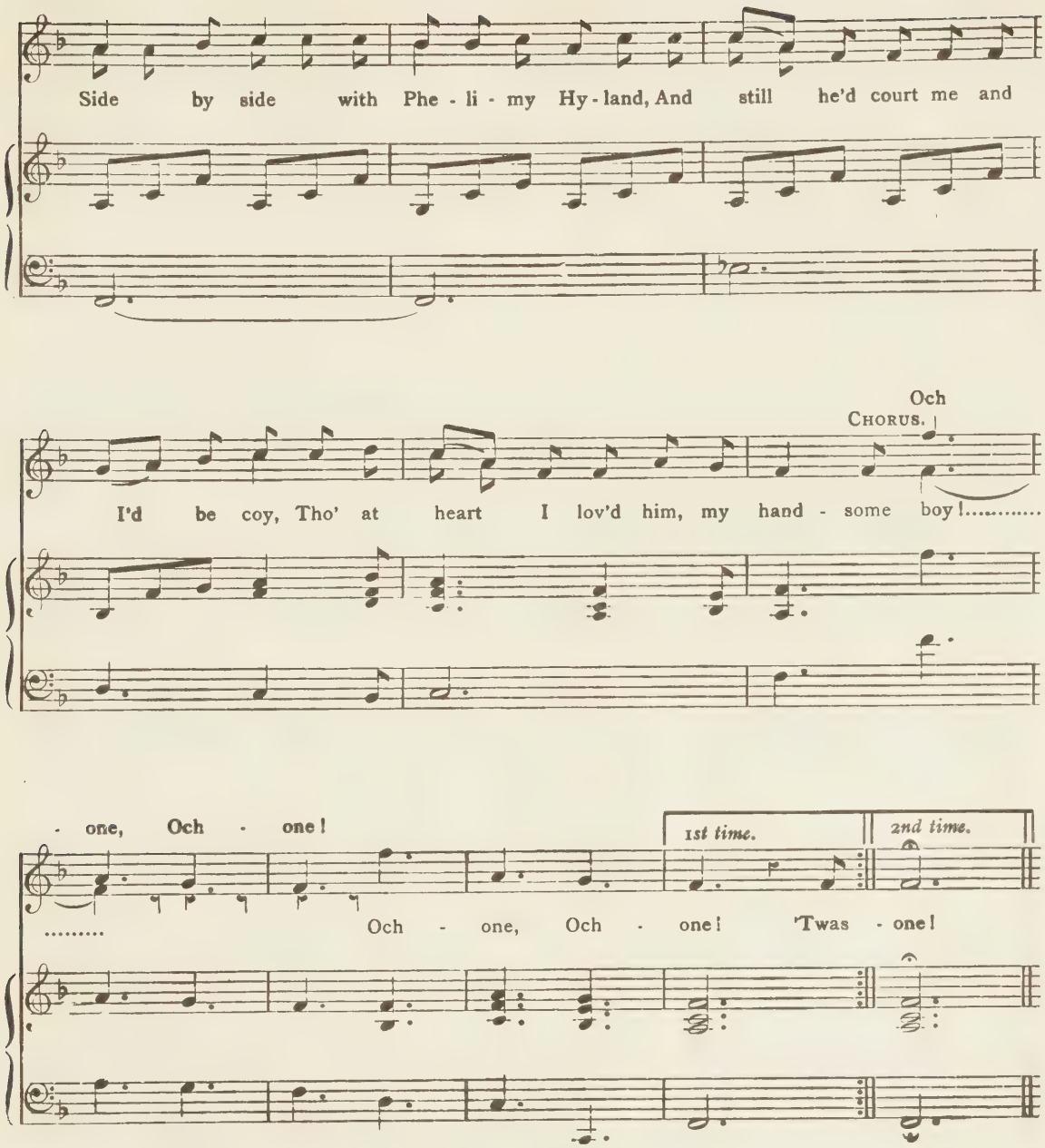
Side by side with Phe - li - my Hy - land, And still he'd court me and
Och
Chorus.
I'd be coy, Tho' at heart I lov'd him, my hand - some boy!.....
- one, Och - one!
1st time.
2nd time.
..... Och - one, Och - one! 'Twas - one!

2.

'Twas happy to be in little Ram's Island,
But now 'tis sad as sad can be,
For the ship that sail'd with Phelimy Hyland
Is sunk for ever beneath the sea.
Ochone, Ochone!
And 'tis Oh! but I wear the weeping willow,
And wander alone by the lonesome billow,
And cry to him over the cruel sea,
Ah! Phelimy Hyland, come back to me!

# THE FLIGHT OF THE EARLS.

*Poem by* A. P. GRAVES.

*In moderate time.*
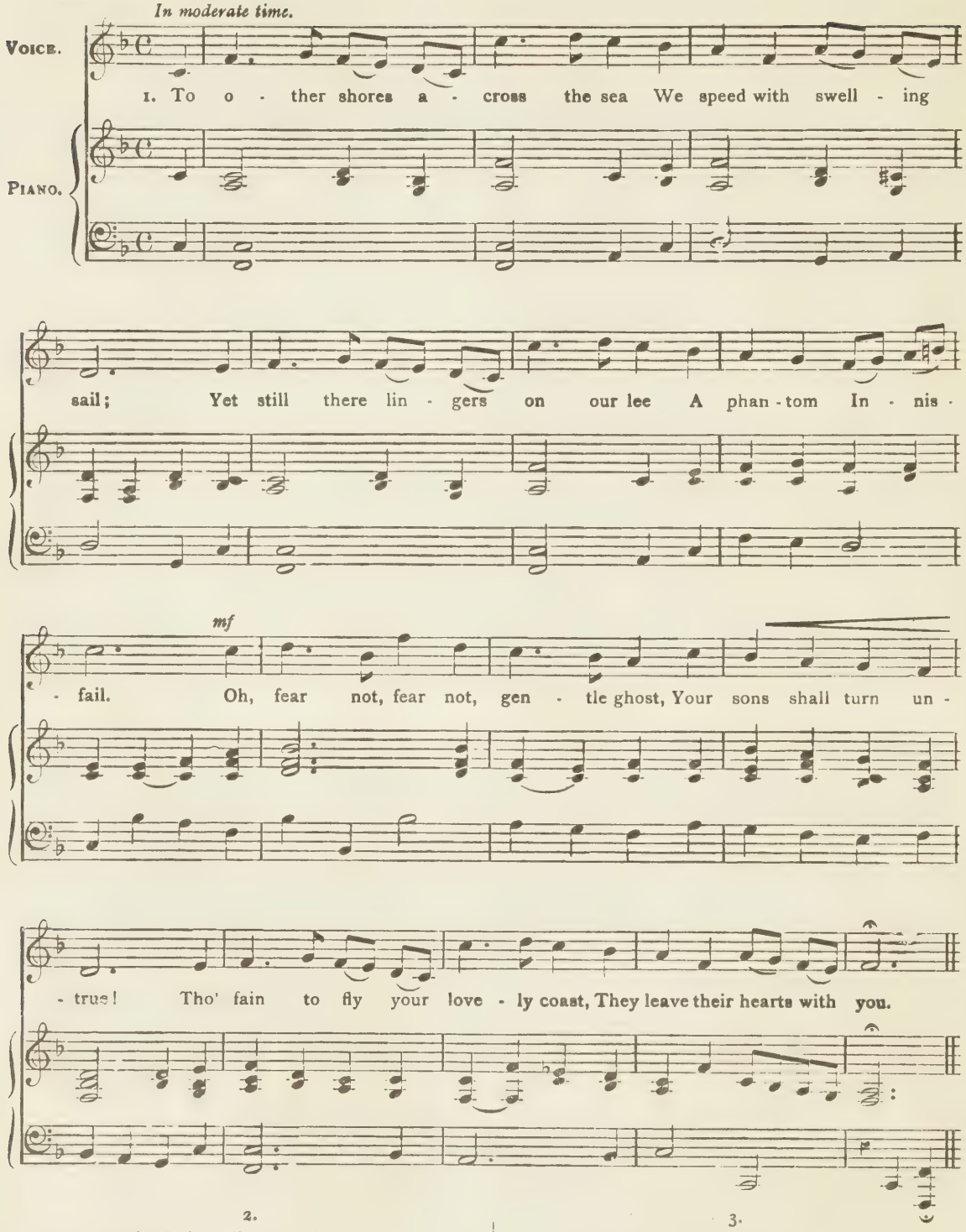
Voice.
Piano.
1. To o - ther shores a - cross the sea We speed with swell - ing
sail; Yet still there lin - gers on our lee A phan - tom In - nis -
mf
- fail. Oh, fear not, fear not, gen - tle ghost, Your sons shall turn un -
- true! Tho' fain to fly your love - ly coast, They leave their hearts with you.

2.

As slowly into distance dim
Your shadow sinks and dies.
So o'er the ocean's utmost rim
Another realm shall rise:
New hills shall swell, new vales expand,
New rivers winding flow,
But could we for a foster land
Your mother love forego?

3.

Shall mighty Espan's* martial praise
Our patriot pulses still,
And o'er your mem'ry's fervent rays
For ever cast a chill?
Oh no! we live for your relief,
Till, home from alien earth,
We share the smile that gilds your grief,
The tear that gems your mirth.

* *Spain's.*

# MY LOVE'S AN ARBUTUS.

*Poem by* A. P. GRAVES.

*Moderately quick, smoothly.*
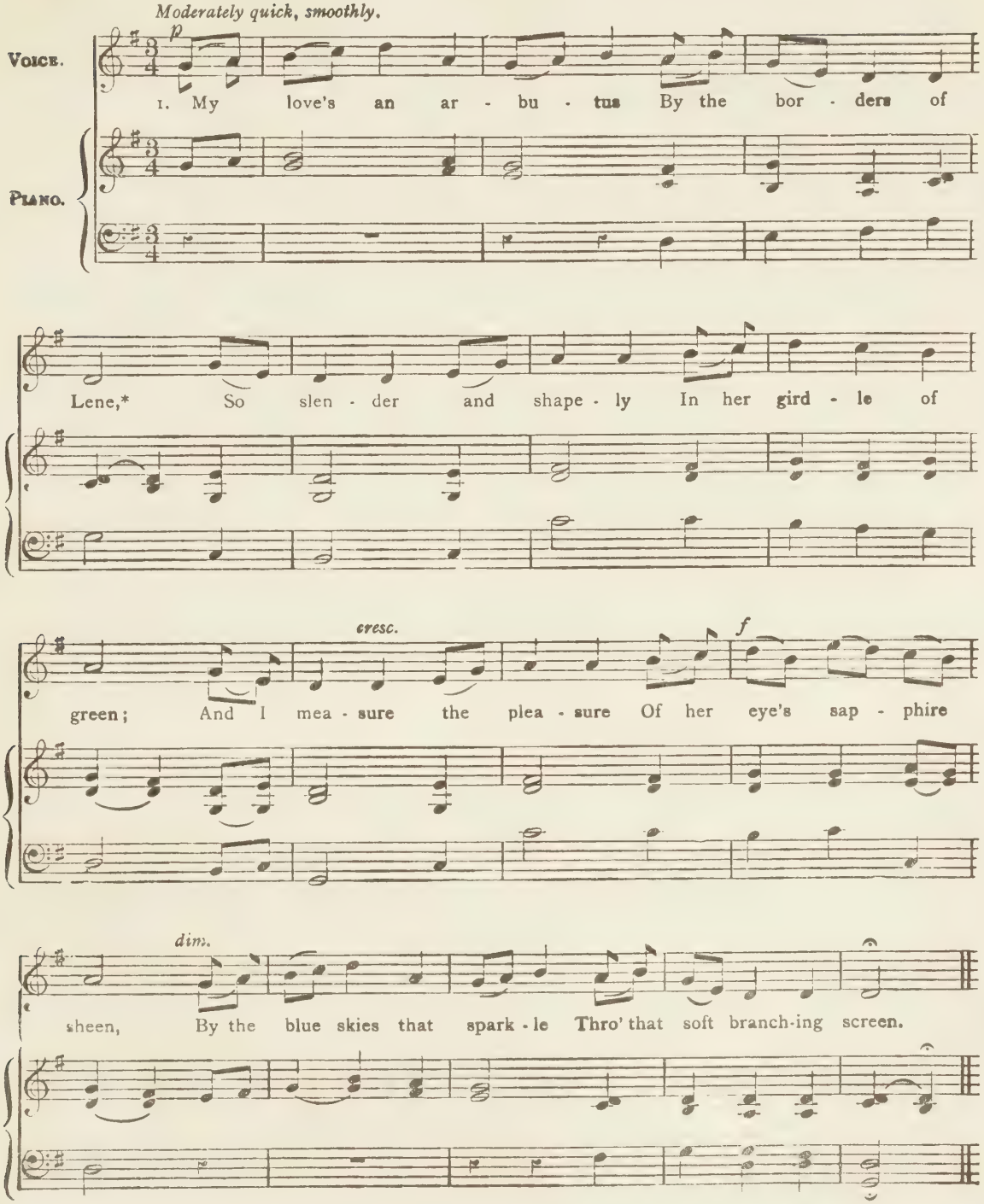
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. My love's an ar - bu - tus By the bor - ders of
Lene,* So slen - der and shape - ly In her gird - le of
cresc.
f
green; And I mea - sure the plea - sure Of her eye's sap - phire
dim.
sheen, By the blue skies that spark - le Thro' that soft branch-ing screen.

2. But though ruddy the berry
And snowy the flower,
That brighten together
The arbutus bower,
Perfuming and blooming
Through sunshine and shower,
Give *me* her bright lips
And her laugh's pearly dower.

3. Alas, fruit and blossom
Shall lie dead on the lea,
And Time's jealous fingers
Dim your young charms, Machree;
But unranging, unchanging,
You'll still cling to me,
Like the evergreen leaf
To the arbutus tree.

* *Killarney.*

# WHEN SHE ANSWERED ME HER VOICE WAS LOW.

*Poem by* A. P. GRAVES.

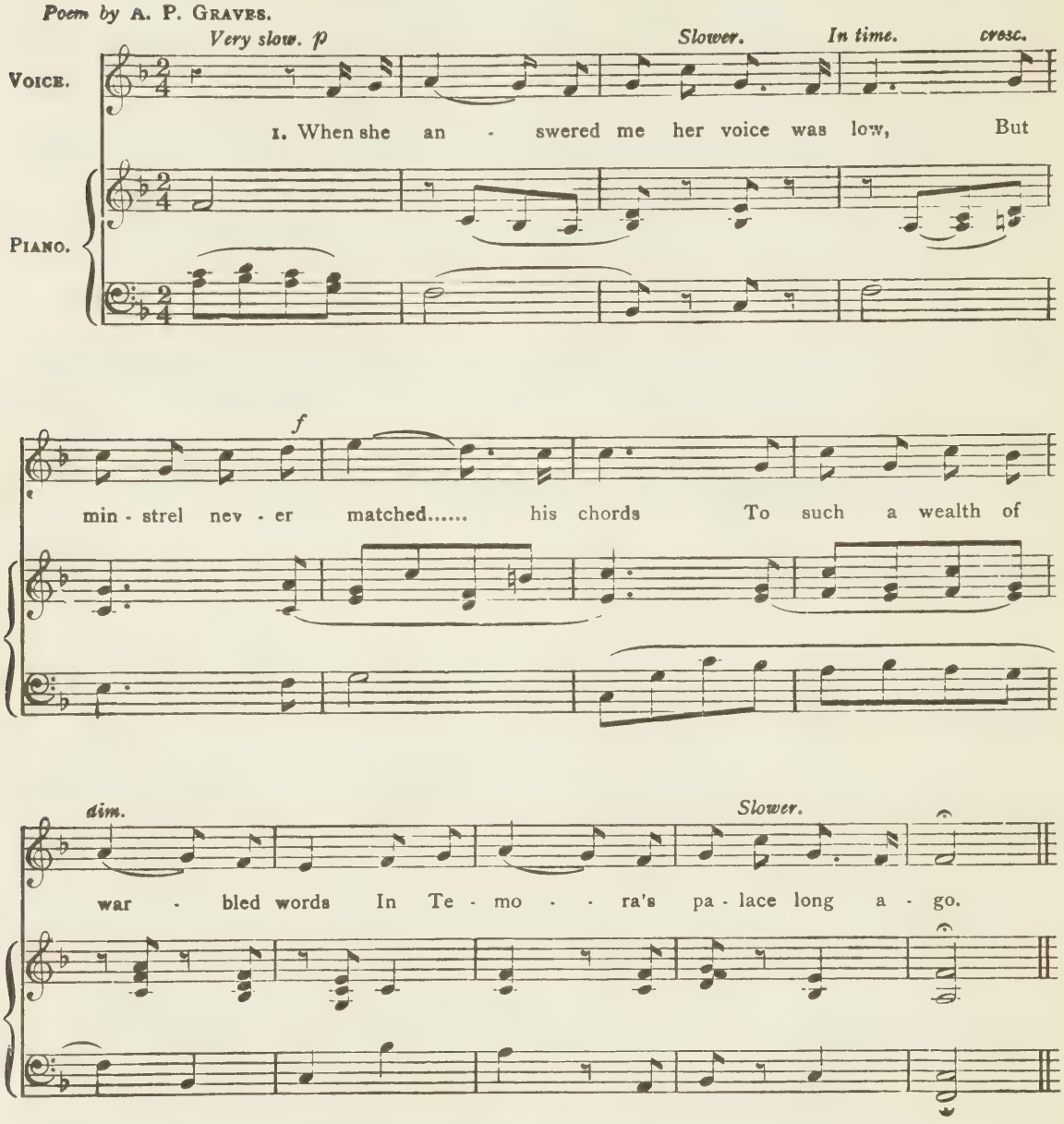
Very slow. p
Slower.
In time.
cresc.
VOICE.
1. When she an - swered me her voice was low, But
PIANO.
f
min - strel nev - er matched..... his chords To such a wealth of
dim.
Slower.
war - bled words In Te - mo - - ra's pa - lace long a - go.

2.

When her eyes looked back the love in mine,
Not Erin's self upon my sight
Has started out of stormy night
With a bluer welcome o'er the brine.

3.

And no other orbs shall e'er eclipse
That magic look of maiden love,
And never song my soul shall move
Like that low sweet answer of her lips.

# HEY HO, THE MORNING DEW.*
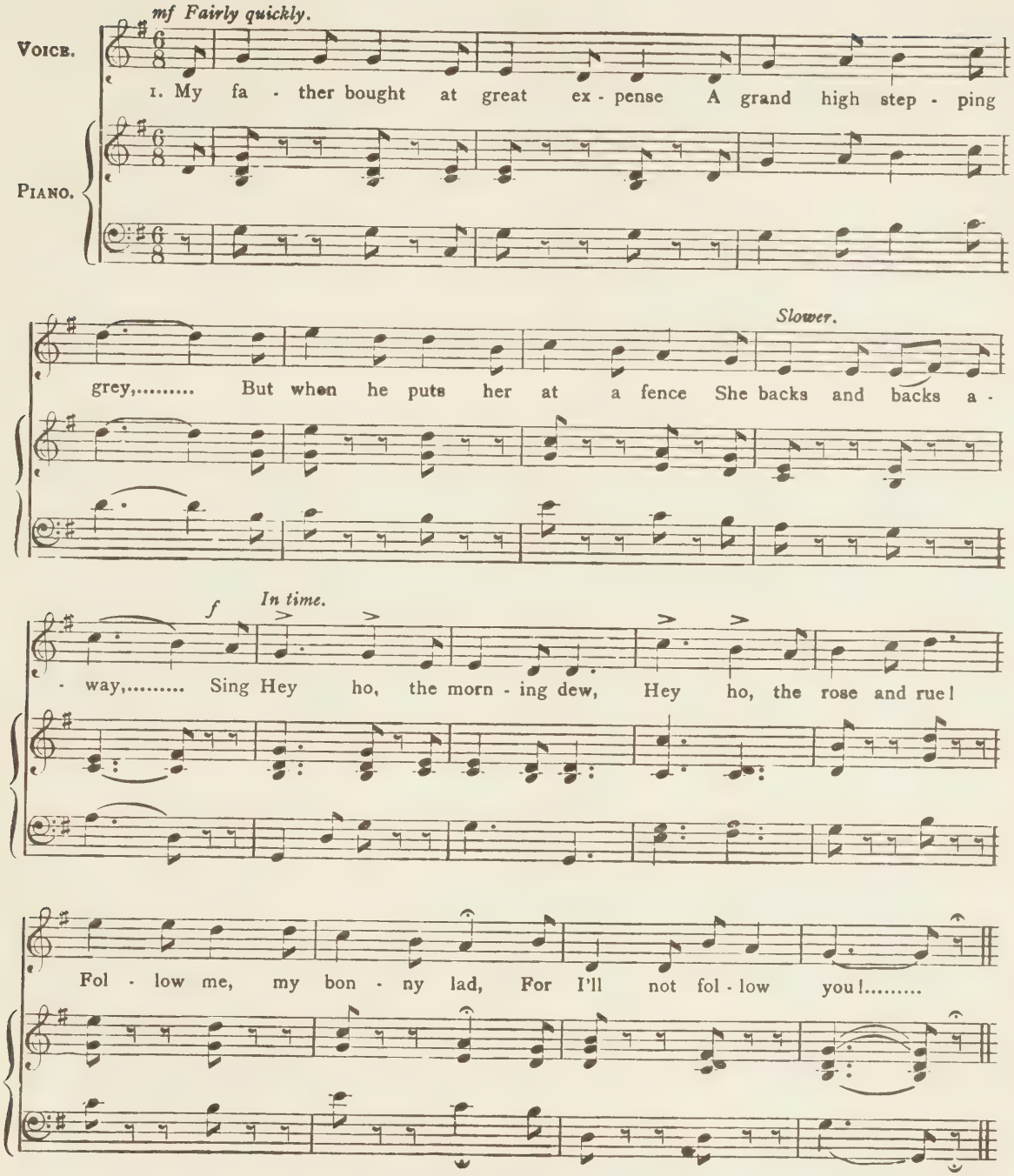
mf Fairly quickly.
Voice.
Piano.
1. My fa - ther bought at great ex - pense A grand high step - ping
Slower.
grey,..... But when he puts her at a fence She backs and backs a -
f
In time.
- way,..... Sing Hey ho, the morn - ing dew, Hey ho, the rose and rue!
Fol - low me, my bon - ny lad, For I'll not fol - low you!.....

2.

My mother bought a likely hen
On last St. Martin's day:
She clucks and clucks and clucks again;
But never yet will lay.
Sing Hey ho, &c.

3.

O Mustard is my brother's dog,
Who whines and wags his tail,
And snuffs into the market bag—
But dar' not snatch the meal.
Sing Hey ho, &c.

4.

When walls lie down for steeds to step,
When eggs themselves go lay,
And the groats jump into Mustard's jaws,
To you my court I'll pay!
Sing Hey ho, &c.

* Founded on an old song, the words and air of which were given us by Miss Honoria Galwey, of Moville, Co. Donegal.

# THE CUCKOO MADRIGAL.

(THE COBBLER OF CASTLEBERRY.)

*Poem by* A. P. Graves.

*Brightly and rather quickly.*
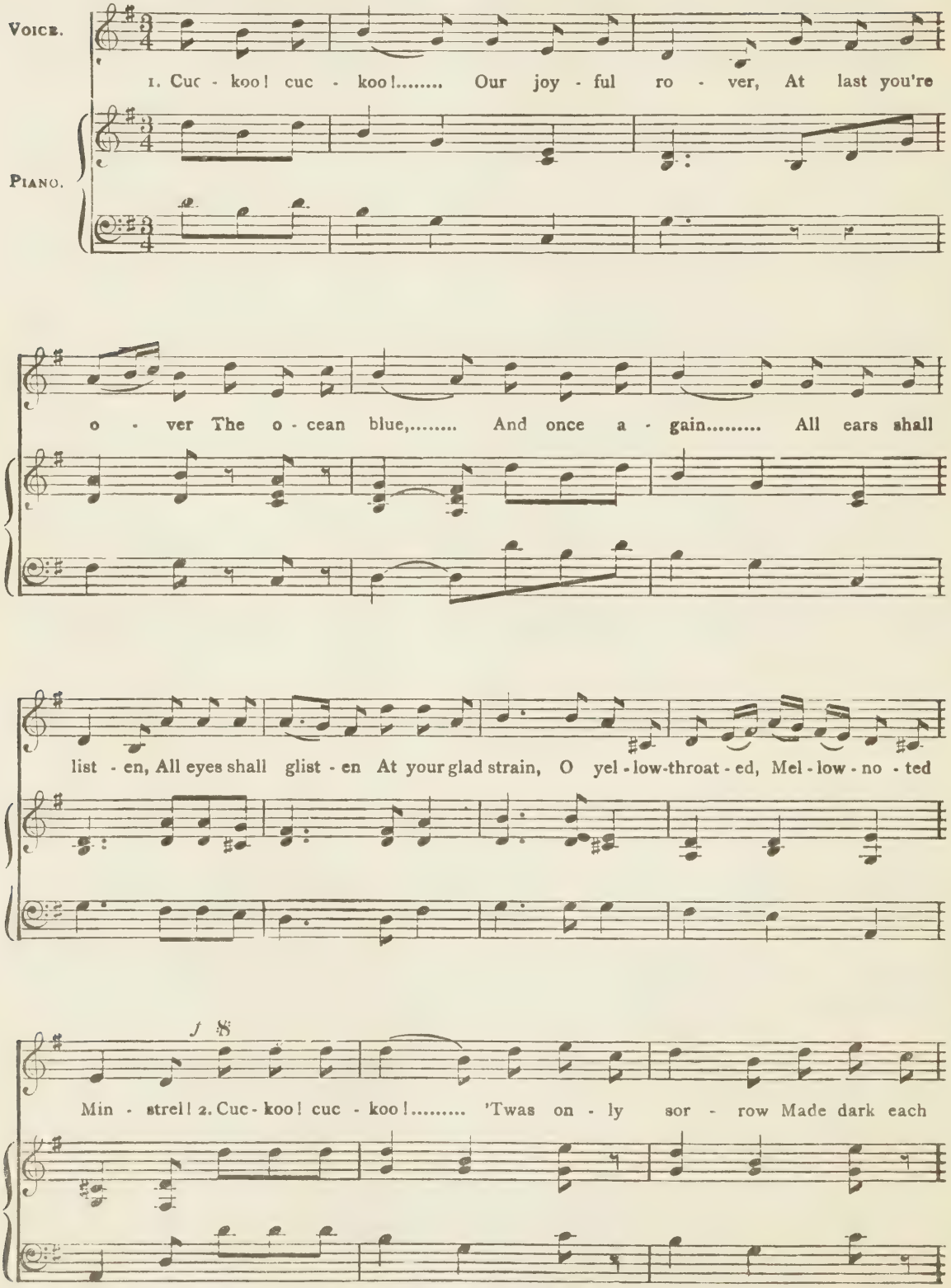
Voice.
Piano.
1. Cuc - koo! cuc - koo!..... Our joy - ful ro - ver, At last you're
o - ver The o - cean blue,..... And once a - gain..... All ears shall
list - en, All eyes shall glist - en At your glad strain, O yel - low-throat - ed, Mel - low - no - ted
f
Min - strel! 2. Cuc - koo! cuc - koo!..... 'Twas on - ly sor - row Made dark each

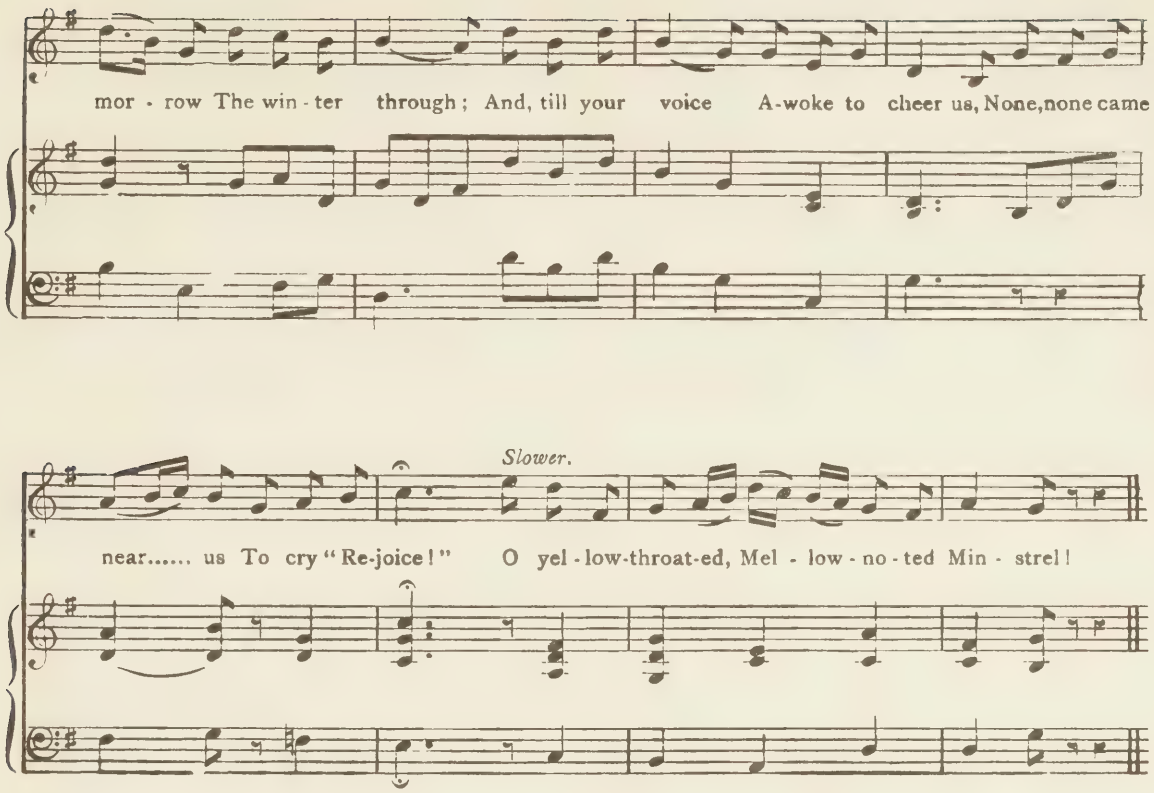
mor - row The win - ter through; And, till your voice A-woke to cheer us, None, none came
Slower.
near..... us To cry "Re-joice!" O yel - low-throat-ed, Mel - low - no - ted Min - strel!

3.

Cuckoo! cuckoo!
How lad and maiden
Love ambuscadin'
In search of you!
But far and near
Ventriloquising,
With art surprising
You mock the ear;
Till, airy elf,
'Tis Echo's self
They call you.

4

Cuckoo! cuckoo!
At dawn upspringing,
We hear you ringing
Your joy-bell true;
The live-long day
Its magic measure
Peals perfect pleasure,
Then dies away,
In far off whispers
Thro' our vespers
Stealing.

* To be sung from the sign 𝄋 on page 146.

# DARBY KELLY.

*Poem adapted from* DIBDIN.

*In brisk march time.*

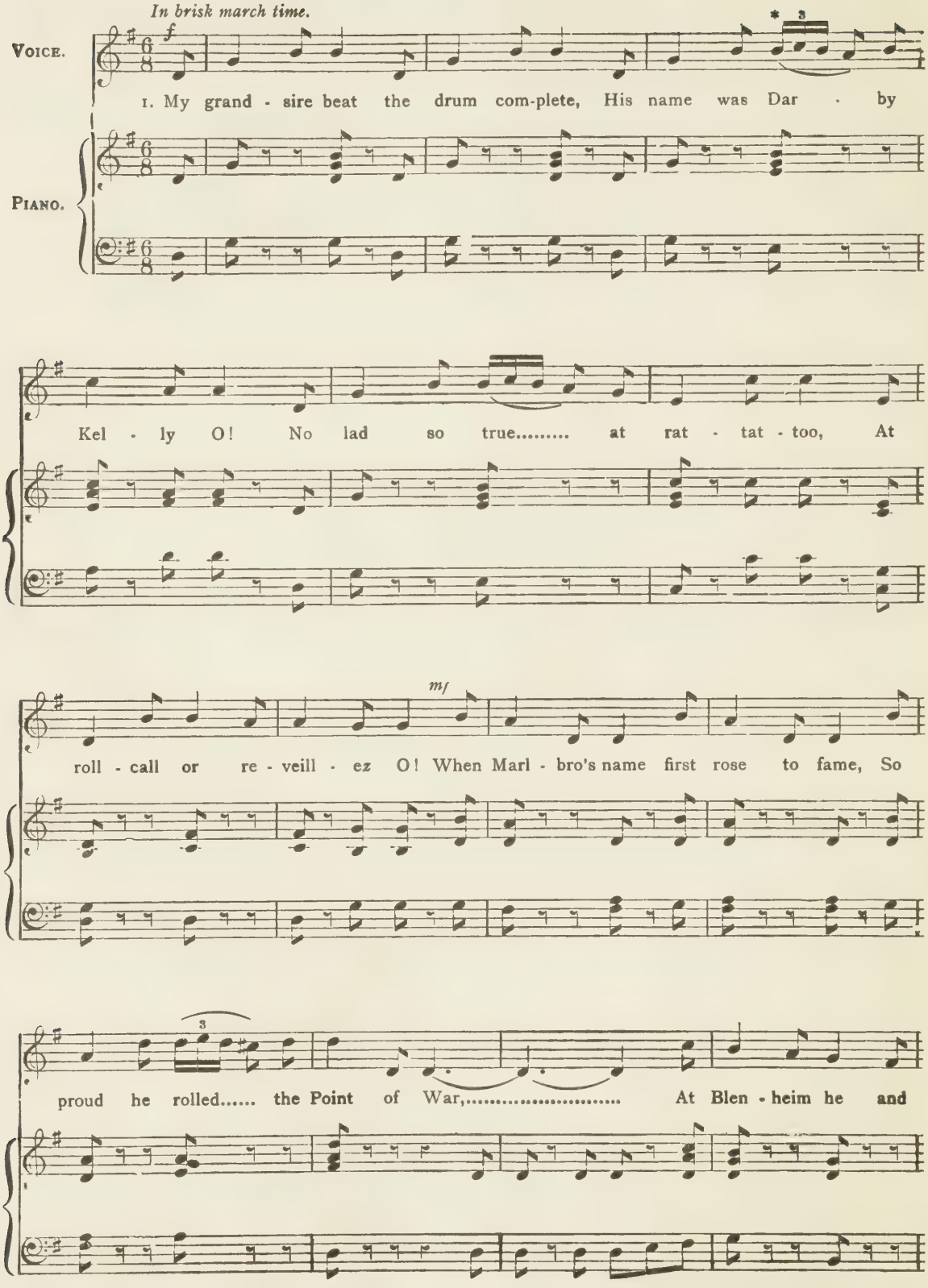
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
1. My grand - sire beat the drum com-plete, His name was Dar - by
Kel - ly O! No lad so true..... at rat - tat - too, At
mf
roll - call or re - veill - ez O! When Marl - bro's name first rose to fame, So
proud he rolled..... the Point of War,..... At Blen - heim he and

* *If these triplets are found too difficult, the first note of each group can be sung as a quaver, and the two last omitted.*—ED.

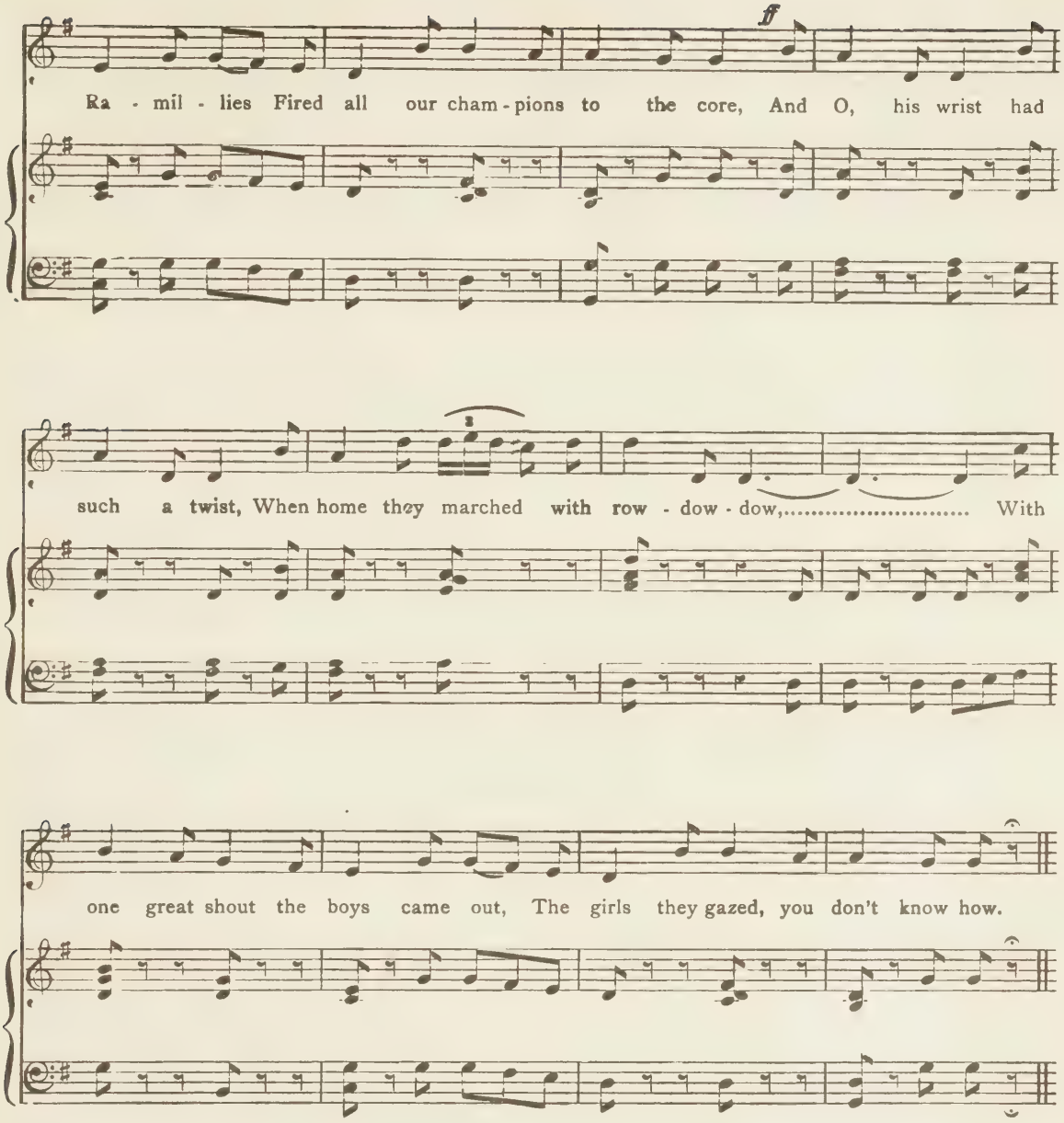
ff
Ra - mil - lies Fired all our cham - pions to the core, And O, his wrist had
such a twist, When home they marched with row - dow - dow,..... With
one great shout the boys came out, The girls they gazed, you don't know how.

2.

A son he had, who was my dad,
The second Darby Kelly O!
As quick and true at rat-tat-too,
At roll-call or reveillez O!
When great Wolfe died, his country's pride,
To arms, to arms the father beat,
Each dale and hill remembers still
How loud and long, how clear and sweet!
And when for home from off the foam
He led the march with row-dow-dow,
Och! what a shout the lads let out,
The lasses looked, you don't know how!

3.

And now, small blame, I bear the name
And drum of Darby Kelly O!
Myself as true to rat-tat-too,
To roll-call or reveillez O!
With Wellington, old Ireland's son,
I've beat the Mounseers out of Spain,
And now we march through laurel arch
And waving banners home again;
And as my sticks the same old tricks
They play with patt'ring row-dow-dow,
Man, woman, child, they've all gone wild,
The girls they gaze, you don't know how!

# THE MELODY OF THE HARP.

*Poem by* A. P. GRAVES.
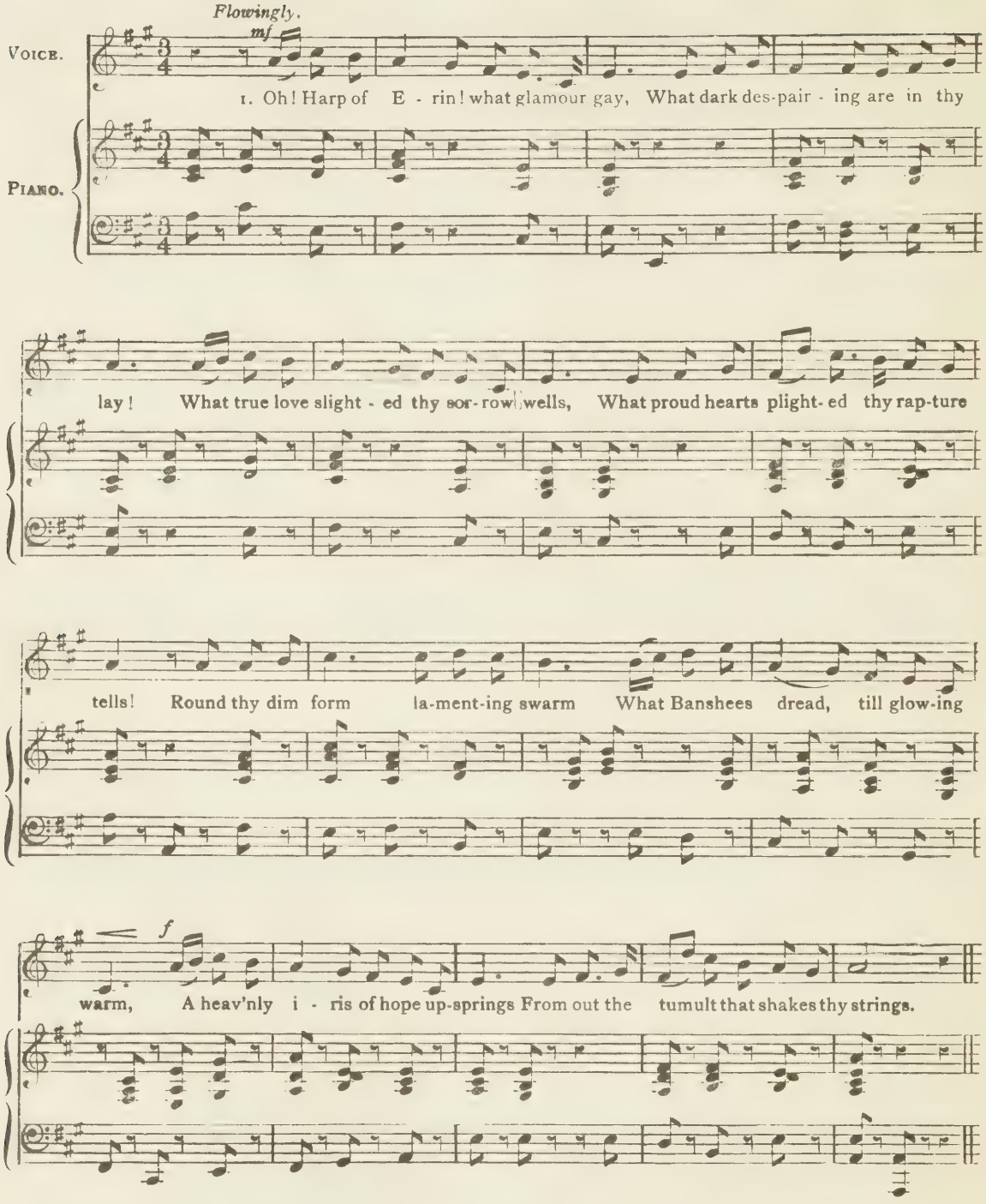
Flowingly.
mf
Voice.
Piano.
1. Oh! Harp of E - rin! what glamour gay, What dark des-pair - ing are in thy
lay! What true love slight - ed thy sor-row wells, What proud hearts plight-ed thy rap-ture
tells! Round thy dim form la-ment-ing swarm What Banshees dread, till glow-ing
f
warm, A heav'nly i - ris of hope up-springs From out the tumult that shakes thy strings.

2.

[The chief dejected, with drooping brow,
Aroused, erected, is hearkening now,
The while abhorrent of shame and fear
Thy tuneful torrent invades his ear.
He calls his clan: "Who will and can
The slogan follow in Valour's van?"
Then forward thunder the gallant Gael
And death and plunder are o'er the Pale.]

3.

The child is calling through fever dreams;
When, softly falling as faery streams,
Thy magic *soontree** his soul shall sweep
Into the country of blessed sleep.
To ears that heed not their longing moan
Let lovers plead not with words alone,
But seek thine aid. The haughtiest mai-
Will yield by thy sweet influence sway

* *Lullaby.*

# REMEMBER THE POOR.

*Poem by* A. P. GRAVES.

*Moderately slow.*
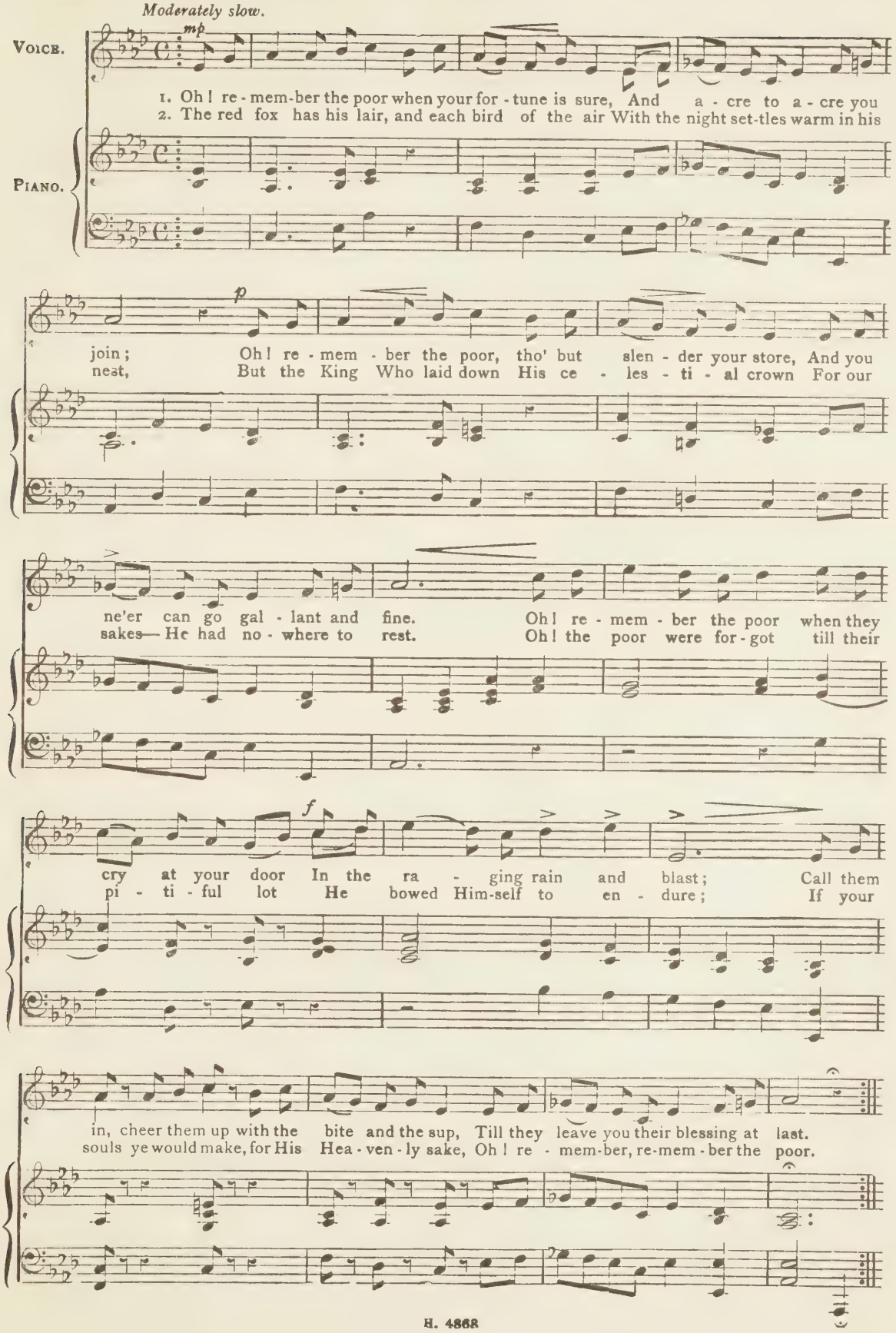
Voice.
Piano.
mp
1. Oh! re - mem-ber the poor when your for - tune is sure, And a - cre to a - cre you
2. The red fox has his lair, and each bird of the air With the night set-tles warm in his
p
join; Oh! re - mem - ber the poor, tho' but slen - der your store, And you
neat, But the King Who laid down His ce - les - ti - al crown For our
ne'er can go gal - lant and fine. Oh! re - mem - ber the poor when they
sakes— He had no - where to rest. Oh! the poor were for - got till their
f
cry at your door In the ra - ging rain and blast; Call them
pi - ti - ful lot He bowed Him-self to en - dure; If your
in, cheer them up with the bite and the sup, Till they leave you their blessing at last.
souls ye would make, for His Hea - ven - ly sake, Oh! re - mem-ber, re-mem - ber the poor.

# THE HEROES OF THE SEA.

(STREET BALLAD.)

Poem by A. P. Graves.

*Moderately quick.*
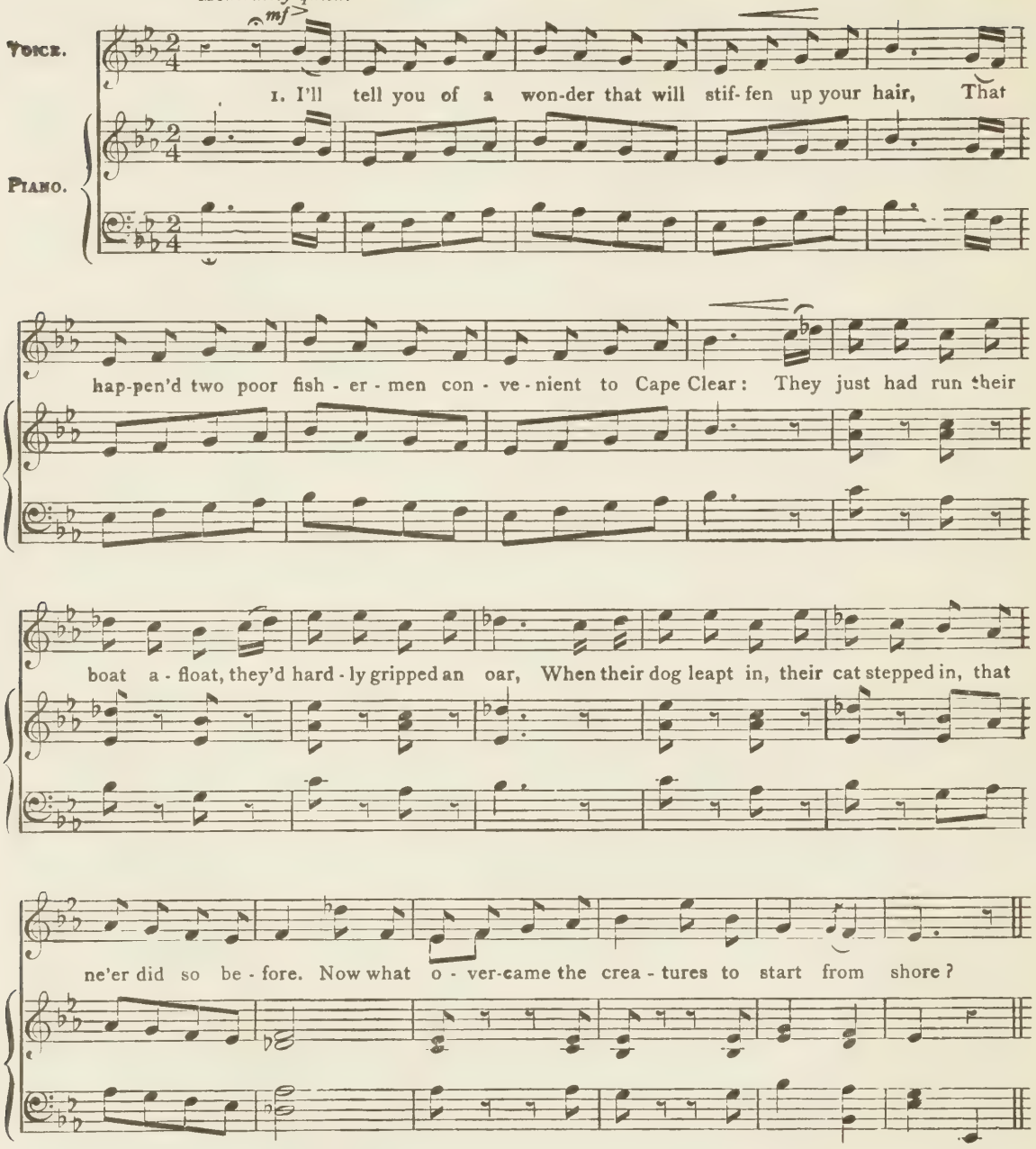
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. I'll tell you of a won-der that will stif-fen up your hair, That
hap-pen'd two poor fish - er - men con - ve - nient to Cape Clear: They just had run their
boat a - float, they'd hard - ly gripped an oar, When their dog leapt in, their cat stepped in, that
ne'er did so be - fore. Now what o - ver-came the crea - tures to start from shore?

2. Says one brother: "What's come o'er them two, who ne'er on land agree,
To settle up their difference a-this-way on the sea?"
"I consave," replied the other, "'tis the portent we could wish
For a powerful take of pilchard, since that same's their favourite fish.
'Tis a symptom, for sure, of a power of fish."

3. Well! when the rising moon revealed a swiftly rushing shoal,
Their net they shot and found they'd got a purty tidy haul.
But when a dozen yards of mesh they'd plumped into the hold,
They saw their fish were fine say-rats, which made their blood run cold,
As around and around them they screeched and rolled.

4. But ere each rat could rip his way from out the noosin' net,
Bedad, the jaws of Towzer or the claws of Tom he met.
Then safely our two fishermen rode home from out the bay,
And Tom and Towzer from that time were haroes you may say,—
Round about the country-side, many and many a day.

# AWAY TO THE WARS.

(WHEN YOU GO TO A BATTLE.)

*Poem by* A. P. GRAVES.

*Moderately quick.*
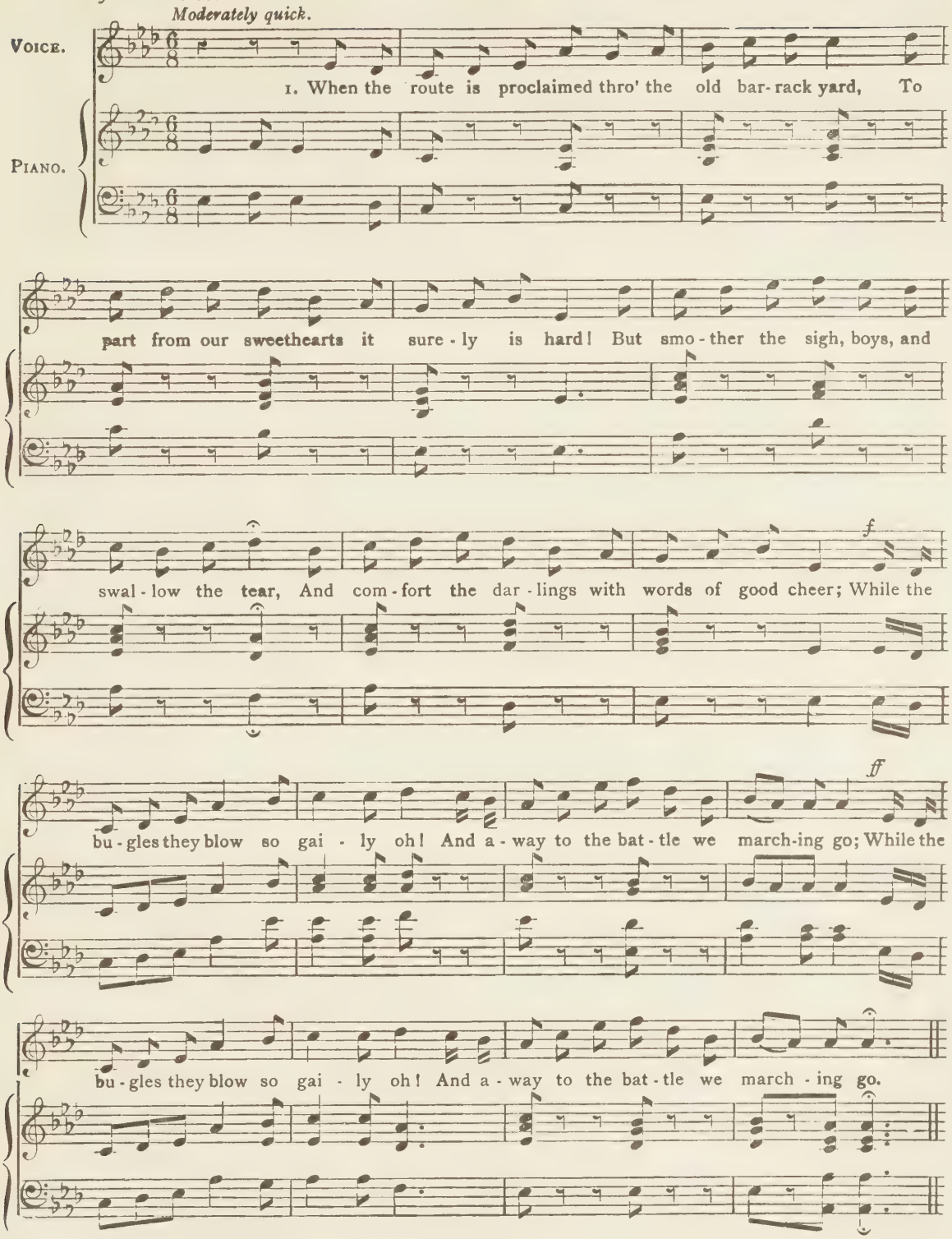
Voice.
Piano.
1. When the route is proclaimed thro' the old bar-rack yard, To
part from our sweethearts it sure-ly is hard! But smo-ther the sigh, boys, and
swal-low the tear, And com-fort the dar-lings with words of good cheer; While the
f
bu-gles they blow so gai-ly oh! And a-way to the bat-tle we march-ing go; While the
ff
bu-gles they blow so gai-ly oh! And a-way to the bat-tle we march-ing go.

2.

Then it's "Right about face," and we're clearing the street,
"Good luck" and "God bless you!" from all that we meet,
While all of the lazy ones bounce from their beds,
And up go their windies and out go their heads.
While the bugles they blow so gaily oh!
And away to the battle we marching go.

3.

Now it's "Halt, Royal Irish!" now "Dress by the left!"
And on to the Quay through the crowd we have cleft;
Here's cheers for Old Ireland, with twenty cheers more,
And off with our ship from the Emerald shore.
While the bugles they blow so gaily oh!
And away to the wars o'er the ocean we go.

# CLARE'S DRAGOONS.

(VIVE LÀ!)

*Condensed from a Poem by* THOMAS DAVIS.

*In march time.*

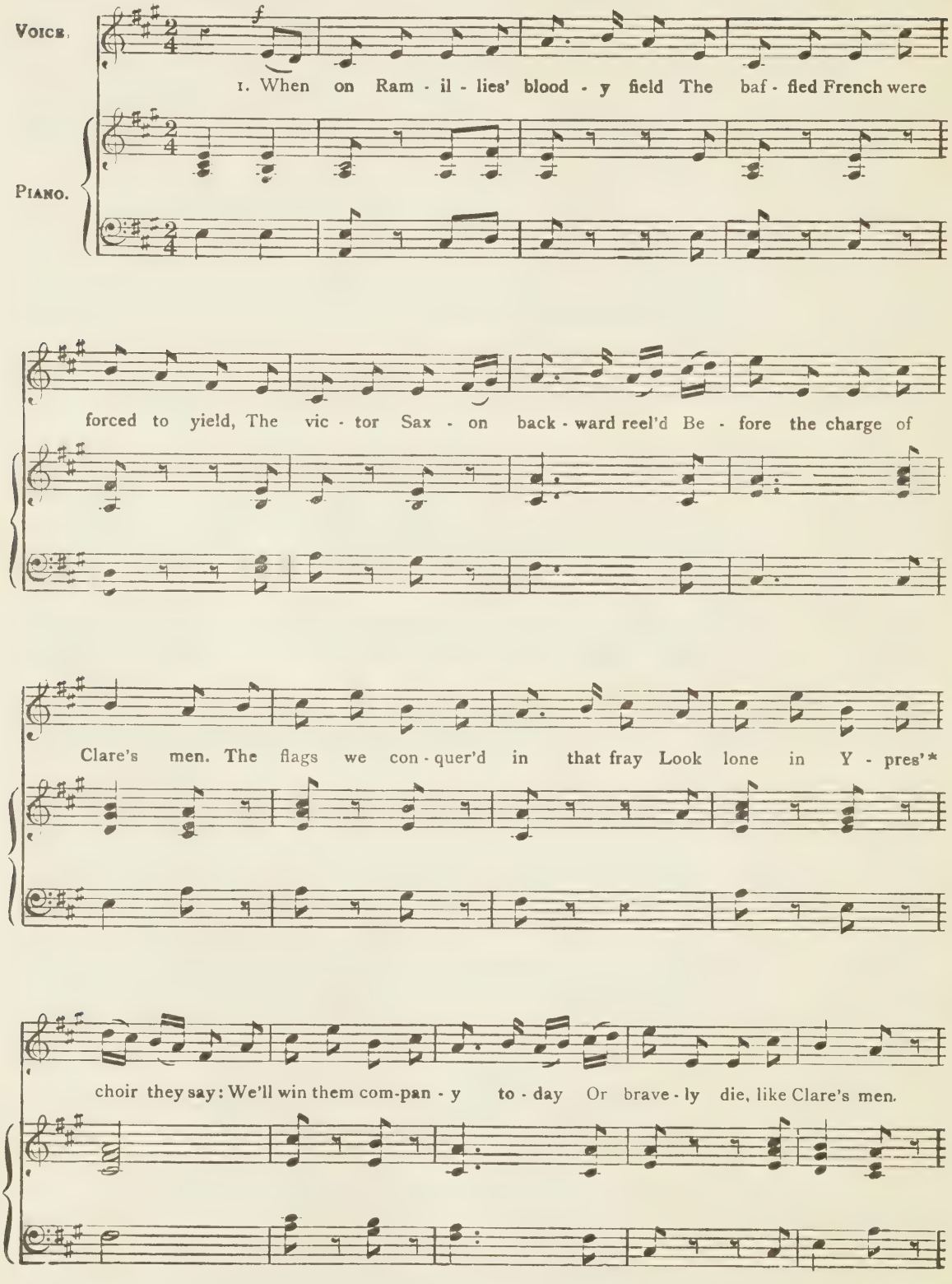
Voice.
Piano.
f
1. When on Ram - il - lies' blood - y field The baf - fled French were
forced to yield, The vic - tor Sax - on back - ward reel'd Be - fore the charge of
Clare's men. The flags we con - quer'd in that fray Look lone in Y - pres'*
choir they say: We'll win them com-pan - y to - day Or brave - ly die, like Clare's men.

* *Pronounce "Eepress."*—ED.
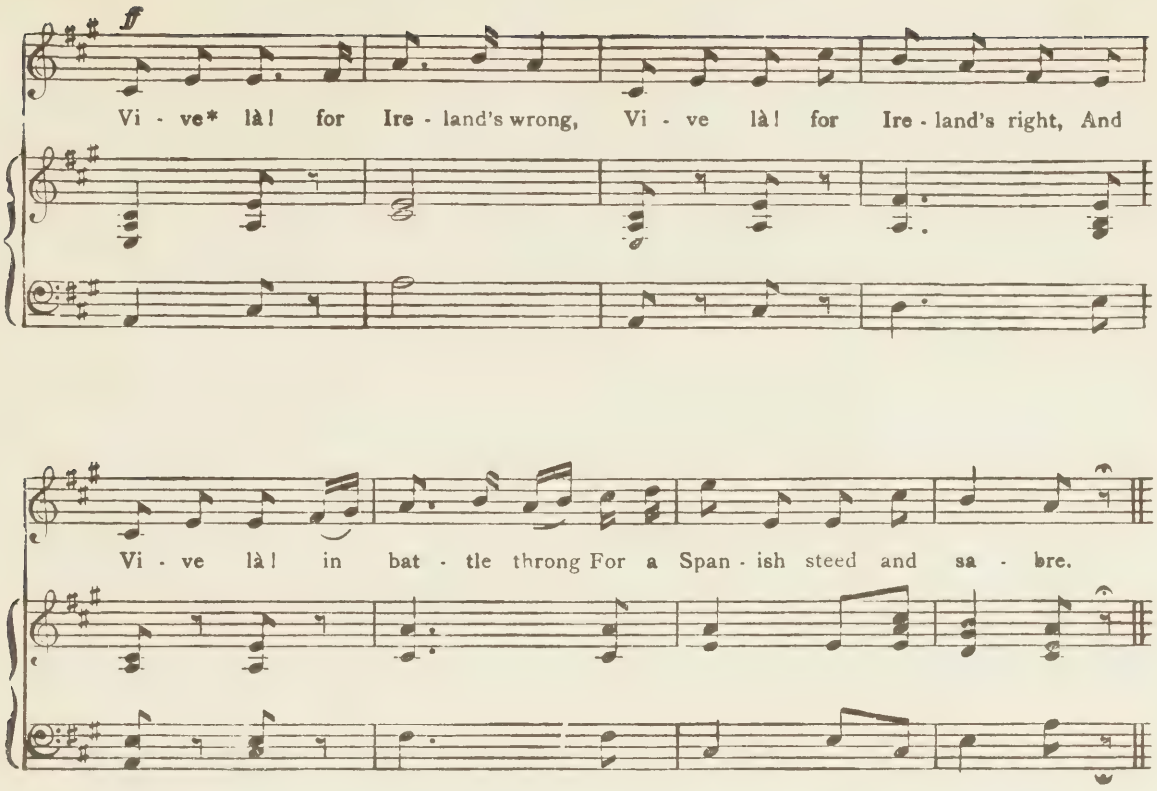
2.

Another Clare is here to lead,
The worthy son of such a breed,
The French expect some famous deed
  When Clare leads on his warriors.
Our Colonel comes from Brian's race,
His wounds are in his breast and face,
The gap of danger's still his place,
  The foremost of his squadron.

Vive là! for Ireland's wrong,
  Vive là! for Ireland's right,
And vive là! in battle throng
  For a Spanish steed and sabre.

3.

Oh, comrades, think how Ireland pines
For exiled lords and rifled shrines,
Her dearest hope the ordered lines
  And bursting charge of Clare's men.
Then fling your green flag to the sky,
Be Limerick your battle cry,
And charge till blood floats fetlock high
  Around the track of Clare's men.

Vive là! for Ireland's wrong,
  Vive là for Ireland's right,
And vive là in battle throng
  For a Spanish steed and sabre.

* *Pronounce "Veevé."*—Ed.

# I'VE FOUND MY BONNY BABE A NEST.

(LULLABY.)

*Poem by* A. P. GRAVES.

*Slowly and softly.*

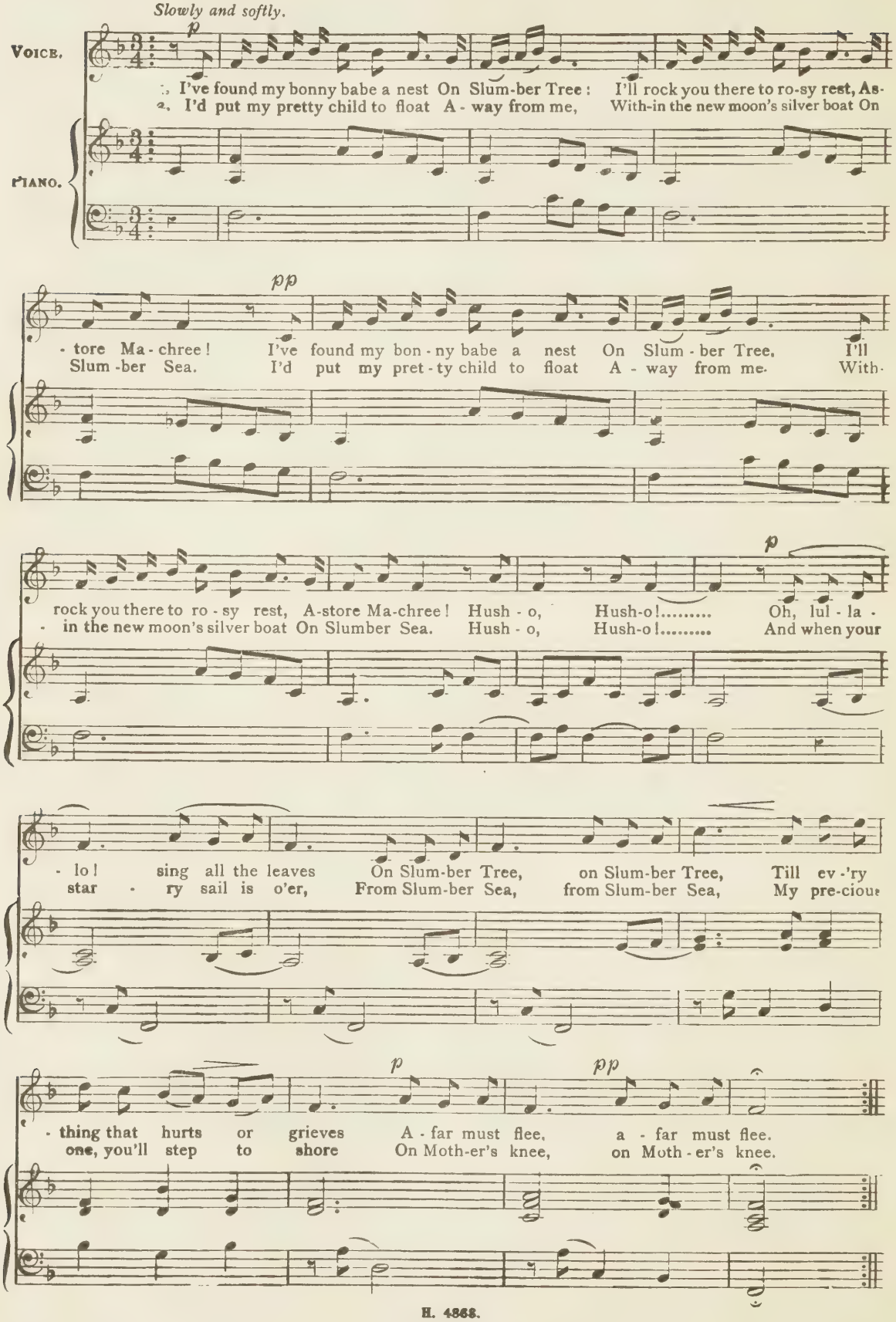
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
1. I've found my bonny babe a nest On Slum-ber Tree: I'll rock you there to ro-sy rest, As-
2. I'd put my pretty child to float A-way from me, With-in the new moon's silver boat On
pp
-tore Ma-chree! I've found my bon-ny babe a nest On Slum-ber Tree, I'll
Slum-ber Sea. I'd put my pret-ty child to float A-way from me. With-
rock you there to ro-sy rest, A-store Ma-chree! Hush-o, Hush-o!..... Oh, lul-la-
-in the new moon's silver boat On Slumber Sea. Hush-o, Hush-o!..... And when your
-lo! sing all the leaves On Slum-ber Tree, on Slum-ber Tree, Till ev-'ry
star-ry sail is o'er, From Slum-ber Sea, from Slum-ber Sea, My pre-cious
-thing that hurts or grieves A-far must flee, a-far must flee.
one, you'll step to shore On Moth-er's knee, on Moth-er's knee.

# O'DONNELL'S MARCH.

(THE BROWN LITTLE MALLET.)

*Poem by* A. P. GRAVES.

*In march time.*

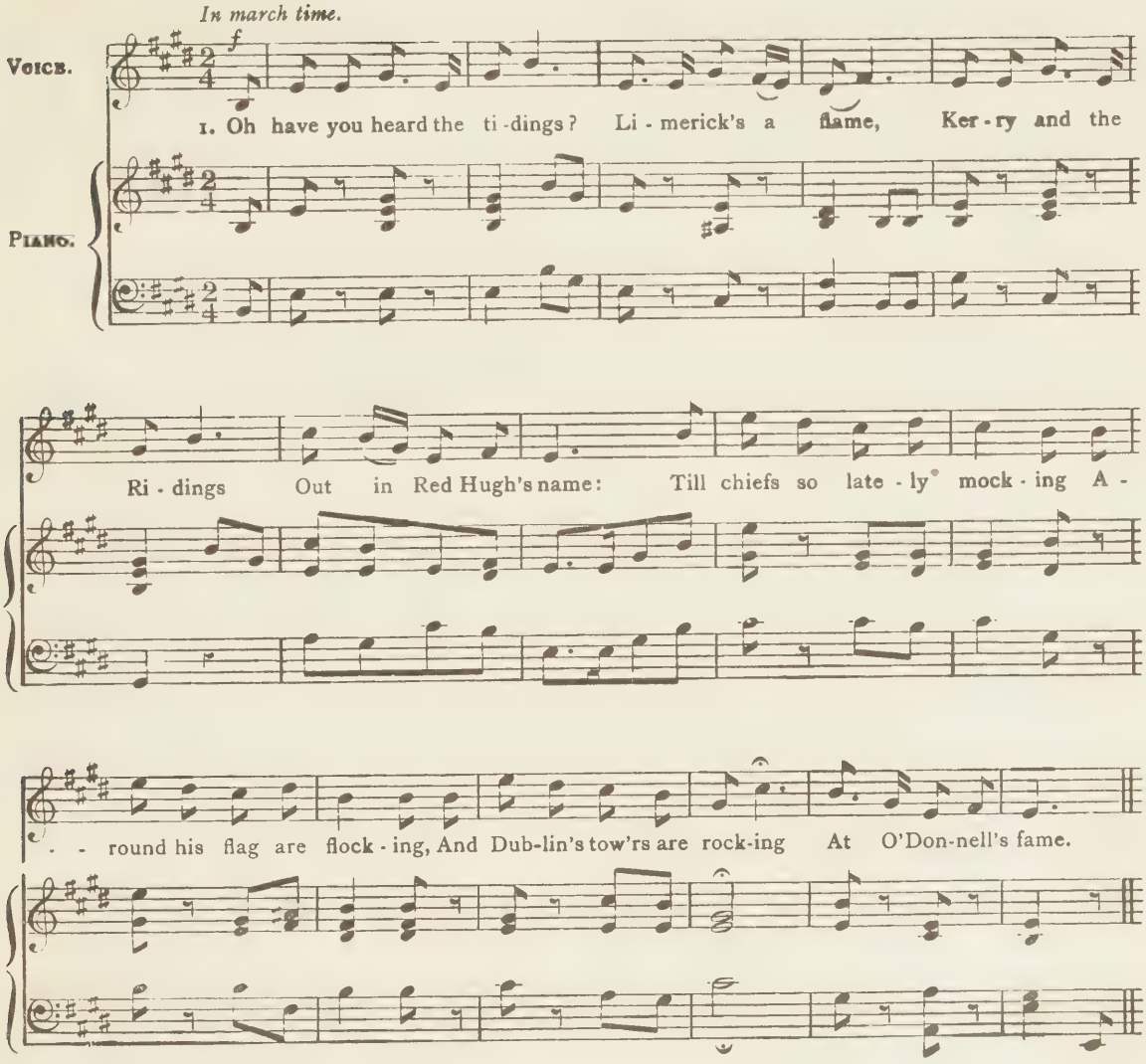
Voice.
Piano.
f
1. Oh have you heard the ti-dings? Li-merick's a flame, Ker-ry and the
Ri-dings Out in Red Hugh's name: Till chiefs so late-ly mock-ing A-
-- round his flag are flock-ing, And Dub-lin's tow'rs are rock-ing At O'Don-nell's fame.

2.

The rain it ran in fountains,
Then there fell such frost,
That Slieve Phelim's mountains
Swift as fire he crossed.
Past every Saxon Warder
He's broke the Southern Border,
And struck in battle order
Mountjoy's startled host.

3.

Then hail to Hugh O'Donnell!
Hail, Clan Donnell, hail!
Out of far Tyrconnell
Hosting to Kinsale!
Oh, heroes of Blackwater,
Stay not your swords of slaughter,
Until your foes ye scatter
Headlong through the Pale.

# THE QUERN TUNE.

*Poem, adapted from an old song, by* A. P. GRAVES.

SEMI-CHORUS.

*mf Rather briskly and with strong rhythm.*

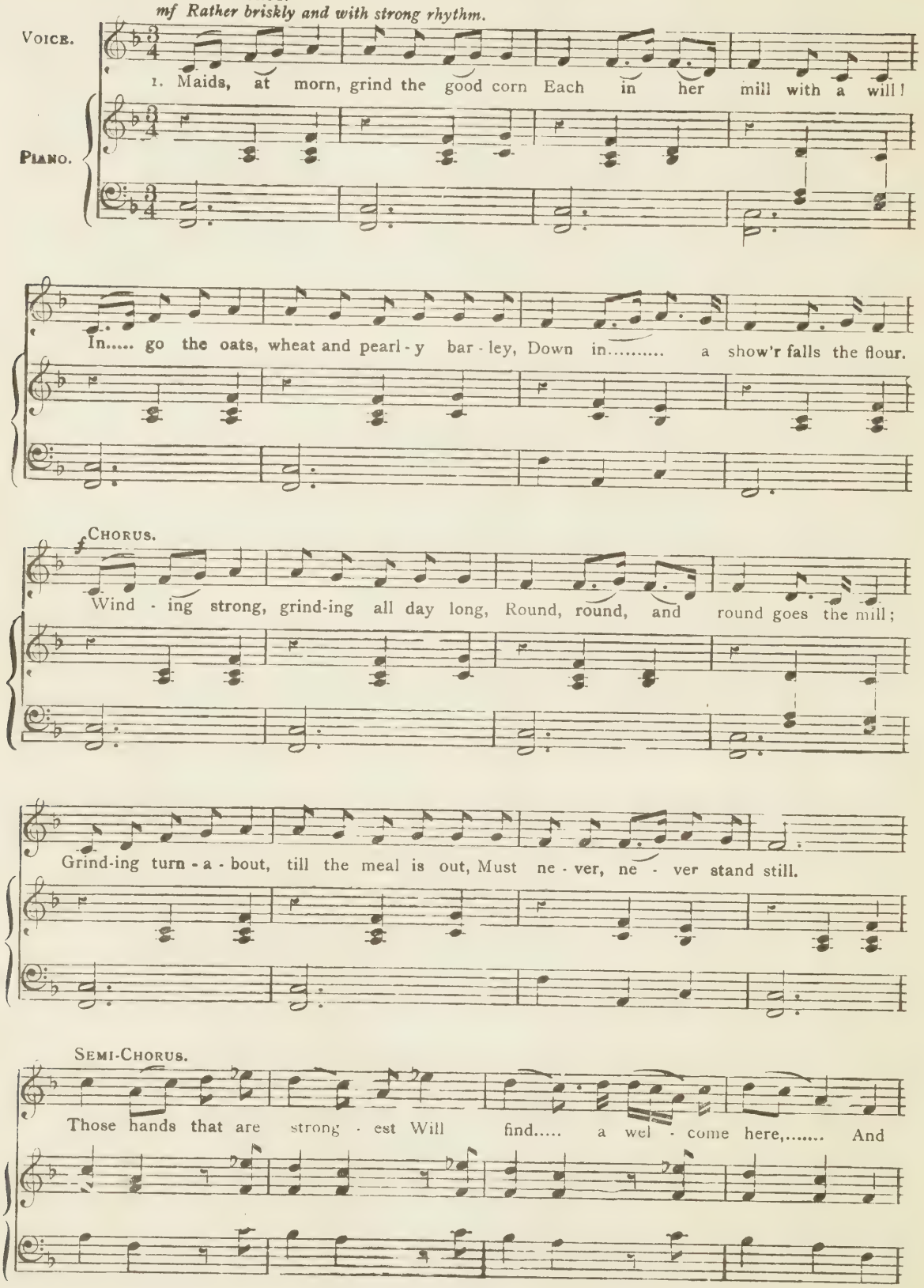
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Maids, at morn, grind the good corn Each in her mill with a will!
In..... go the oats, wheat and pearl-y bar-ley, Down in..... a show'r falls the flour.
CHORUS.
Wind-ing strong, grind-ing all day long, Round, round, and round goes the mill;
Grind-ing turn-a-bout, till the meal is out, Must ne-ver, ne-ver stand still.
SEMI-CHORUS.
Those hands that are strong-est Will find..... a wel-come here,..... And
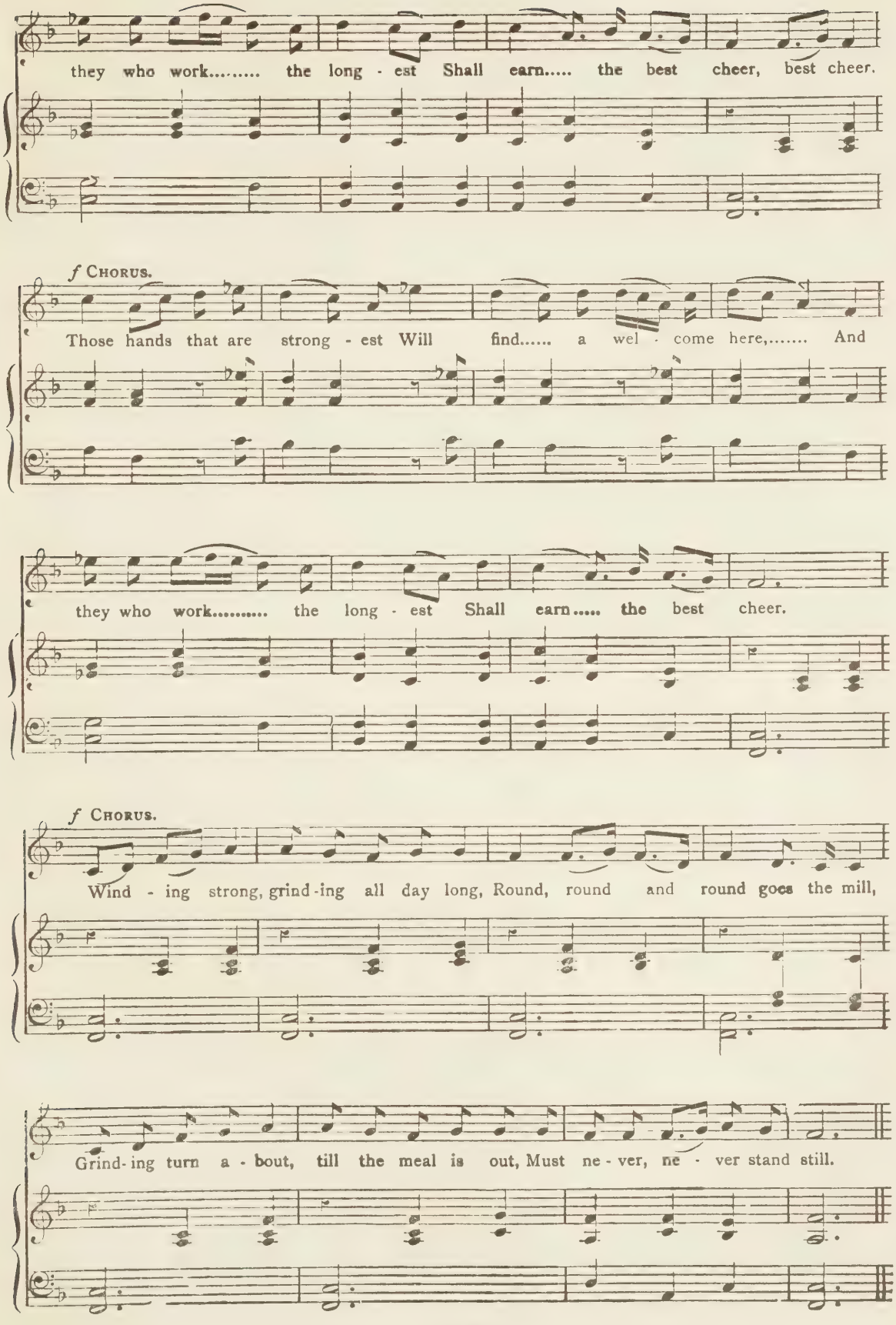
they who work..... the long - est Shall earn..... the best cheer, best cheer.
f CHORUS.
Those hands that are strong - est Will find..... a wel - come here,..... And
they who work..... the long - est Shall earn..... the best cheer.
f CHORUS.
Wind - ing strong, grind - ing all day long, Round, round and round goes the mill,
Grind - ing turn a - bout, till the meal is out, Must ne - ver, ne - ver stand still.

# RAISE US A RIDDLE.

## (THE FLOATING TRIBUTE.)

*Poem by* A. P. GRAVES.

*Fairly quick.*

*mf* CHORUS OR 2nd VOICE. *mf* * SOLO OR 1st VOICE.

VOICE. PIANO.

1. Raise us a rid - dle as spin-ning we sit. P'r'aps I have one that your
2. Sure - ly hid trea-sure is in..... your head. Wrong-ly my rid - dle this

*f* CHORUS.

fan - cy will fit. Come, then, ad - vance it with all of your wit.
time you have read. Come, give us hold of a strong - er thread.

SOLO.

Some have got the bar - ley show - in', Some a pur - ty patch of oats,
How is this my herds can ut - ter Of them-selves the milk all day,

O - thers just the pra - ties grow - in', With a moun - tain side for goats.
Churn and turn it in - to but - ter, Faix and fir - kin it safe a - way.

* *The part marked Solo can be sung by half the voices, and the Chorus part by the other half.*—ED.

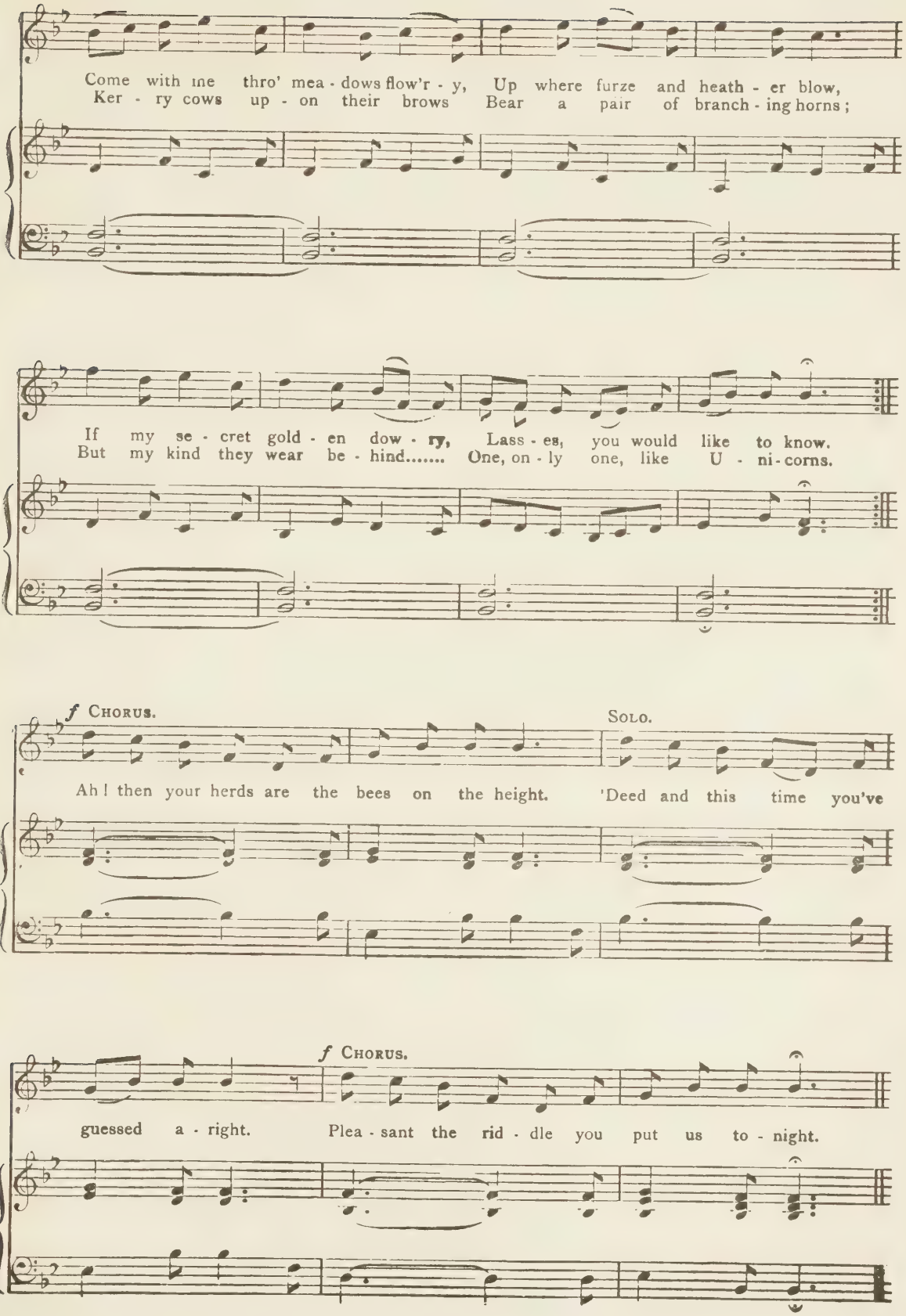
Come with me thro' mea - dows flow'r - y, Up where furze and heath - er blow,
Ker - ry cows up - on their brows Bear a pair of branch - ing horns;
If my se - cret gold - en dow - ry, Lass - es, you would like to know.
But my kind they wear be - hind..... One, on - ly one, like U - ni - corns.
f Chorus.
Solo.
Ah! then your herds are the bees on the height. 'Deed and this time you've
f Chorus.
guessed a - right. Plea - sant the rid - dle you put us to - night.

# MORE OF CLOYNE.

Poem by A. P. Graves.

*Moderately quickly.*

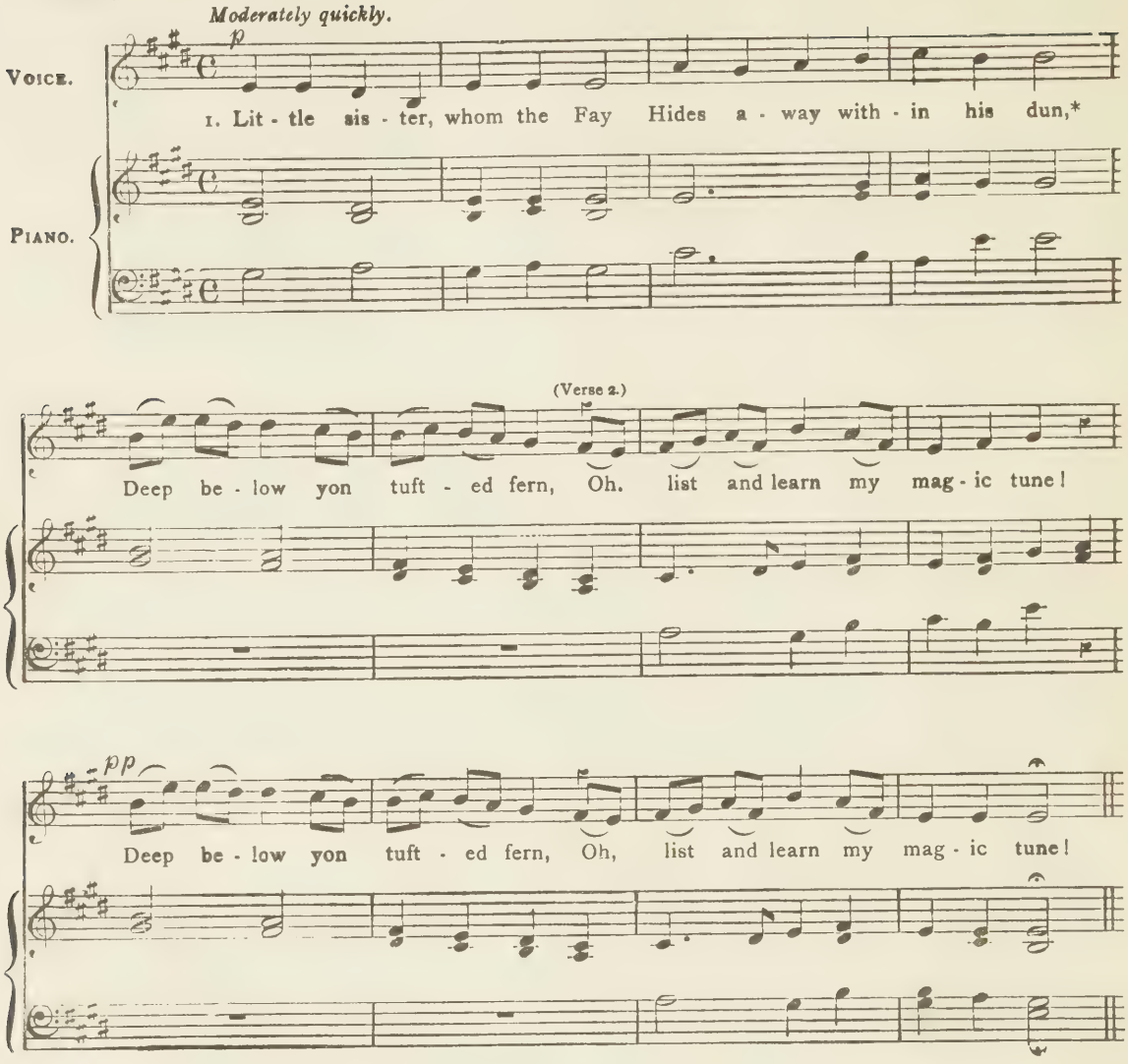
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. Lit - tle sis - ter, whom the Fay Hides a - way with - in his dun,*
(Verse 2.)
Deep be - low yon tuft - ed fern, Oh, list and learn my mag - ic tune!
pp
Deep be - low yon tuft - ed fern, Oh, list and learn my mag - ic tune!

2.

Long ago, when snared like thee
By the Shee,† my harp and I
O'er them wove the slumber spell,
Warbling well its lullaby.

3.

Till with dreamy smiles they sank,
Rank on rank, before the strain;
Then I rose from out the rath
And found my path to earth again.

4.

Little sister, to my woe
Hid below among the Shee,
List and learn my magic tune,
That it full soon may succour thee.

* *Earthen fort, pronounced doon.* † *Fairies.*

**Note.**—More of Munster was carried off by the fairies in her youth; but escaped from them and became the wife of Cathal, king of Cashel. Afterwards her sister was similarly abducted but was rescued by More, who recognized her by her singing.

# THE COUNTY OF MAYO.

(THE SHIP OF PATRICK LYNCH.)

*Poem, adapted from George Fox, by* A. P. GRAVES.
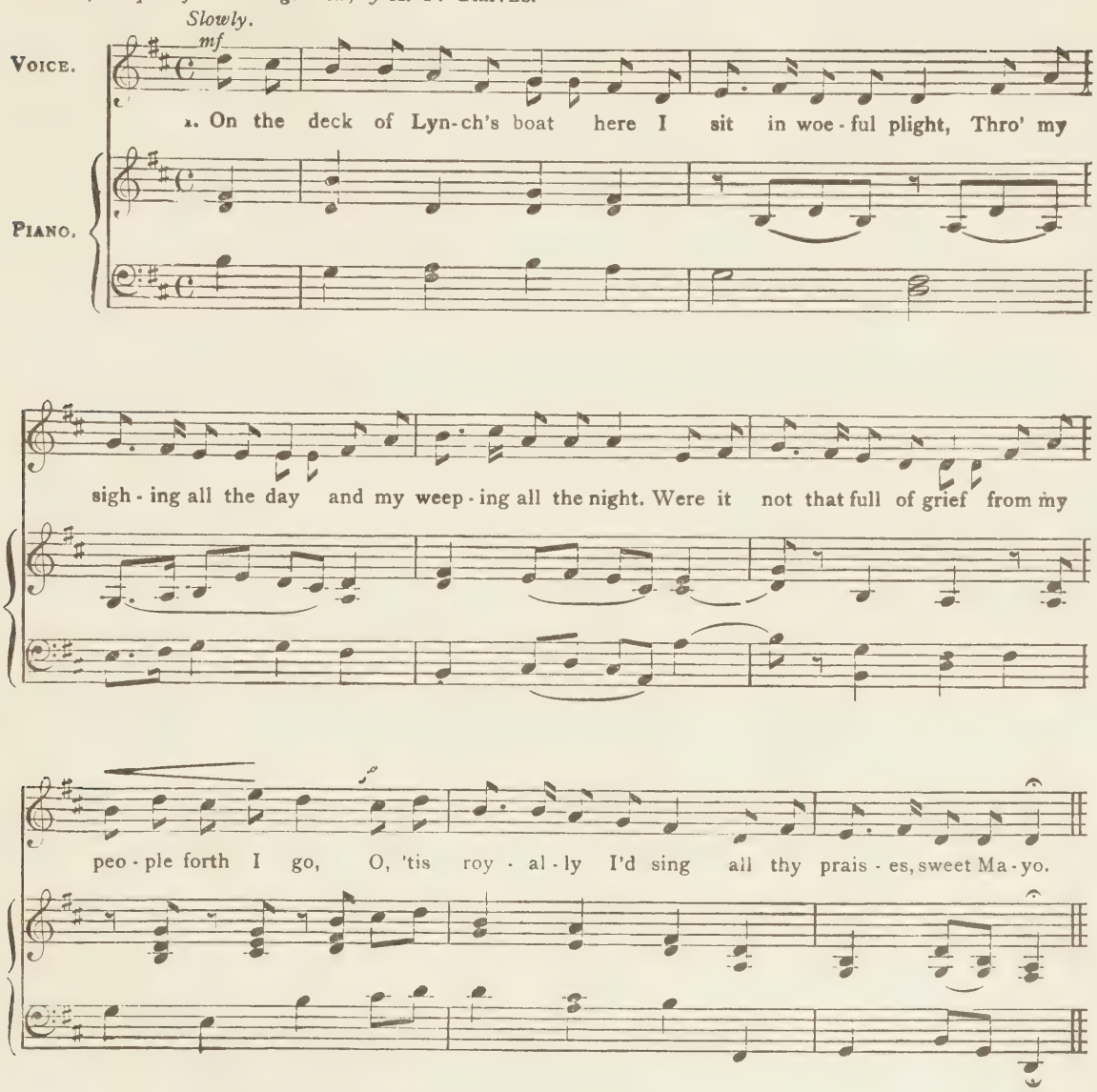
Slowly.
mf
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. On the deck of Lyn-ch's boat here I sit in woe-ful plight, Thro' my
sigh-ing all the day and my weep-ing all the night. Were it not that full of grief from my
peo-ple forth I go, O, 'tis roy-al-ly I'd sing all thy prais-es, sweet Ma-yo.

2.

When I dwelt at home in peace, and my gold did much abound,
In the midst of fair young maids, how the Spanish ale went round!
Oh! the change from those gay doings across the ocean flow,
To be laid in Santa Cruz far and far from sweet Mayo.

3.

Sadly changed are Irrul's girls; very proud they've grown and high
With their patches and their powder, for I pass their buckles by;
But their airs I little heed, since the Lord will have it so
That I'm forced to foreign lands far and far from sweet Mayo.

4.

'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl in Irrul still,
And that Brian Duff no more rules as lord upon the hill,
And that Colonel Hugh O'Grady should be lying dead and low,
And I sailing, sailing swift from the County of Mayo.

# THE SONGS ERIN SINGS.

("A TUNE IS MORE LASTING THAN THE VOICE OF THE BIRDS.")

*Poem by* A. P. GRAVES.

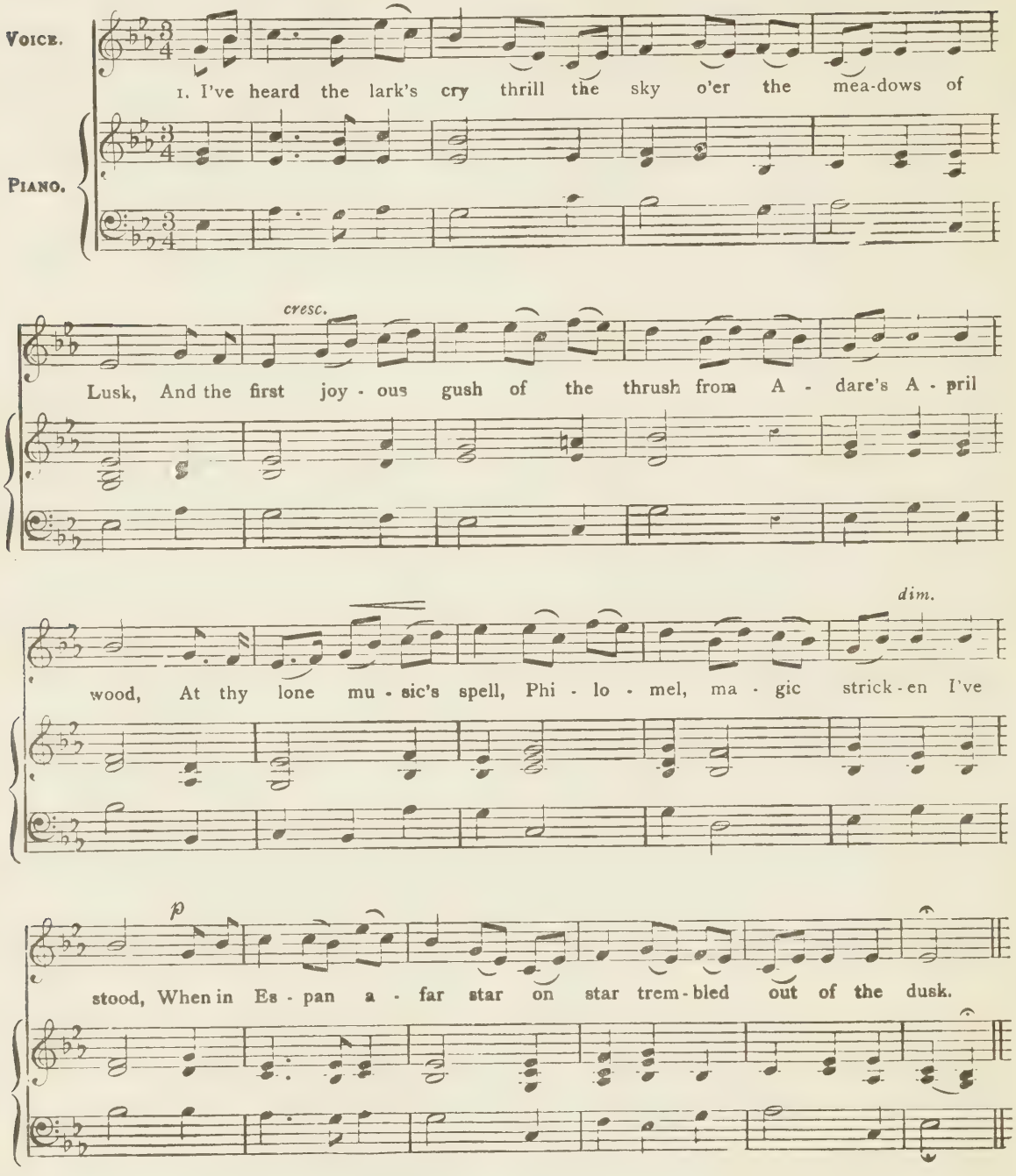
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. I've heard the lark's cry thrill the sky o'er the mea-dows of
cresc.
Lusk, And the first joy - ous gush of the thrush from A - dare's A - pril
dim.
wood, At thy lone mu - sic's spell, Phi - lo - mel, ma - gic strick - en I've
p
stood, When in Es - pan a - far star on star trem - bled out of the dusk.

2.

While Dunkerron's blue dove murmured love 'neath her nest I have sighed,
And by mazy Culdaff with a laugh mocked the cuckoo's refrain,
Derrycarn's dusky bird I have heard piping joy hard by pain,
And the swan's last lament sobbing sent over Moyle's mystic tide.

3.

Yet as bright shadows pass from the glass of the darkening lake,
As the rose's rapt sigh must die, when the zephyr is stilled;
In oblivion grey sleeps each lay that those birds ever trilled,
But the songs Erin sings from her strings shall immortally wake.

# THE LEAFY COOL-KELLURE.*

(THE WHITE-BREASTED BOY.)

*Poem by* **A. P. Graves.**

*In flowing time.*
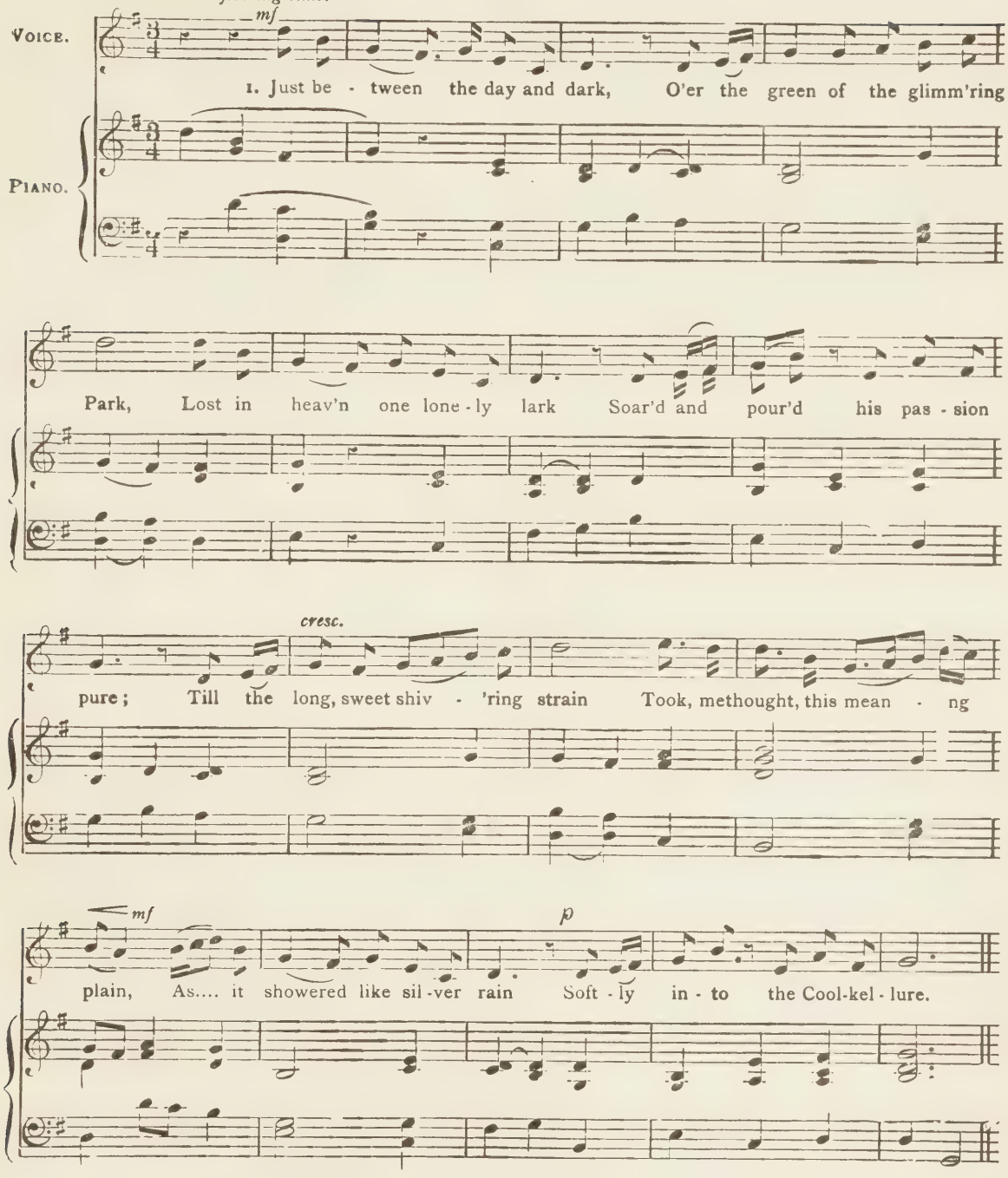
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. Just be - tween the day and dark, O'er the green of the glimm'ring
Park, Lost in heav'n one lone - ly lark Soar'd and pour'd his pas - sion
cresc.
pure; Till the long, sweet shiv - 'ring strain Took, methought, this mean - ng
mf
p
plain, As.... it showered like sil - ver rain Soft - ly in - to the Cool-kel - lure.

2. How we pray'd and pray'd of old,
Blackbird,† with the crown of gold,
That you'd cross the waters cold,
Erin's sorrows at last to cure.
But you sought and sought in vain
Succour out of France and Spain,
None would help you here to reign,
Blackbird, over the Cool-kellure.

3. Yet the Blackbird far above,
Now I rank the Royal Dove,
Who, at last, for Erin's love,
Wreathing with shamrock her bosom pure
O'er the dreadful flood's decrease
Flutters with its spray of peace,
To her bow'r of Queenly ease,
Nestling under the Cool-kellure.

* "The corner of the sin ging of birds." This poem refers to the late Queen Victoria's visit to Ireland in 1900, when she stayed in the Phœnix Park at Dublin.

† *The Blackbird was a poetical name for Charles Edward.*

# REMEMBER THEE.

(CASTLE TIROWEN.)

*Poem by* MOORE.

*Flowing and not too slow.*

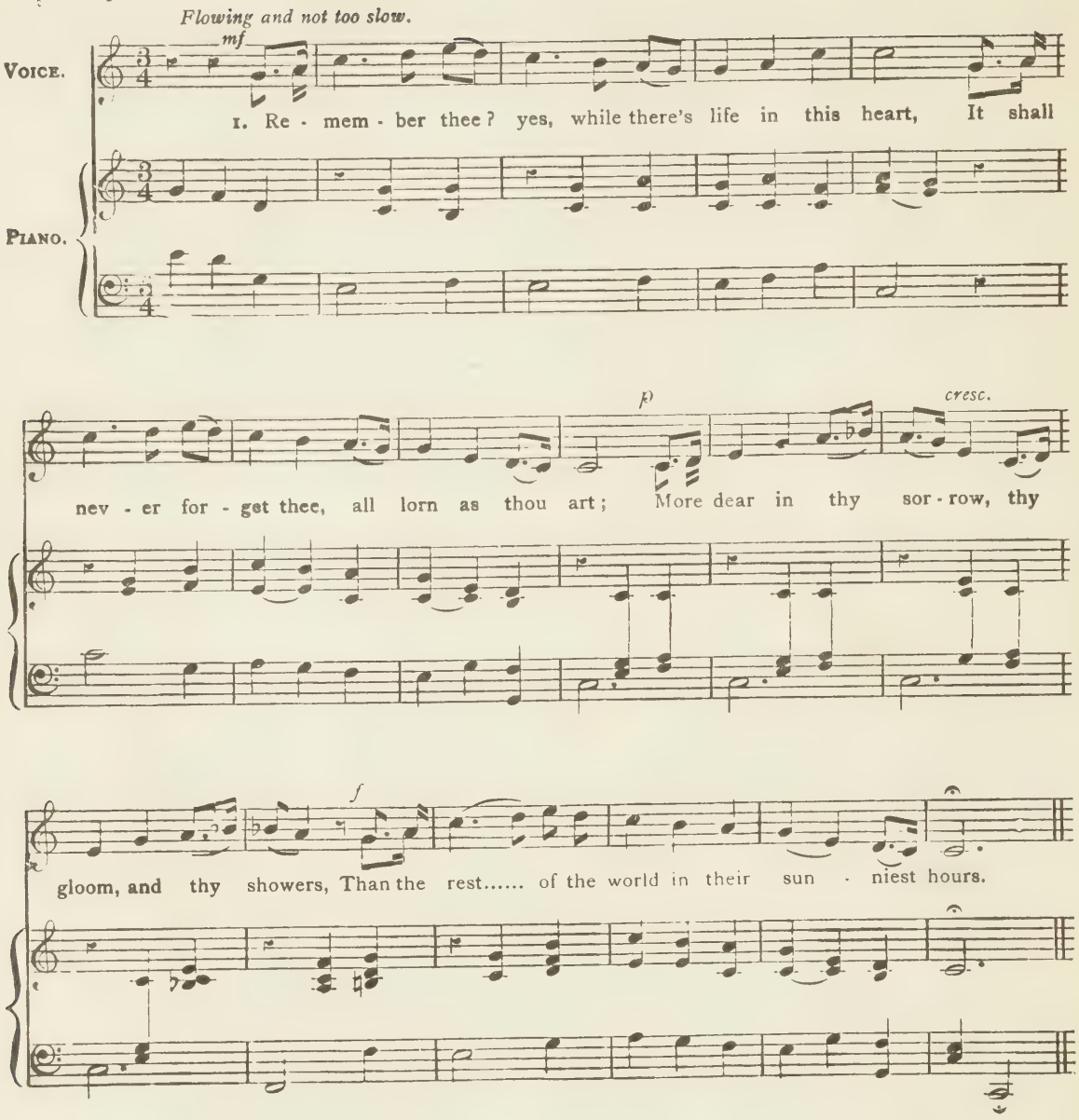
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. Re - mem - ber thee? yes, while there's life in this heart, It shall
p
cresc.
nev - er for - get thee, all lorn as thou art; More dear in thy sor - row, thy
f
gloom, and thy showers, Than the rest..... of the world in their sun - niest hours.

2.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,—
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,—
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

3.

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons:
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

# MARCHING TO CANDAHAR.

*Poem by* A. P. GRAVES.

*In march time.*
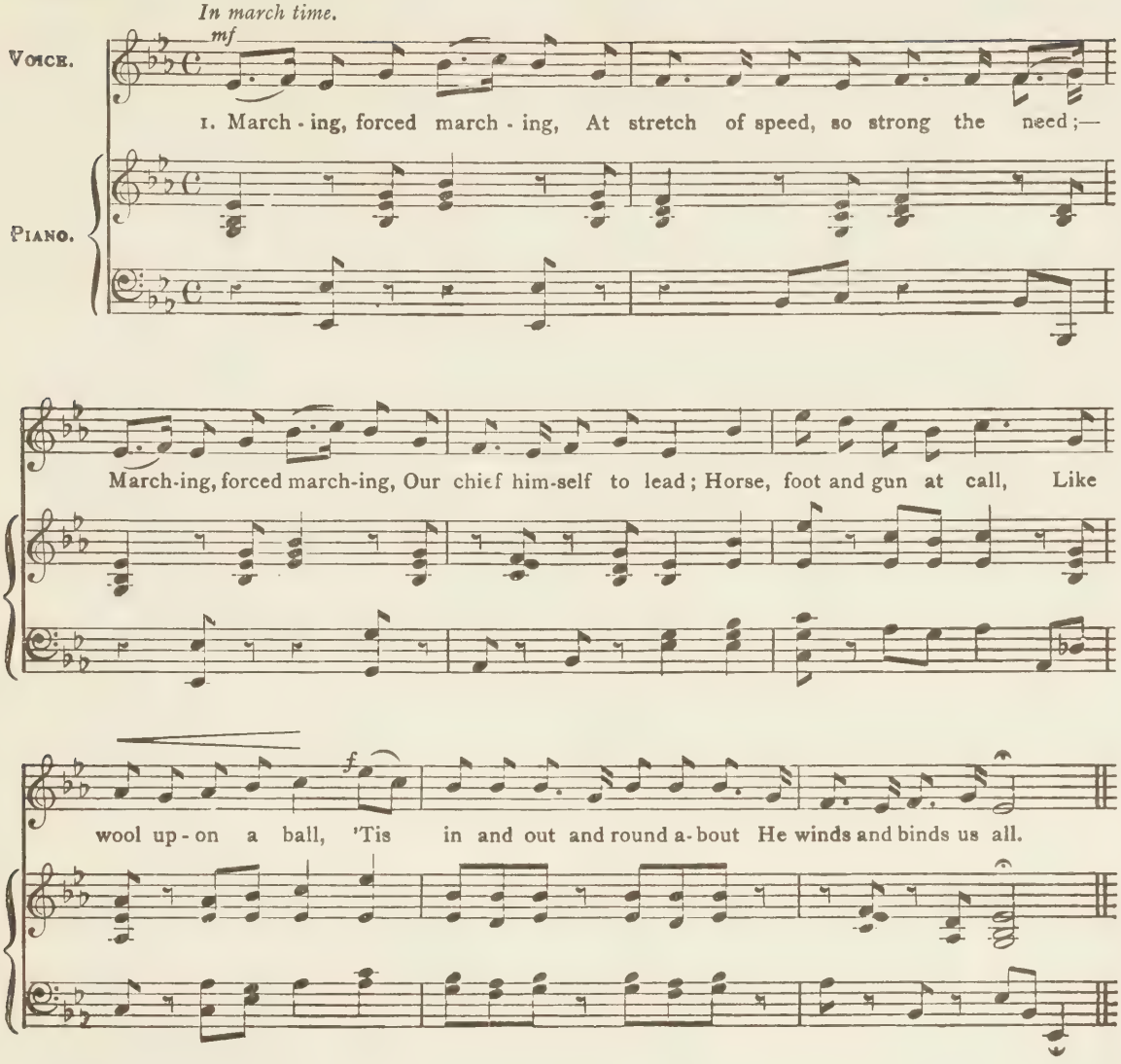
mf
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. March - ing, forced march - ing, At stretch of speed, so strong the need;—
March-ing, forced march-ing, Our chief him-self to lead; Horse, foot and gun at call, Like
f
wool up - on a ball, 'Tis in and out and round a - bout He winds and binds us all.

2.

Marching and marching,
For weeks and weeks, o'er moors and peaks;
Marching and outmarching
Ten thousand grand old Greeks;
Till Xenophon's harangues
Of stades and parasangs,
By all the powers, this march of ours
To Banagher it bangs.

3.

Marching and marching,
So swift and far by sun and star!
Oh, marching and marching
Away for Candahar.
They say she's sore beset,
But through the Afghan net
We boys will break, and no mistake,
And save the city yet.

# THE ASH GROVE.

(LLWYN ON.)

*English words by* JOHN OXENFORD.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

*In moderate time.*
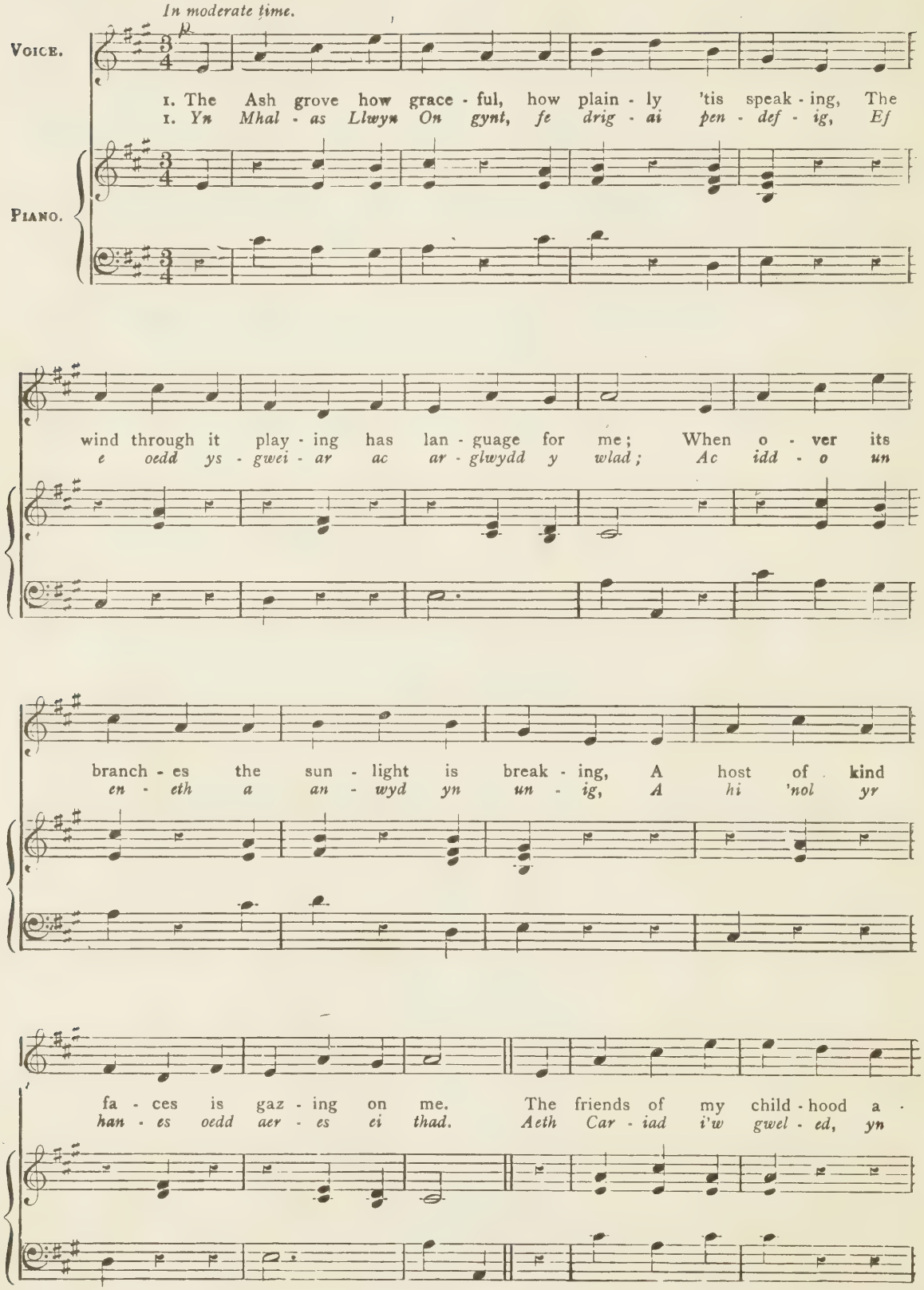
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. The Ash grove how grace - ful, how plain - ly 'tis speak - ing, The
1. Yn Mhal - as Llwyn On gynt, fe drig - ai pen - def - ig, Ef
wind through it play - ing has lan - guage for me; When o - ver its
e oedd ys - gwei - ar ac ar - glwydd y wlad; Ac idd - o un
branch - es the sun - light is break - ing, A host of kind
en - eth a an - wyd yn un - ig, A hi 'nol yr
fa - ces is gaz - ing on me. The friends of my child - hood a -
han - es oedd aer - es ei thad. Aeth Car - iad i'w gwel - ed, yn
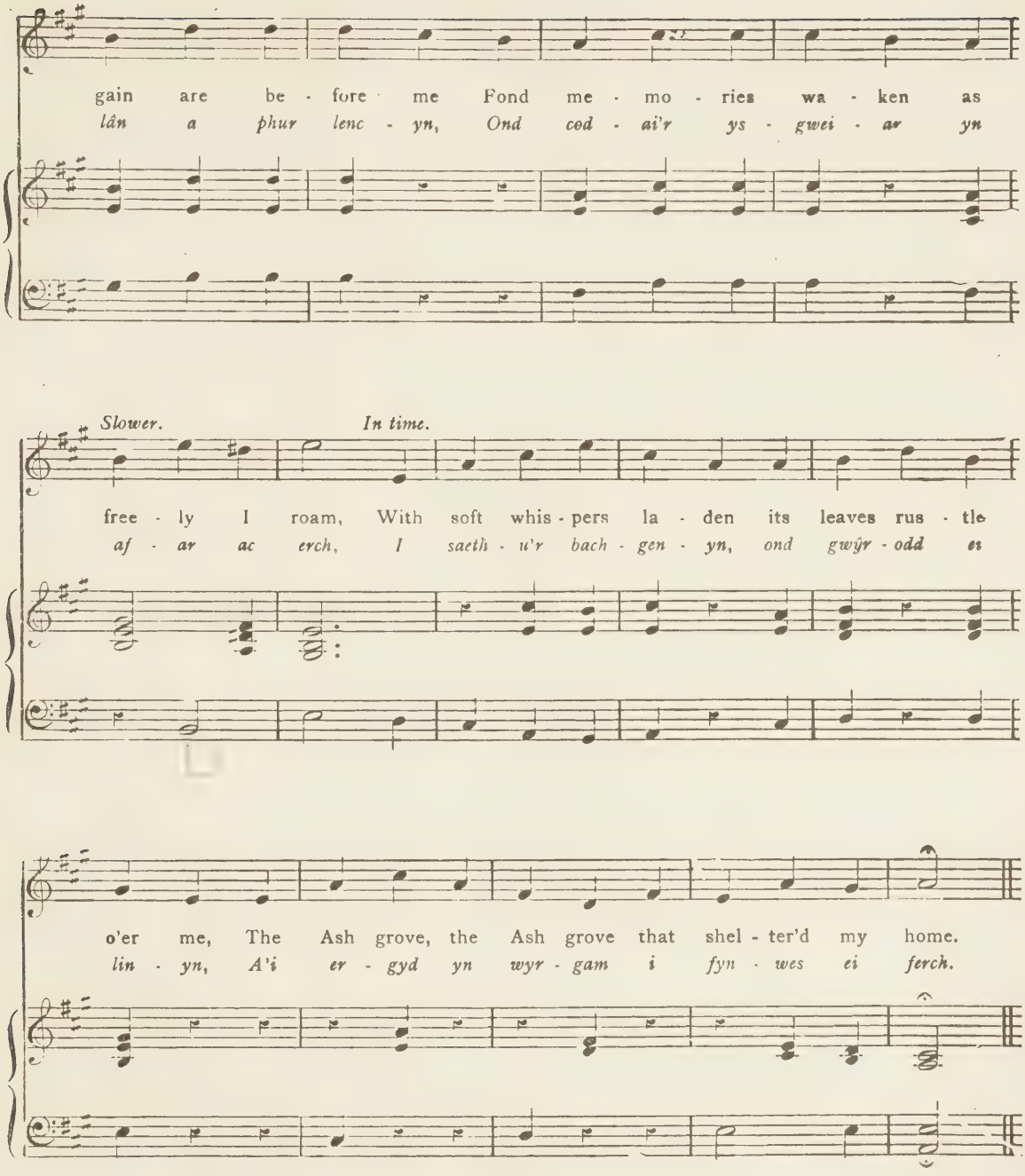
gain are be - fore me Fond me - mo - ries wa - ken as
lân a phur lenc - yn, Ond cod - ai'r ys - gwei - ar yn
Slower.
In time.
free - ly I roam, With soft whis - pers la - den its leaves rus - tle
af - ar ac erch, I saeth - u'r bach - gen - yn, ond gwŷr - odd ei
o'er me, The Ash grove, the Ash grove that shel - ter'd my home.
lin - yn, A'i er - gyd yn wyr - gam i fyn - wes ei ferch.

2.

My laughter is over, my step loses lightness,
Old country-side measures steal soft on mine ear;
I only remember the past and its brightness,
The dear ones I mourn for again gather here.
From out of the shadows their loving looks greet me,
And wistfully searching the leafy green dome,
I find other faces fond bending to greet me:
The Ash grove, the Ash grove alone is my home!

2.

*Rhy hwyr ydoedd galw y saeth at y llinyn*
*A'r llances yn marw yn welw a gwan;*
*Bygythiodd ei gleddyf trwy gulon y llencyn;*
*Ond ni redai Cariad un fodfedd o'r fan.*
*'Roedd Golud, ei "darpar" yn hên ac anynad,*
*A geiriau diweddaf yr Aeres hardd hon,*
*Oedd, "gwell genyf farw trwy ergyd fy Ngwariad,*
*Na byw gyda Golud yn Mhalas Llwyn On."*

# THE BELLS OF ABERDOVEY.*

*English words by* A. P. GRAVES. (CLYCHAU ABERDYFI.)
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.
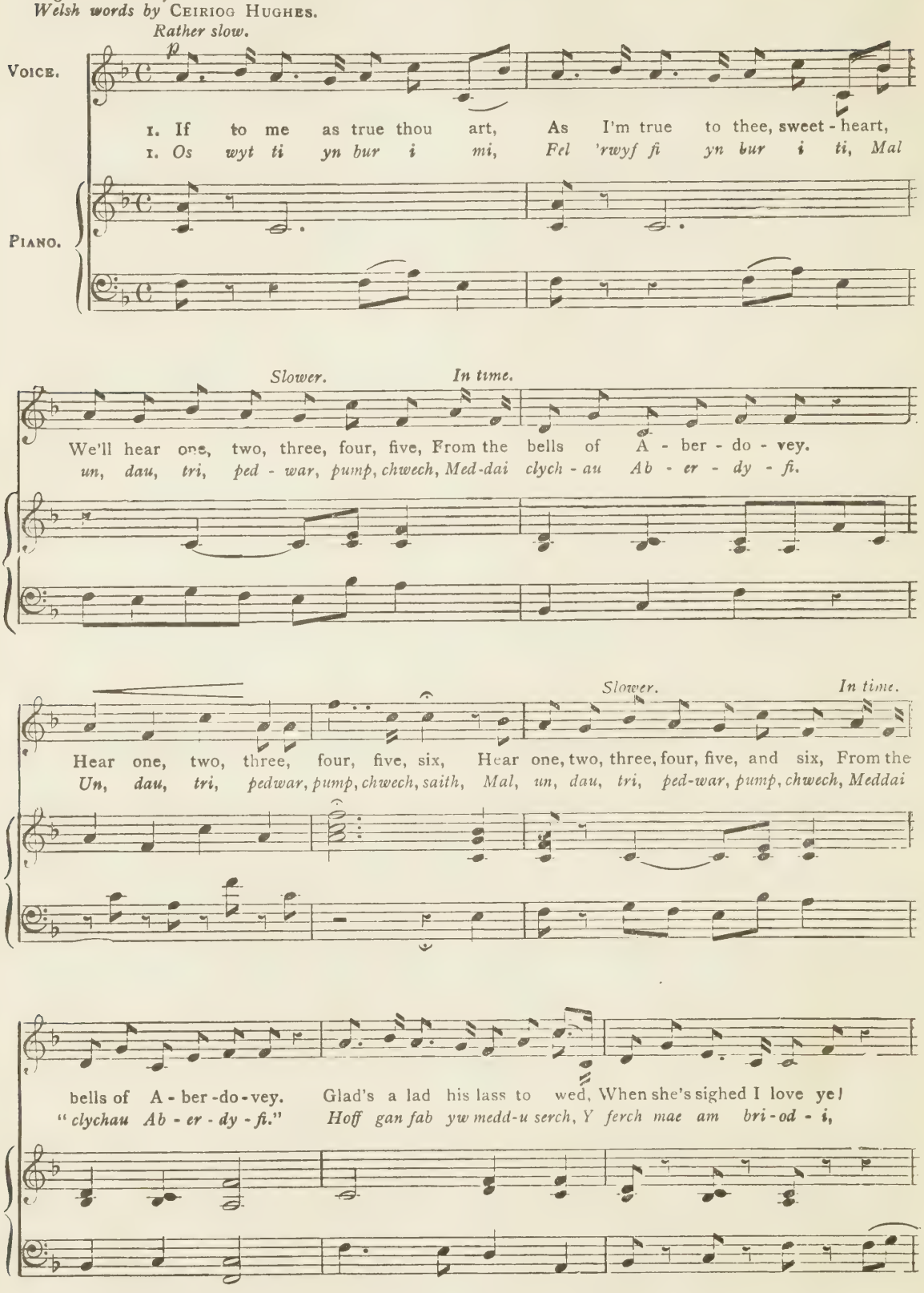
Rather slow.
p
Voice.
1. If to me as true thou art, As I'm true to thee, sweet-heart,
1. Os wyt ti yn bur i mi, Fel 'rwyf fi yn bur i ti, Mal
Piano.
Slower.
In time.
We'll hear one, two, three, four, five, From the bells of A-ber-do-vey.
un, dau, tri, ped-war, pump, chwech, Med-dai clych-au Ab-er-dy-fi.
Slower.
In time.
Hear one, two, three, four, five, six, Hear one, two, three, four, five, and six, From the
Un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech, saith, Mal, un, dau, tri, ped-war, pump, chwech, Meddai
bells of A-ber-do-vey. Glad's a lad his lass to wed, When she's sighed I love ye!
"clychau Ab-er-dy-fi." Hoff gan fab yw medd-u serch, Y ferch mae am bri-od-i,

* *The more appropriate title would probably be, "The Bells of Abertawe" (Swansea, South Wales).*
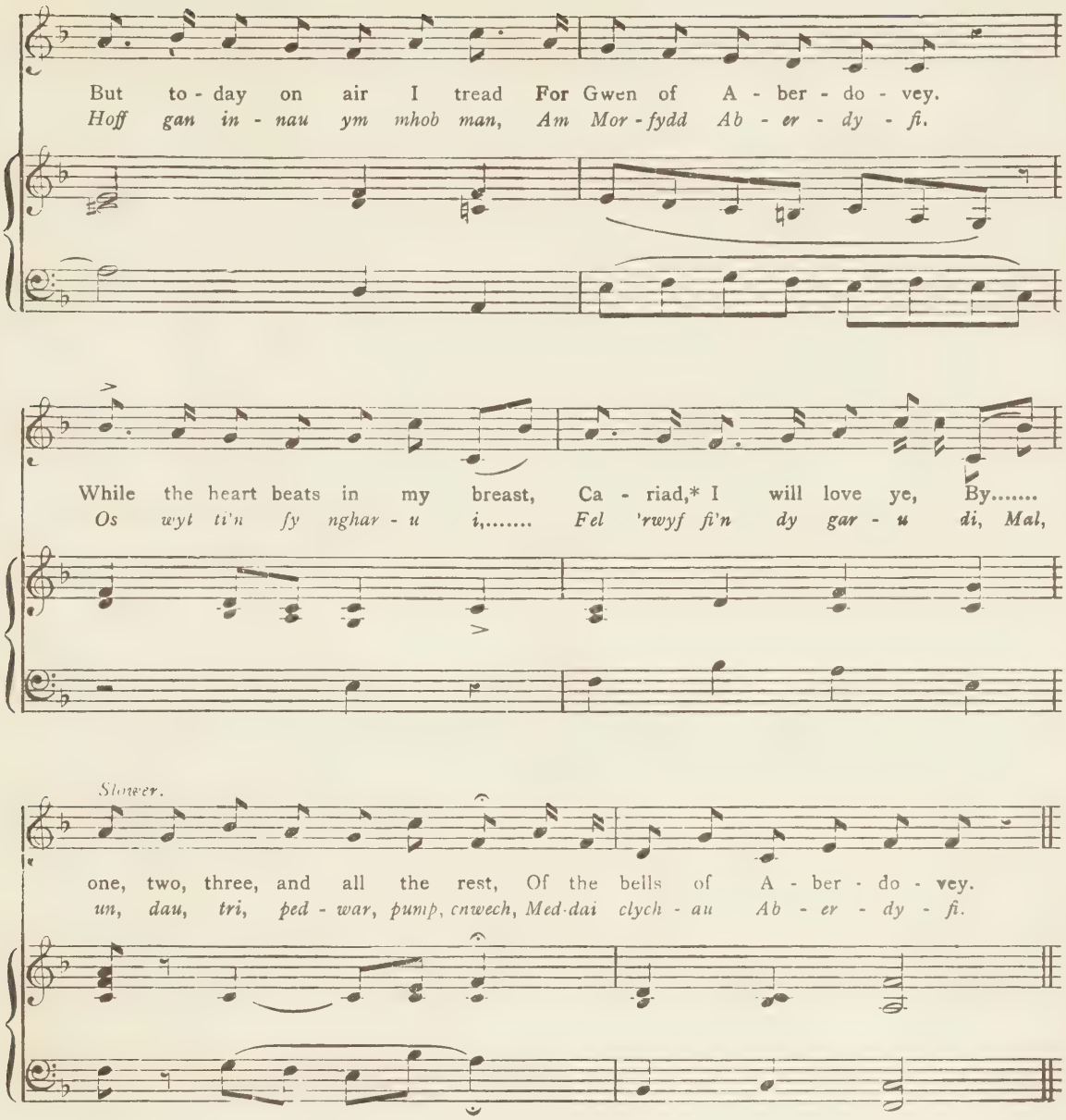
But to - day on air I tread For Gwen of A - ber - do - vey.
Hoff gan in - nau ym mhob man, Am Mor - fydd Ab - er - dy - fi.
While the heart beats in my breast, Ca - riad,* I will love ye, By.....
Os wyt ti'n fy nghar - u i,..... Fel 'rwyf fi'n dy gar - u di, Mal,
Slower.
one, two, three, and all the rest, Of the bells of A - ber - do - vey.
un, dau, tri, ped - war, pump, cnwech, Med-dai clych - au Ab - er - dy - fi.

2.

When I cross the sea once more,
Love comes knocking at my door
Like one, two, three, four, five, six
Of the bells of Aberdovey;
One, two, three, four, five and six,
Like one, two, three, four, five and six
Of the bells of Aberdovey.
Little loves and hopes shall fly
Round us in a covey;
When we're married, you and I,
At home in Aberdovey!
If to me as true thou art,
As I'm true to thee, sweetheart,
We'll hear one, two, three, four, five, six!
From the bells of Aberdovey.

2.

*Pan ddôf adref tros y môr,*
*Cariad gura wrth dy ddôr;*
*Un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech,*
*Meddai clychau Aberdyfi.*
*Un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech,*
*Mal, un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech,*
*Meddai clychau Aberdyfi.*
*Paid a'i wneud yn galon wan,*
*Pan ddaw o dan dy faner,*
*Os bydd gennyt air i'w ddweud,*
*Bydd gwneud yn well o'r hanner;*
*Os wyt ti'n fy ngharu i,*
*Fel 'rwyf fi'n dy garu di,*
*Mal, un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech,*
*Meddai clychau Aberdyfi.*

* *My darling.*

# THE RISING OF THE LARK.

## (CODIAD YR HEDYDD.)

*Imitated from the original Welsh by* MARIA X. HAYES.*
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

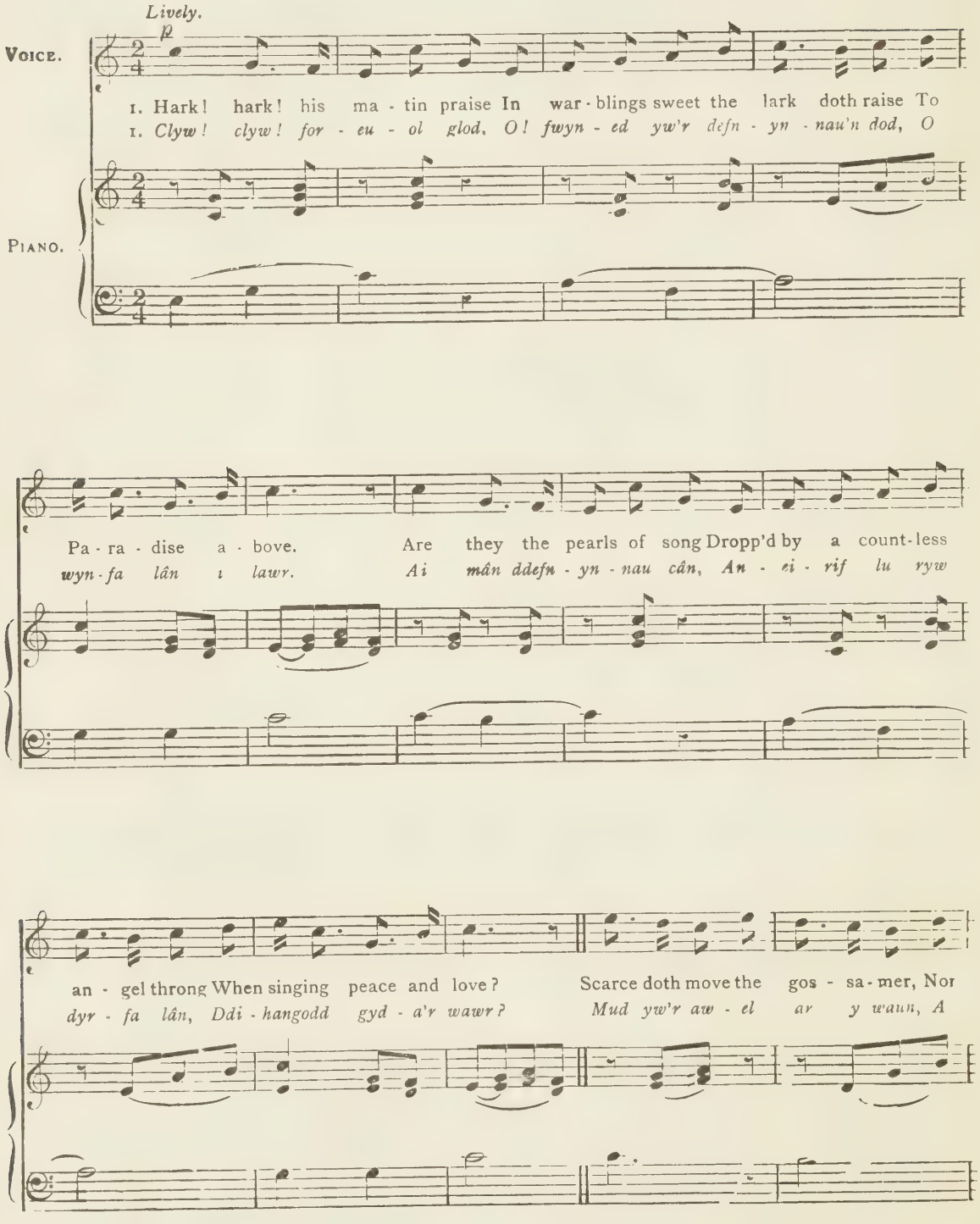
Lively.
p
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Hark! hark! his ma - tin praise In war - blings sweet the lark doth raise To
1. Clyw! clyw! for - eu - ol glod, O! fwyn - ed yw'r defn - yn - nau'n dod, O
Pa - ra - dise a - bove. Are they the pearls of song Dropp'd by a count - less
wyn - fa lân i lawr. Ai mân ddefn - yn - nau cân, An - ei - rif lu ryw
an - gel throng When singing peace and love? Scarce doth move the gos - sa - mer, Nor
dyr - fa lân, Ddi - hangodd gyd - a'r wawr? Mud yw'r aw - el ar y waun, A

* *I have striven to express the language of the original as nearly as possible in this as in all others which bear my name.*—M. X. H

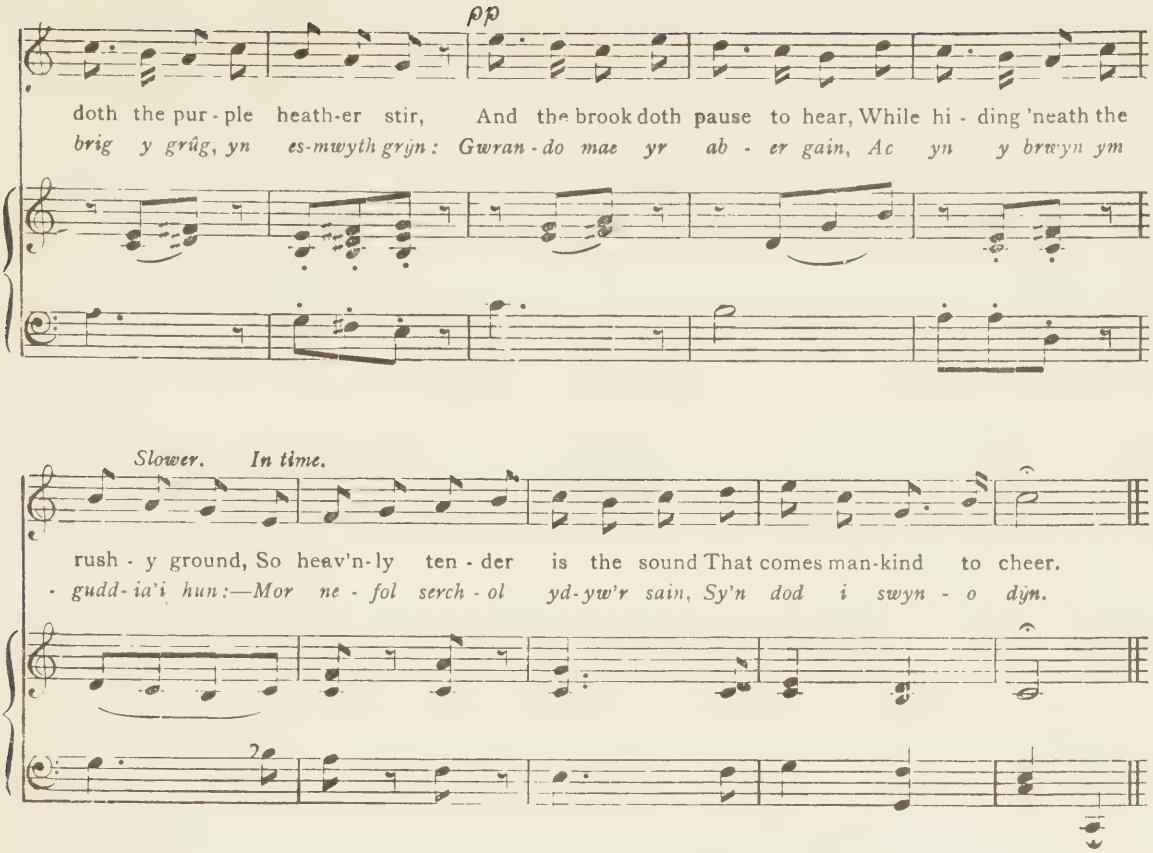
pp
doth the pur - ple heath-er stir, And the brook doth pause to hear, While hi - ding 'neath the
brig y grûg, yn es-mwyth grŷn: Gwran - do mae yr ab - er gain, Ac yn y brwyn ym
Slower. In time.
rush - y ground, So heav'n-ly ten - der is the sound That comes man-kind to cheer.
- gudd - ia'i hun:—Mor ne - fol serch - ol yd-yw'r sain, Sy'n dod i swyn - o dŷn.

2.

Rise, rise, oh lark, then rise
On soft grey wing toward yon skies;
Ascending higher yet:
May no sweet note be lost!
Rise nearer to that happy host,
That earthly pains forget!
Sing and let the wide world hear
Thy melody so sweet and clear,
Waking longing in mankind
To follow to those heights untrod,
Yet nearer day and nearer God,
Eternal joy to find!

2.

*Cwyd, cwyd e hedydd, cwyd,*
*O le i le ar aden lwyd.*
*Yn uwch, yn uwch o hyd:*
*Cân, cân dy nodau cu,*
*A dos yn nes at lawen lu*
*Adawodd boen y byd.*
*Canu mae, a'r byd a glyw*
*Ei alaw lon o uchel le:*
*Cyfyd hiraeth dynolryw,*
*Ar ol ei lais i froydd ne':*
*Yn nes at Ddydd, yn nes at Daw*
*I fyny fel efe.*

# MEN OF HARLECH.*

(RHYFELGYRCH GWYR HARLECH.)

*English words by* A. P. GRAVES.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

*With spirit.* *A.D. 1468.*

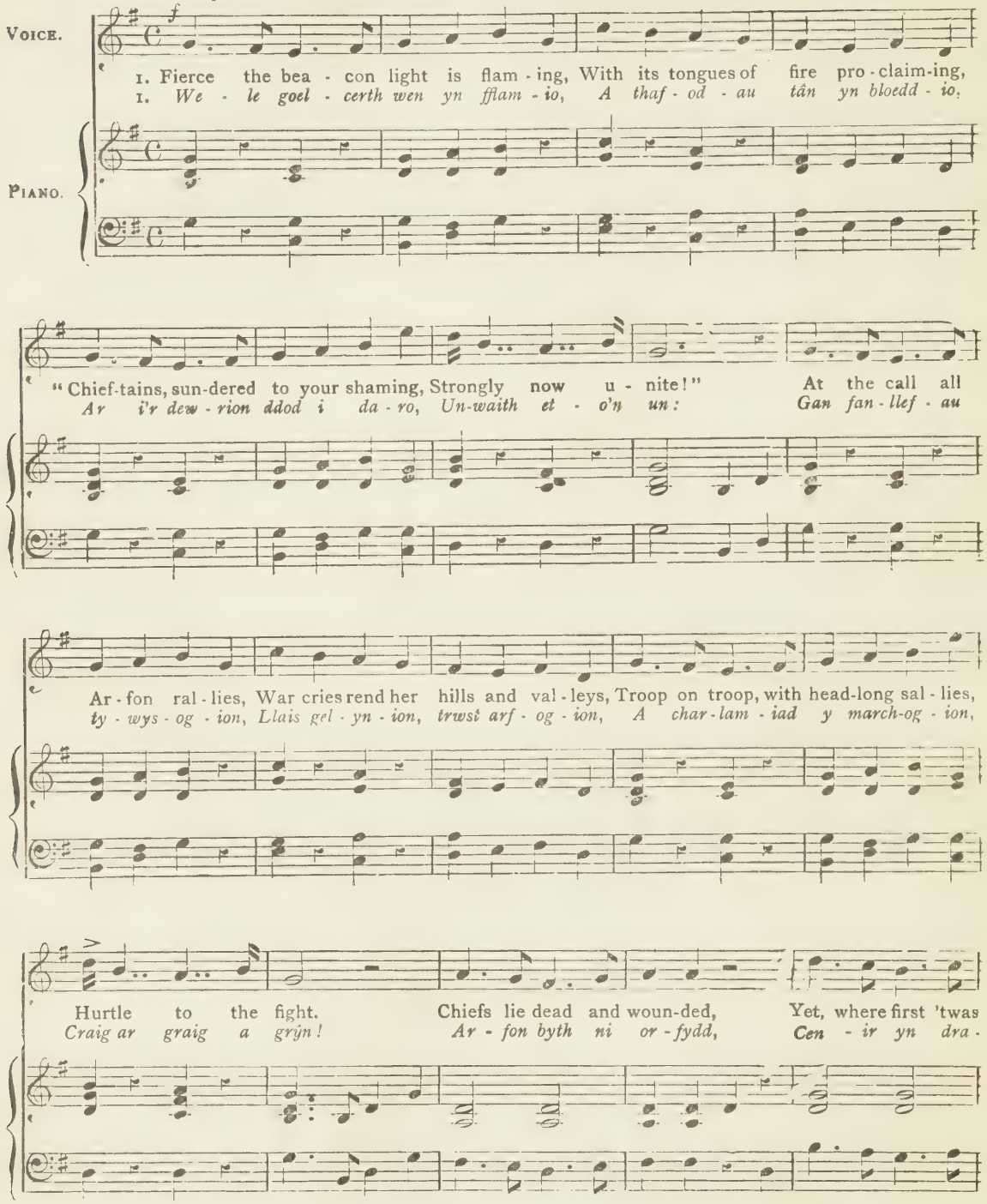
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
1. Fierce the bea - con light is flam - ing, With its tongues of fire pro - claim-ing,
1. We - le goel - certh wen yn fflam - io, A thaf - od - au tân yn bloedd - io,
"Chief-tains, sun-dered to your shaming, Strongly now u - nite!" At the call all
Ar i'r dew - rion ddod i da - ro, Un-waith et - o'n un: Gan fan - llef - au
Ar - fon ral - lies, War cries rend her hills and val - leys, Troop on troop, with head-long sal - lies,
ty - wys - og - ion, Llais gel - yn - ion, trwst arf - og - ion, A char - lam - iad y march-og - ion,
Hurtle to the fight. Chiefs lie dead and woun-ded, Yet, where first 'twas
Craig ar graig a grŷn! Ar - fon byth ni or - fydd, Cen - ir yn dra -

* Harlech Castle *stands on a lofty rock upon the sea-shore of Merionethshire. The original tower called* "Twr Bronwen," *is said to have been built in the sixth century; it afterwards received the name of* Caer Colwyn, *and eventually its more descriptive name Harlech or above the boulders.* Llech, *meaning huge stone as in* cromlech. *In the vicinity of the castle there are places called the* Llech, Tan-y-lech *and* Pen-lech, *hence* Ar-lech *is undoubtedly the proper derivation.*

"*By order of the King (Edward IV.) William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, led a powerful army to Harlech, and demanded the surrender of the place; but Sir Richard Herbert, the Earl's brother, received from the stout defender this answer—'I held a tower in France till all the old women in Wales heard of it, and now all the old women in France shall hear how I defend this castle.' Famine, however, at length succeeded, and the intrepid Welshman (Dafydd ap Ieuan) made an honourable capitulation.*"—*Dr. Nicholas.*—Antiquities of Wales.
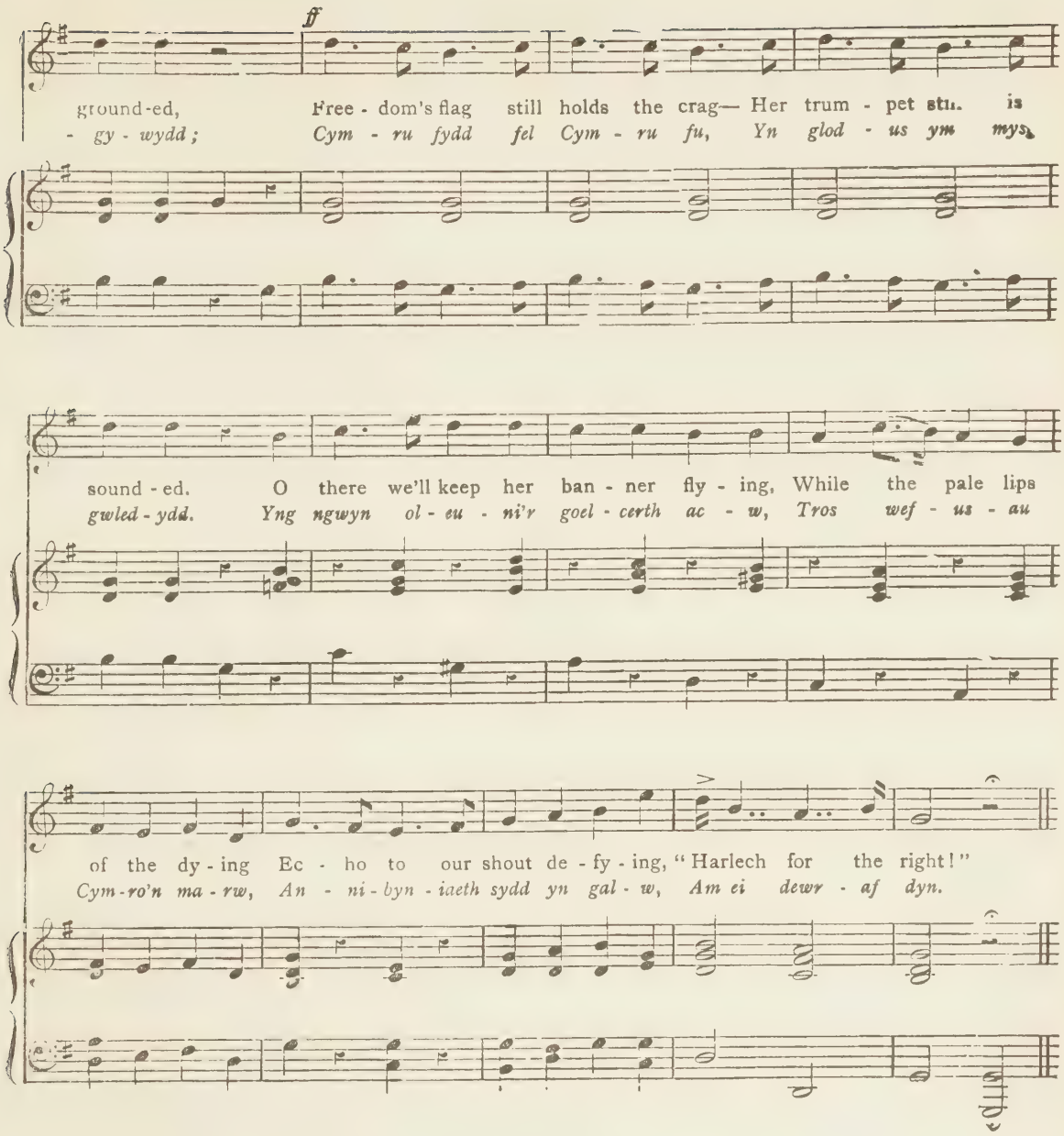
ff
ground-ed, Free - dom's flag still holds the crag— Her trum - pet still is
- gy - wydd; Cym - ru fydd fel Cym - ru fu, Yn glod - us ym mys
sound - ed. O there we'll keep her ban - ner fly - ing, While the pale lips
gwled - ydd. Yng ngwyn ol - eu - ni'r goel - certh ac - w, Tros wef - us - au
of the dy - ing Ec - ho to our shout de - fy - ing, "Harlech for the right!"
Cym - ro'n ma - rw, An - ni - byn - iaeth sydd yn gal - w, Am ei dewr - af dyn.

2.

Shall the Saxon army shake you,
Smite, pursue and overtake you?
Men of Harlech, God shall make you
Victors, blow for blow!
As the rivers of Eryri
Sweep the vale with flooded fury,
Gwalia from her mountain eyrie
Thunders on the foe!
Now, avenging Briton,
Smite as he has smitten!
Let your rage on history's page
In Saxon blood be written!
His lance is long, but yours is longer,
Strong his sword, but yours is stronger!
One stroke more! and then your wronger
At your feet lies low!

2.

*Ni chaiff gelyn ladd ac ymlid—*
*Harlech! Harlech! cŵyd iw herlid;*
*Y mae Rhoddwr mawr ein Rhyddid*
*Yn rhoi nerth i ni.*
*Wele Gymru a'i byddinoedd,*
*Yn ymdywallt o'r mynyddoedd!*
*Rhuthrant fel rhaeadrau dyfroedd,*
*Llamant fel y lli!*
*Llwyddiant i'n lluyddion!*
*Rwystro bâr yr estron!*
*Gwybod yn ei galon gaiff,*
*Fel bratha cleddyf Brython;*
*Y clêdd yn erbyn clêdd a chwery,*
*Dûr yn erbyn dûr a dery,*
*Wele faner Gwalia'i fyny,*
*Rhyddid aiff a hi!*

# ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.*

*English words by* A. P. GRAVES.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

(AR HYD Y NOS.)

*In moderate time.*
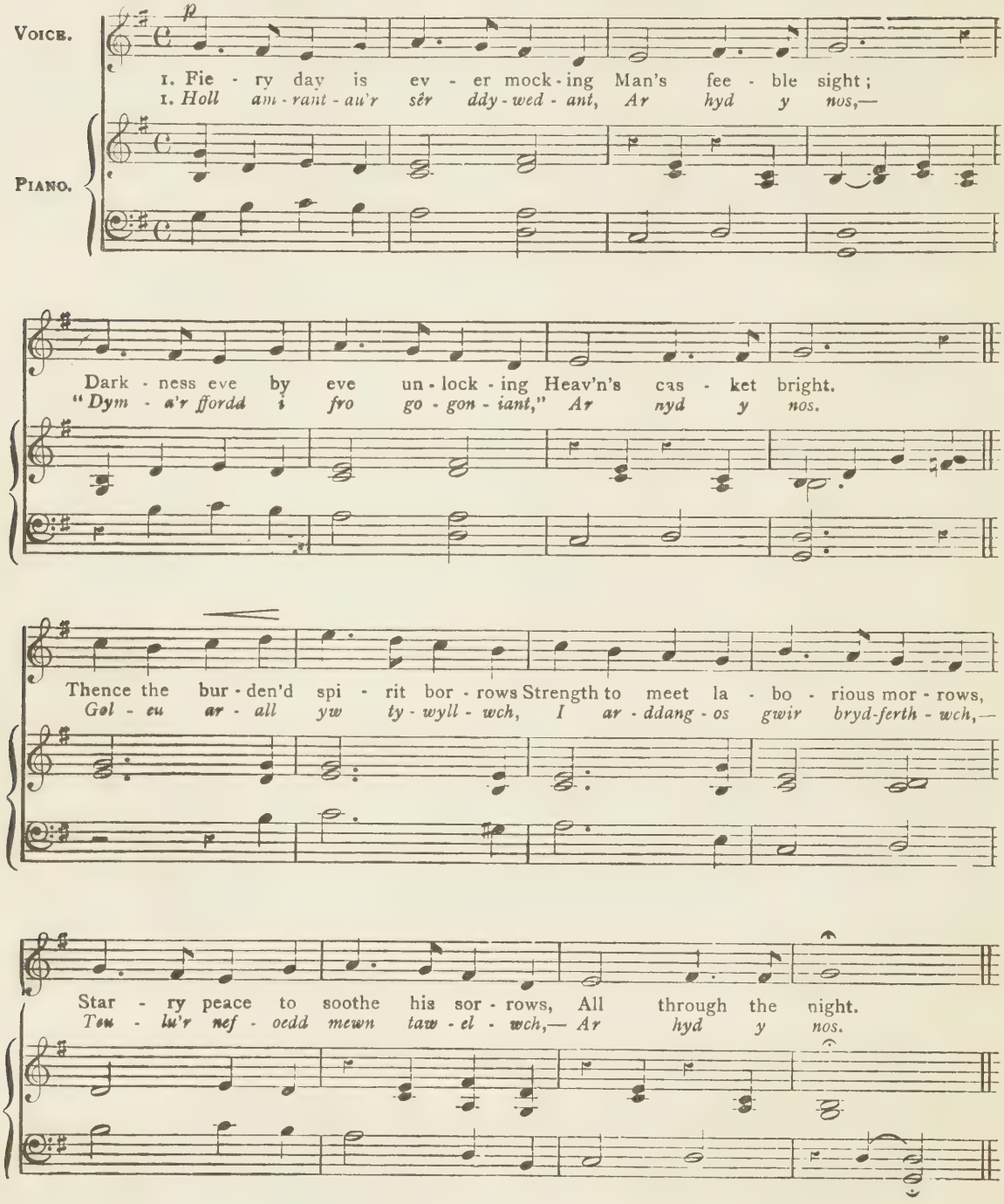
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
1. Fie - ry day is ev - er mock - ing Man's fee - ble sight;
1. Holl am - rant - au'r sêr ddy - wed - ant, Ar hyd y nos,—
Dark - ness eve by eve un - lock - ing Heav'n's cas - ket bright.
"Dym - a'r ffordd i fro go - gon - iant," Ar nyd y nos.
Thence the bur - den'd spi - rit bor - rows Strength to meet la - bo - rious mor - rows,
Gol - eu ar - all yw ty - wyll - wch, I ar - ddang - os gwir bryd-ferth - wch,—
Star - ry peace to soothe his sor - rows, All through the night.
Tew - lu'r nef - oedd mewn taw - el - wch,— Ar hyd y nos.

2.

Planet after planet sparkling,
All through the night,
Down on Earth, their sister darkling,
Shed faithful light.
In our mortal day's declining,
May our souls, as calmly shining,
Cheer the restless and repining,
Till lost in sight.

2.

*O mor siriol gwena seren,*
*Ar hyd y nos,—*
*I oleuo'i chwaerddaearen,*
*Ar hyd y nos.*
*Nos yw henaint pan ddaw cystudd,*
*Ond i harddu dŷn a'i hwyrddydd,*
*Rho'wn ein goleu gwan i'n gilydd*
*Ar hyd y nos.*

* *Known as Poor Mary Ann*

# WHITE SNOWDON.*

## (ERYRI WEN.)

*English words by* MRS. HEMANS.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.
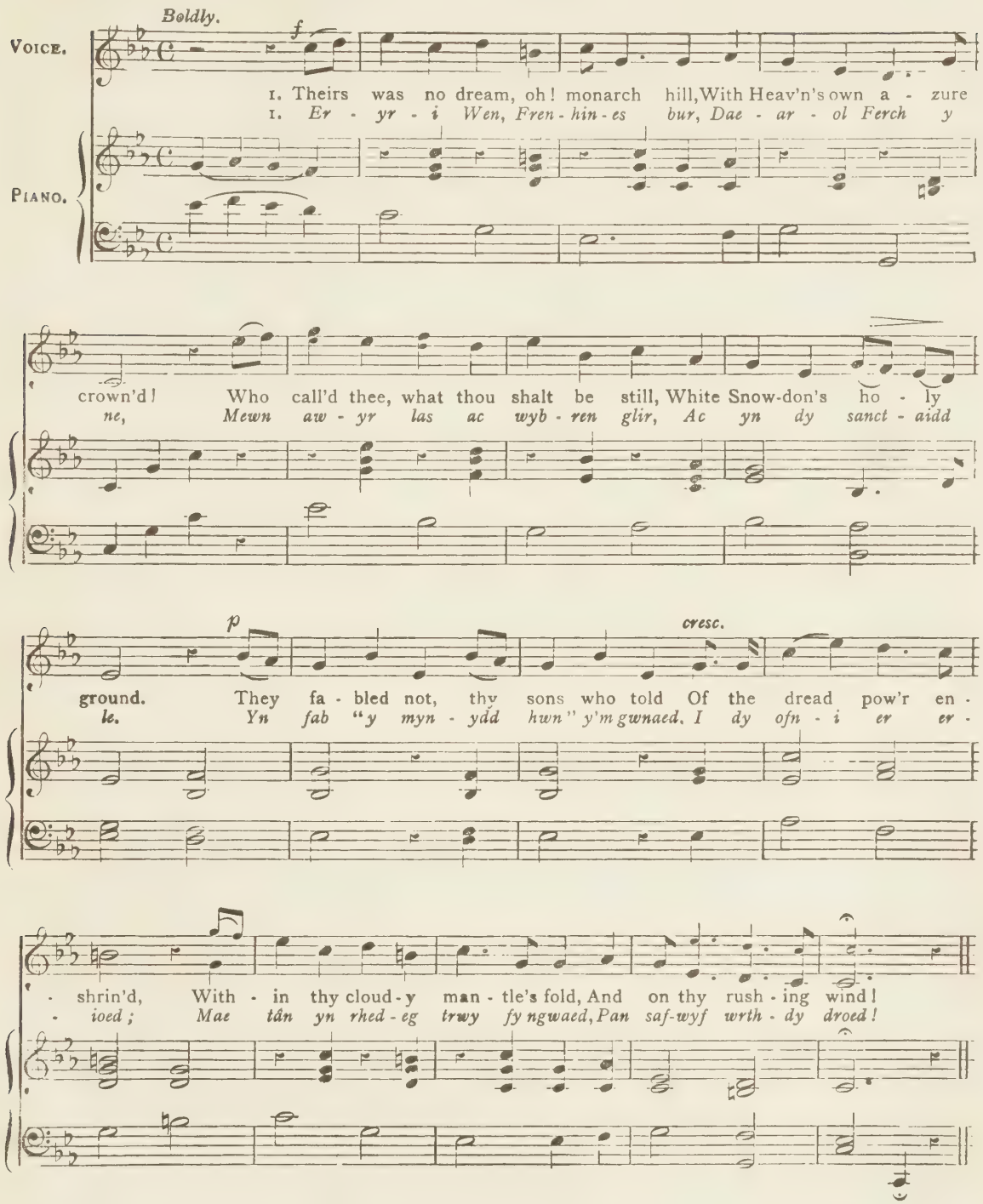
Boldly.
f
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Theirs was no dream, oh! monarch hill, With Heav'n's own a - zure
1. Er - yr - i Wen, Fren - hin - es bur, Dae - ar - ol Ferch y
crown'd! Who call'd thee, what thou shalt be still, White Snow-don's ho - ly
ne, Mewn aw - yr las ac wyb - ren glir, Ac yn dy sanct - aidd
p
cresc.
ground. They fa - bled not, thy sons who told Of the dread pow'r en -
le. Yn fab "y myn - ydd hwn" y'm gwnaed. I dy ofn - i er er -
- shrin'd, With - in thy cloud - y man - tle's fold, And on thy rush - ing wind!
- ioed; Mae tân yn rhed - eg trwy fy ngwaed, Pan saf-wyf wrth - dy droed!

2. Though from their stormy haunts of yore,
Thine eagles long have flown;
As proud a flight the soul shall soar,
Yet from thy mountain throne!
Pierce then the heav'ns, thou hill of streams!
And make the snows thy crest!
The sunlight of immortal dreams
Around thee still shall rest.

2. *O'th gylch mae cestyll cedyrn mawr,*
*Yn myn'd yn friwsion mân;*
*Oth gylch mae twrdd tymhestloedd gawr,*
*Yn rhuo'u gaeaf gân.*
*Ond dyma gastell gododd Duw,*
*Ag eira ar ei ben,*
*I Annibyniaeth Cymru fyw*
*Am byth, Eryri Wen.*

* *The Welsh had always the strongest attachment for Snowdon, which they considered sacred. Our princes had in addition to their title, that of "Lord of Snowdon."—Pennant.*

# THE MISTLETOE.

## (CNOT Y COED.)

*English words by* A. P. GRAVES.
*Welsh words by* LLEW TEGID.

*Rather quick.*

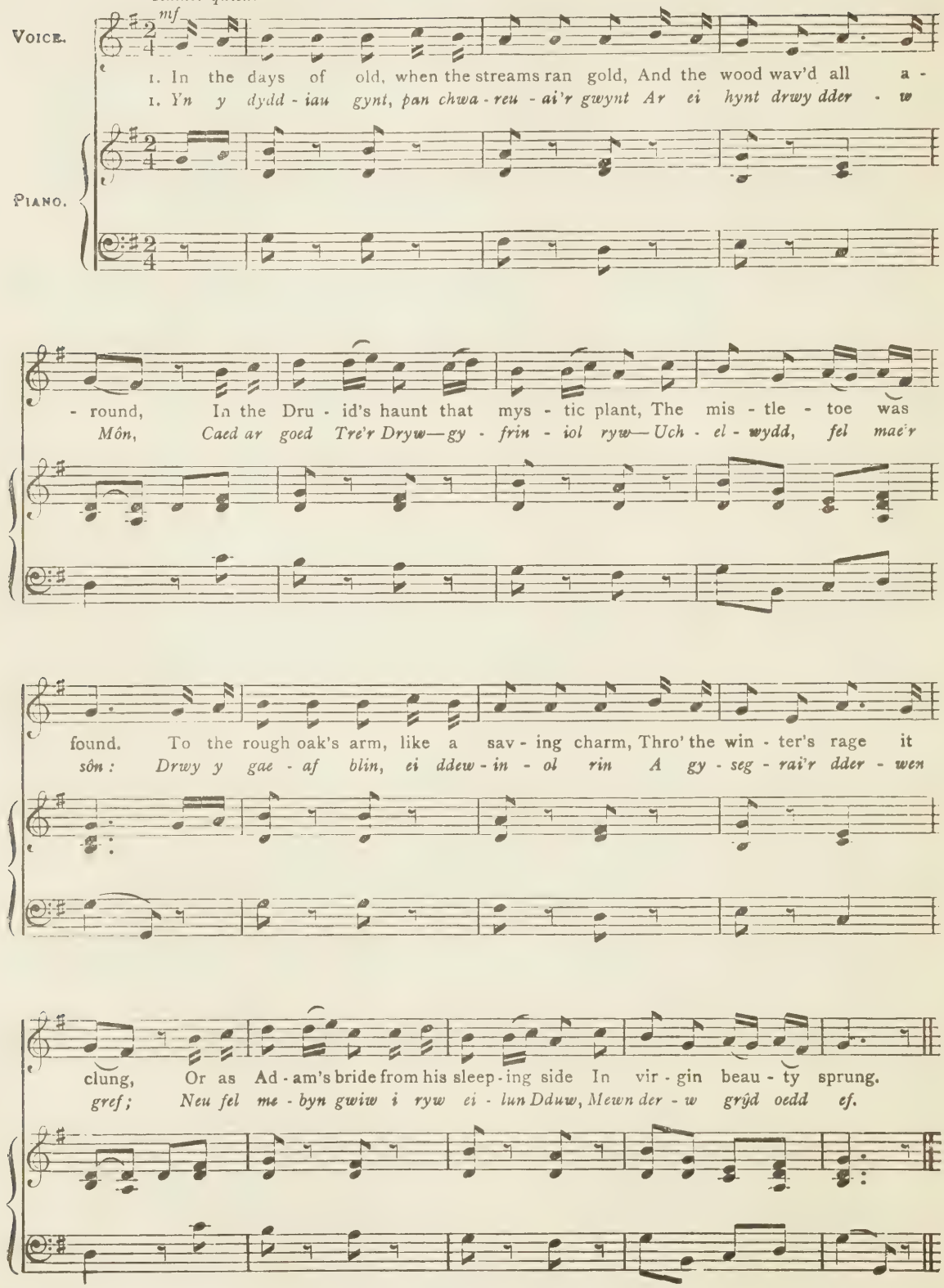
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. In the days of old, when the streams ran gold, And the wood wav'd all a -
1. Yn y dydd - iau gynt, pan chwa - reu - ai'r gwynt Ar ei hynt drwy dder - w
- round, In the Dru - id's haunt that mys - tic plant, The mis - tle - toe was
Môn, Caed ar goed Tre'r Dryw—gy - frin - iol ryw—Uch - el - wydd, fel mae'r
found. To the rough oak's arm, like a sav - ing charm, Thro' the win - ter's rage it
sôn: Drwy y gae - af blin, ei ddew - in - ol rin A gy - seg - rai'r dder - wen
clung, Or as Ad - am's bride from his sleep - ing side In vir - gin beau - ty sprung.
gref; Neu fel me - byn gwiw i ryw ei - lun Dduw, Mewn der - w grŷd oedd ef.
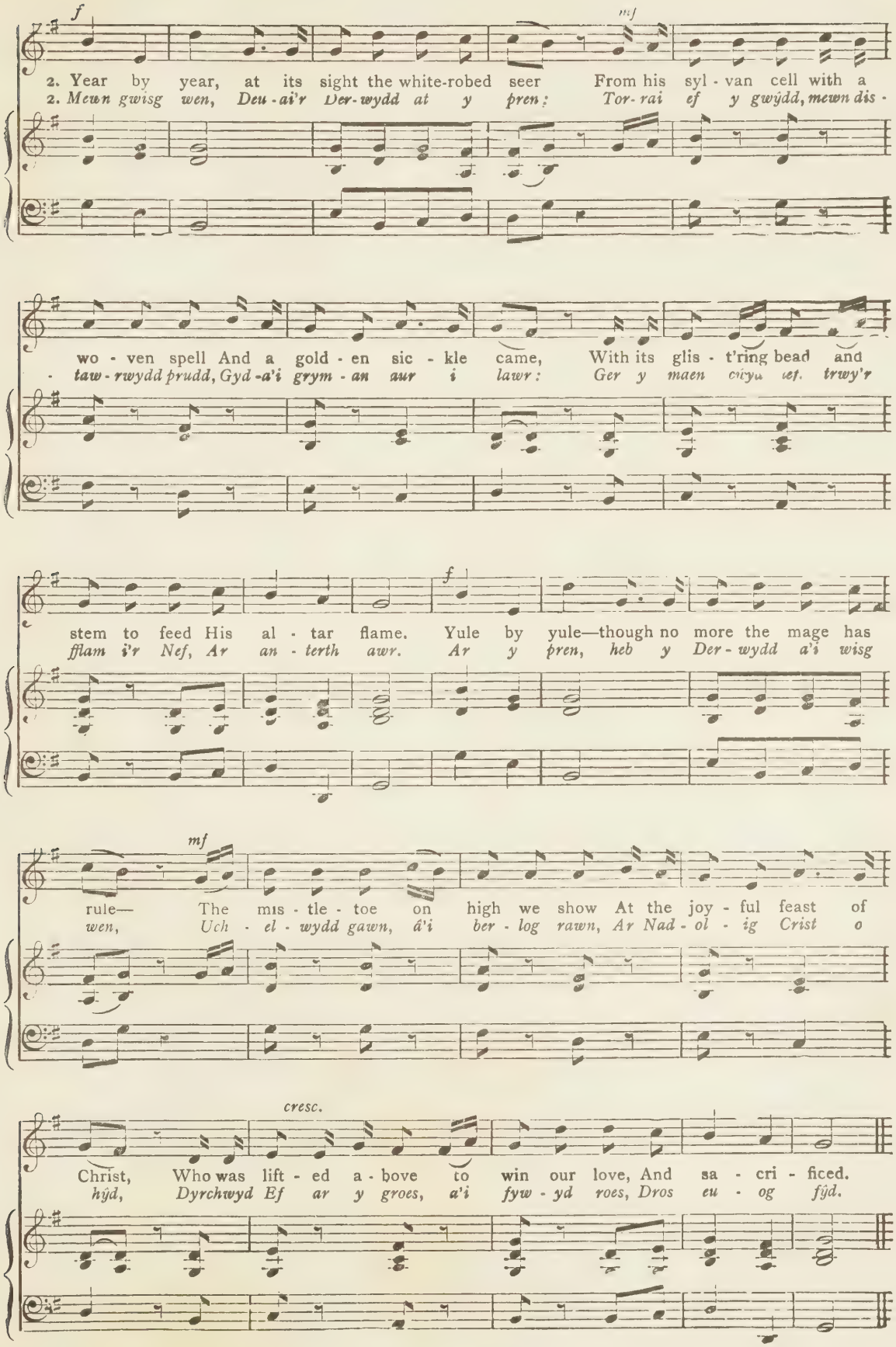
f
mf
2. Year by year, at its sight the white-robed seer From his syl - van cell with a
2. Mewn gwisg wen, Deu-ai'r Der-wydd at y pren: Tor-rai ef y gwŷdd, mewn dis -
wo - ven spell And a gold - en sic - kle came, With its glis - t'ring bead and
taw - rwydd prudd, Gyd-a'i grym - an aur i lawr: Ger y maen cwyn ef. trwy'r
stem to feed His al - tar flame. Yule by yule—though no more the mage has
fflam i'r Nef, Ar an - terth awr. Ar y pren, heb y Der - wydd a'i wisg
f
mf
rule— The mis - tle - toe on high we show At the joy - ful feast of
wen, Uch - el - wydd gawn, â'i ber - log rawn, Ar Nad - ol - ig Crist o
cresc.
Christ, Who was lift - ed a - bove to win our love, And sa - cri - ficed.
hŷd, Dyrchwyd Ef ar y groes, a'i fyw - yd roes, Dros eu - og fŷd.

# HUNTING THE HARE

*English words by* A. P. GRAVES. (HELA'R 'SGYFARNOG.)
*Welsh words by* LLEW TEGID.
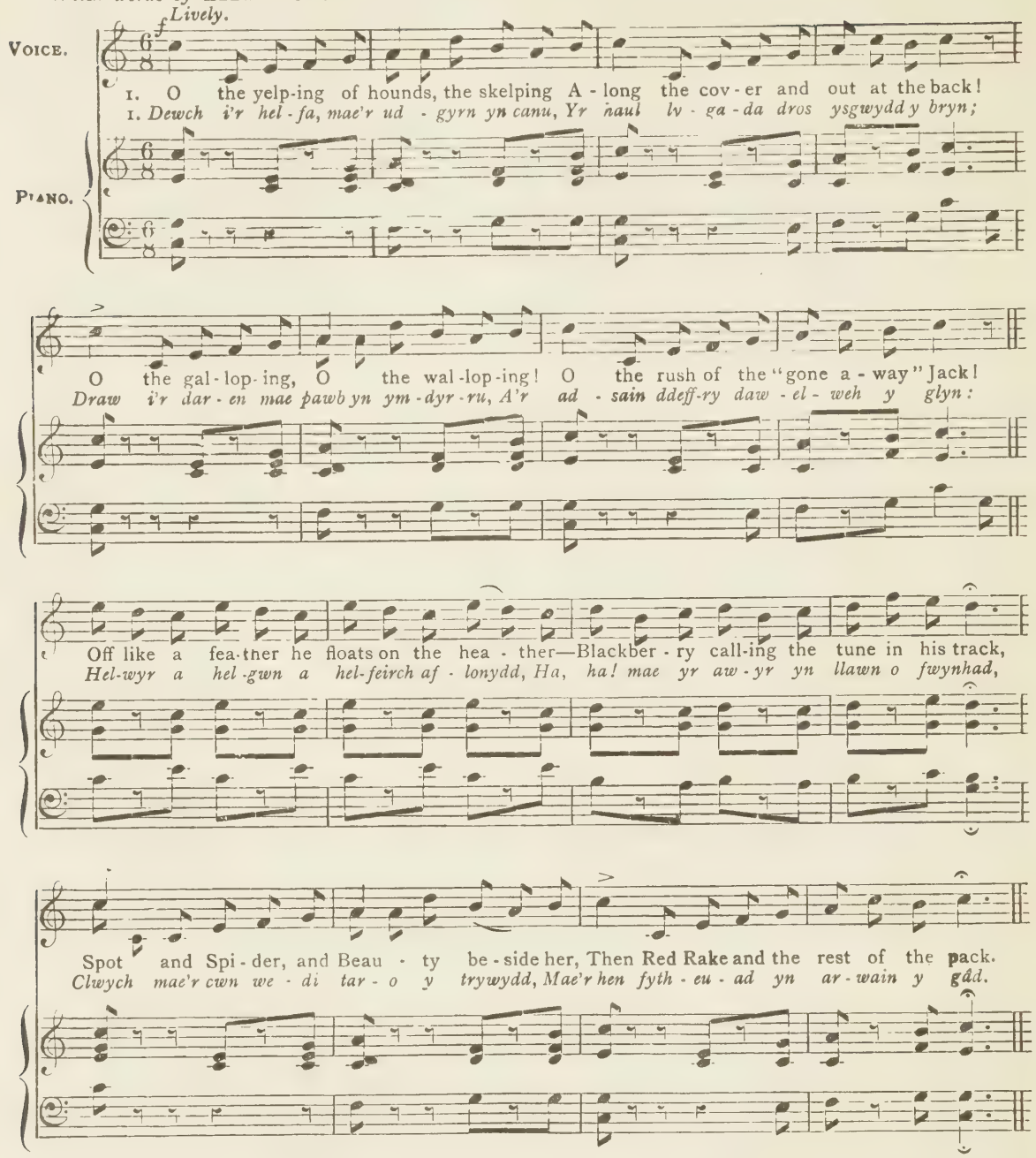
Lively.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. O the yelp-ing of hounds, the skelping A - long the cov - er and out at the back!
1. Dewch i'r hel - fa, mae'r ud - gyrn yn canu, Yr hau! lu - ga - da dros ysgwydd y bryn;
O the gal-lop-ing, O the wal-lop-ing! O the rush of the "gone a - way" Jack!
Draw i'r dar - en mae pawb yn ym - dyr - ru, A'r ad - sain ddeff-ry daw - el - weh y glyn:
Off like a fea-ther he floats on the hea - ther—Blackber - ry call-ing the tune in his track,
Hel-wyr a hel-gwn a hel-feirch af - lonydd, Ha, ha! mae yr aw - yr yn llawn o fwynhad,
Spot and Spi - der, and Beau - ty be - side her, Then Red Rake and the rest of the pack.
Clwych mae'r cwn we - di tar - o y trywydd, Mae'r hen fyth - eu - ad yn ar - wain y gâd.

2. Now they've lost him and now they're finding him,
Now he's winding 'em round by the stack!
Hark! the horn! To the height we follow 'em,
Cheer and holloa 'em for'ard or back.
Ne'er such a frisker at fate cocked a whisker,
Or bustled us brisker, than yonder old Jack.
One more double across the stubble,
And he's in trouble and tossed by the pack.

3. Bay and grey are away to the stable,
And jovial hunters the table attack;
Meat we're munching and oats they're crunching,
And pails they empty and bottles we crack!
Here's to the Master! no fairer or faster
To steady the heady or screw up the slack!
Here's to the Hunt! and our glasses a-jingle
With joy commingle—and here's to the Pack!

2. *Dacw'r gwia o blith y twmpathau,*
*Drwy'r grug a'r eithin fel awel o wynt;*
*Ffwrdd â'r helwyr fel mellt a tharanau,*
*A ffwrdd â'r helgwn yn gyflym—yn gynt:*
*Dros glawdd y mynydd fel hediad pioden,*
*A throi ar i fyny, ar aswy a de,*
*Dros y Lledwyn a thrwy Fwlch-y-fedwen,*
*A phawb yn dilyn, heb wybod i ble.*

3. *O, mor ddifyr i'r dyrfa, ar derfyn*
*Y dydd, yw cwrddyd o amgylch y bwrdd;*
*Iach awelon a gludodd i'w canlyn,*
*Mewn hoen, bob gofal a gofid i ffwrdd.*
*Prid yw i'r prydydd roi cân i'r Pencynydd,*
*A moled pob helydd y Llywydd yn llon;*
*Mawl i'r geinach mwy elo ar gynnydd,*
*Hen gamp ysblennydd, ddihenydd yw hon.*

# ON THIS DAY.

*English words by* JOHN OXENFORD.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

(DIFYRRWCH Y BRENIN.)

*In moderate time.*
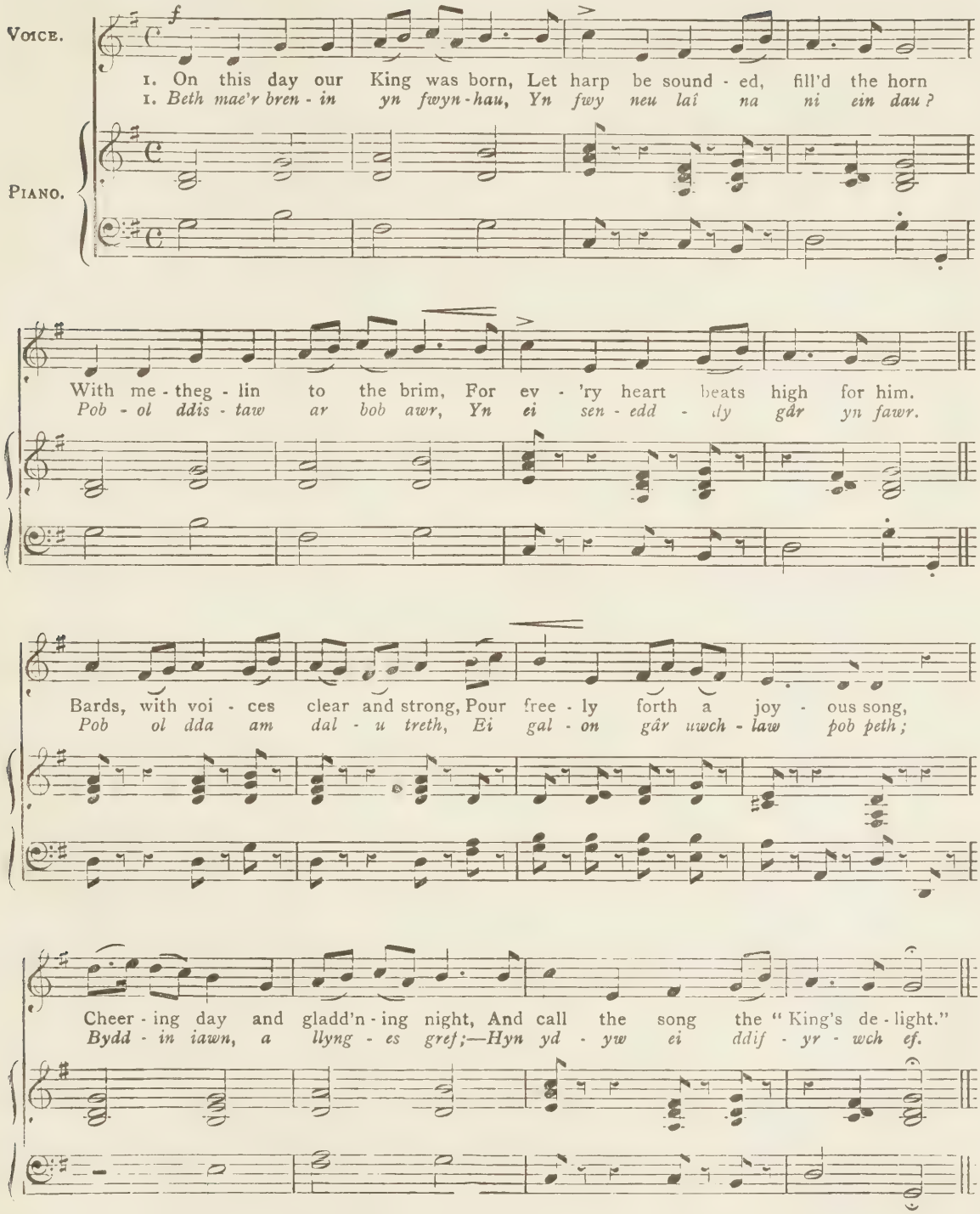
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. On this day our King was born, Let harp be sound - ed, fill'd the horn
1. Beth mae'r bren - in yn fwyn - hau, Yn fwy neu laî na ni ein dau?
With me - theg - lin to the brim, For ev - 'ry heart beats high for him.
Pob - ol ddis - taw ar bob awr, Yn ei sen - edd - dy gâr yn fawr.
Bards, with voi - ces clear and strong, Pour free - ly forth a joy - ous song,
Pob ol dda am dal - u treth, Ei gal - on gâr uwch - law pob peth;
Cheer - ing day and gladd'n - ing night, And call the song the "King's de - light."
Bydd - in iawn, a llyng - es gref;—Hyn yd - yw ei ddif - yr - wch ef.

2. For the King well pleased will be
While list'ning to the melody,
Rising from his subjects all,
In lowly cot or lofty hall.
May he live a thousand years,
And may this song salute his ears;
May his smile be ever bright,
When he has heard the "King's delight."

2. *Hoffa cerddor gân a thant,*
*Ond hoffi mêl a wna ei blant;*
*Ceidw un ei aur tra gall,*
*Ond hoffi rhoddi wna y llall.*
*Fel yr ydym ffryndiau ffri,*
*Os bodlon pawb, wel bodlon fi;*
*Caed y brenin fel pob dyn,*
*Ddifyrrwch yn ei ffordd ei hun.*

# THIS GARDEN NOW.

*English words by* A. P. Graves. (I BLAS GOGERDDAN.)*
*Welsh words by* Ceiriog Hughes.

*In moderate time.*
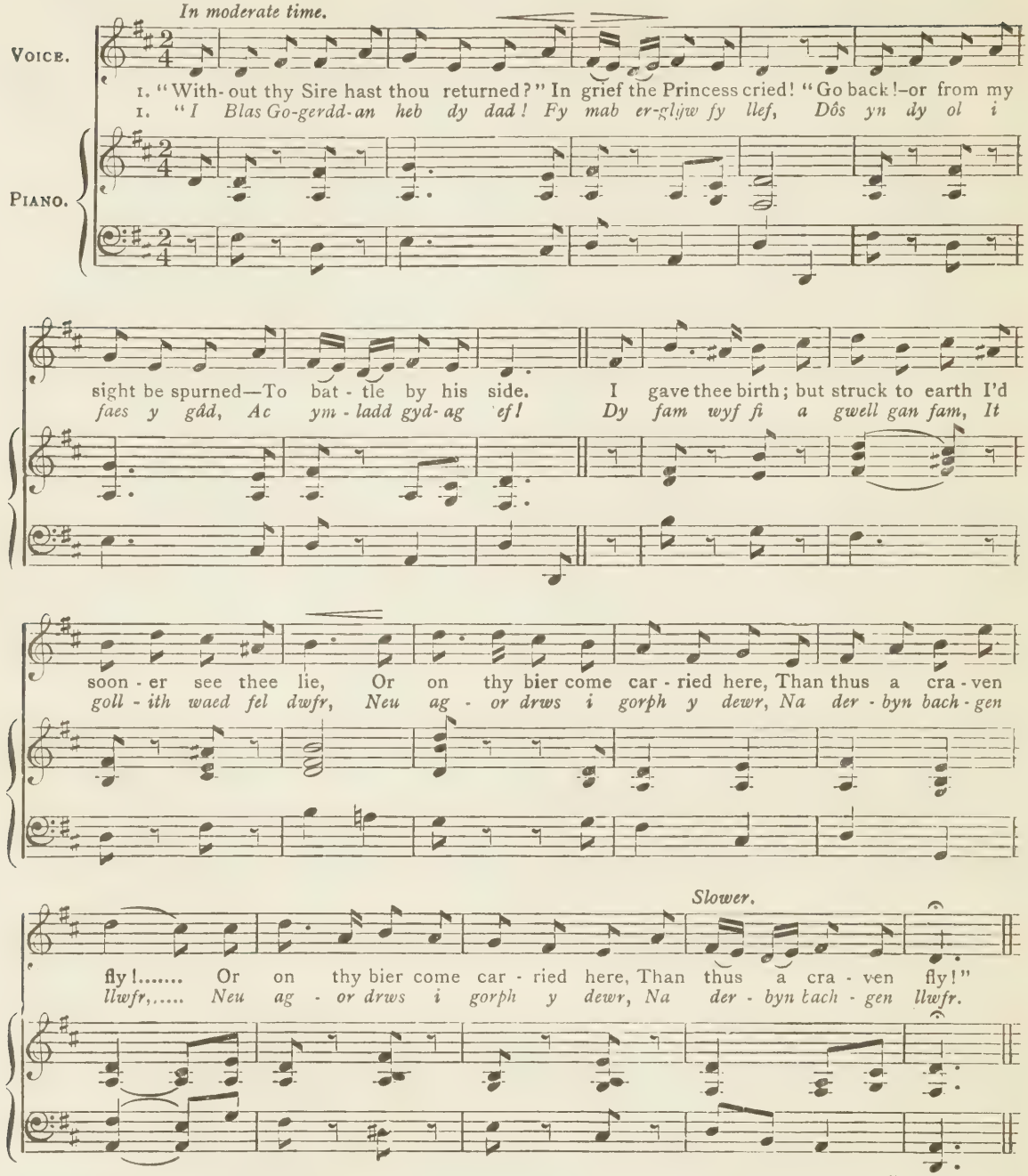
Voice.
Piano.
1. "With-out thy Sire hast thou returned?" In grief the Princess cried! "Go back!–or from my
1. "I Blas Go-gerdd-an heb dy dad! Fy mab er-glyw fy llef, Dôs yn dy ol i
sight be spurned—To bat - tle by his side. I gave thee birth; but struck to earth I'd
faes y gâd, Ac ym - ladd gyd- ag ef! Dy fam wyf fi a gwell gan fam, It
soon - er see thee lie, Or on thy bier come car - ried here, Than thus a cra - ven
goll - ith waed fel dwfr, Neu ag - or drws i gorph y dewr, Na der - byn bach - gen
Slower.
fly!..... Or on thy bier come car - ried here, Than thus a cra - ven fly!"
llwfr,..... Neu ag - or drws i gorph y dewr, Na der - byn bach - gen llwfr.

2. "Seek yonder hall and pore on all
The portraits of thy race;
The courage high that fires each eye
Canst thou endure to face?"
"I'll bring no blame on thy fair name,
Or my forefathers slight!
But kiss and bless me, mother dear,
Ere I return to fight."

3. He fought and fell—his stricken corse
They bore to her abode.
"My son!" she shrieked, in wild remorse;
"Forgive me, oh! my God!"
Then from the wall old voices fall:
"Rejoice for such a son!
His deed and thine shall deathless shine,
Whilst Gwalia's waters run!"

2. *"I'r neuadd dos ac yno gwêl*
*Arluniau'r Prysiaid pur;*
*Mae tân yn llygad llym pob un,*
*Yn goleu ar y mur."—*
*"Nid fi yw'r mab amharcha'i fam,*
*Ac enw tŷ ei dad:*
*Cusenwch fi fy mam" medd ef,*
*Ac aeth yn ol i'r gâd.*

3. *Daeth ef yn ol i dy ei fam,*
*Ond nid, ond nid yn fyw:*
*Medd hithau, "O fy mab! fy mab!*
*O maddeu im O Dduw!"*
*Ar hyn atebai llais o'r mur:—*
*"Trwy Gymru tra rhêd dwfr,*
*Mil gwell yw marw'n fachgen dewr,*
*Na byw yn fachgen llwfr!"*

* *"Gogerddan" is an ancient mansion near Aberystwith, and the residence of Sir Pryse Pryse, Baronet.*

# SHE MUST BE MINE.

(PE CAWN I HON.)

*English words by* A. P. GRAVES.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

*Moderately quick.*

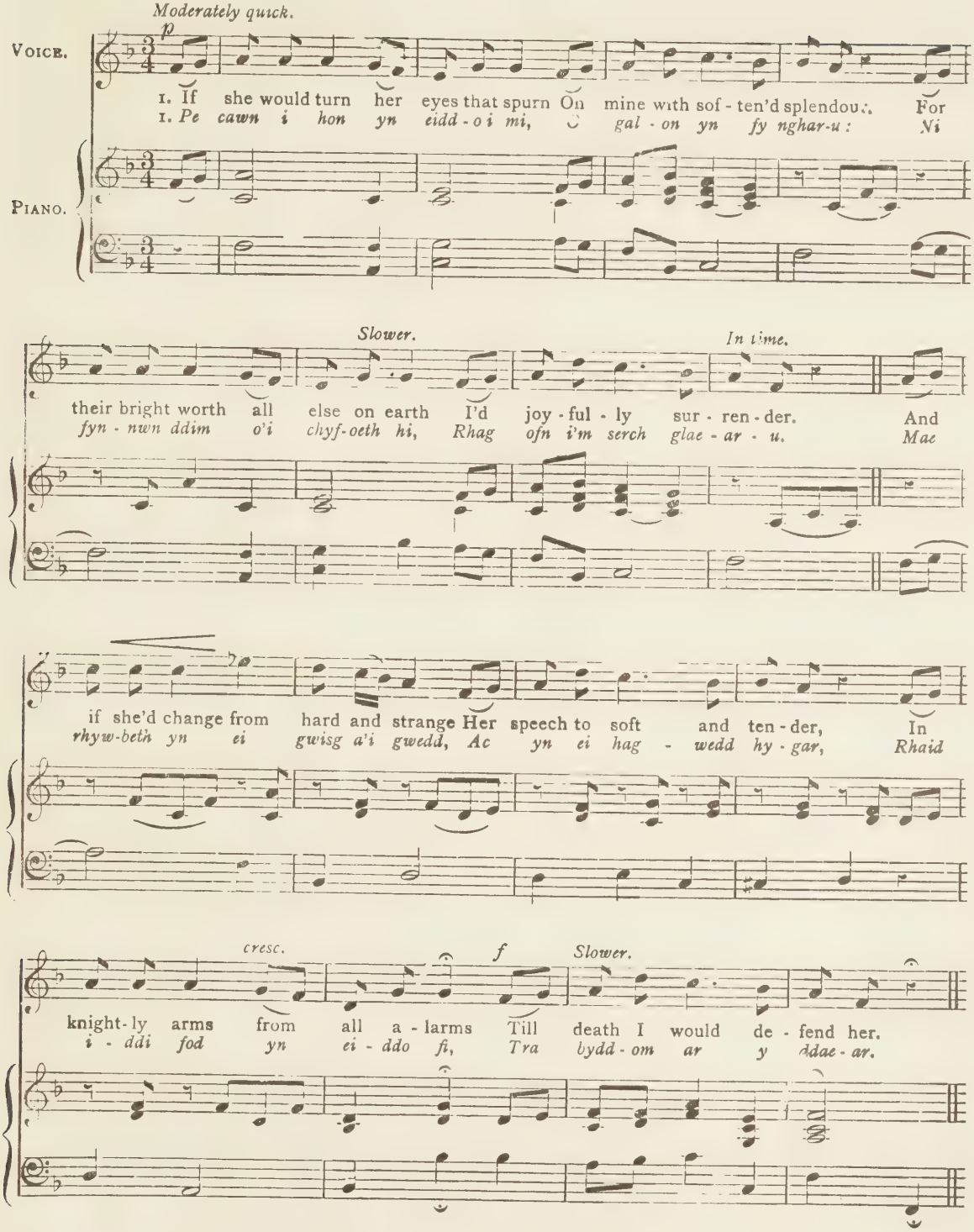
p
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. If she would turn her eyes that spurn On mine with sof - ten'd splendour, For
1. Pe cawn i hon yn eidd - o i mi, Gal - on yn fy nghar-u: Ni
Slower.
In time.
their bright worth all else on earth I'd joy - ful - ly sur - ren - der. And
fyn - nwn ddim o'i chyf-oeth hi, Rhag ofn i'm serch glae - ar - u. Mae
if she'd change from hard and strange Her speech to soft and ten - der, In
rhyw-beth yn ei gwisg a'i gwedd, Ac yn ei hag - wedd hy - gar, Rhaid
cresc.
f
Slower.
knight-ly arms from all a - larms Till death I would de - fend her.
i - ddi fod yn ei - ddo fi, Tra bydd - om ar y ddae - ar.

2. Whatever task her love should ask
To yield her joy and honour
I'd undertake for her dear sake,
Since I so dote upon her.
If she were mine, glad spring would shine,
Dark winter in the dust be!
Were she mine own—yet mine alone
She will and shall and must be!

2. *Pe cawn i hon yn eiddo i mi,*
*O! fel gwnawn ei mynwesu,*
*Mae dweud ei henw ar hin oer,*
*Yn gwneud im corff gynesu.*
*Ond pe bai hi yn eiddo i mi,*
*Ai serch yn dal yn glaear,*
*Ni fynnwn i mohoni hi,*
*Ar gyfrif ar y ddaear!*

# ADIEU TO DEAR CAMBRIA.

(LLANDYFRI.)*

*English words by* A. P. GRAVES.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.
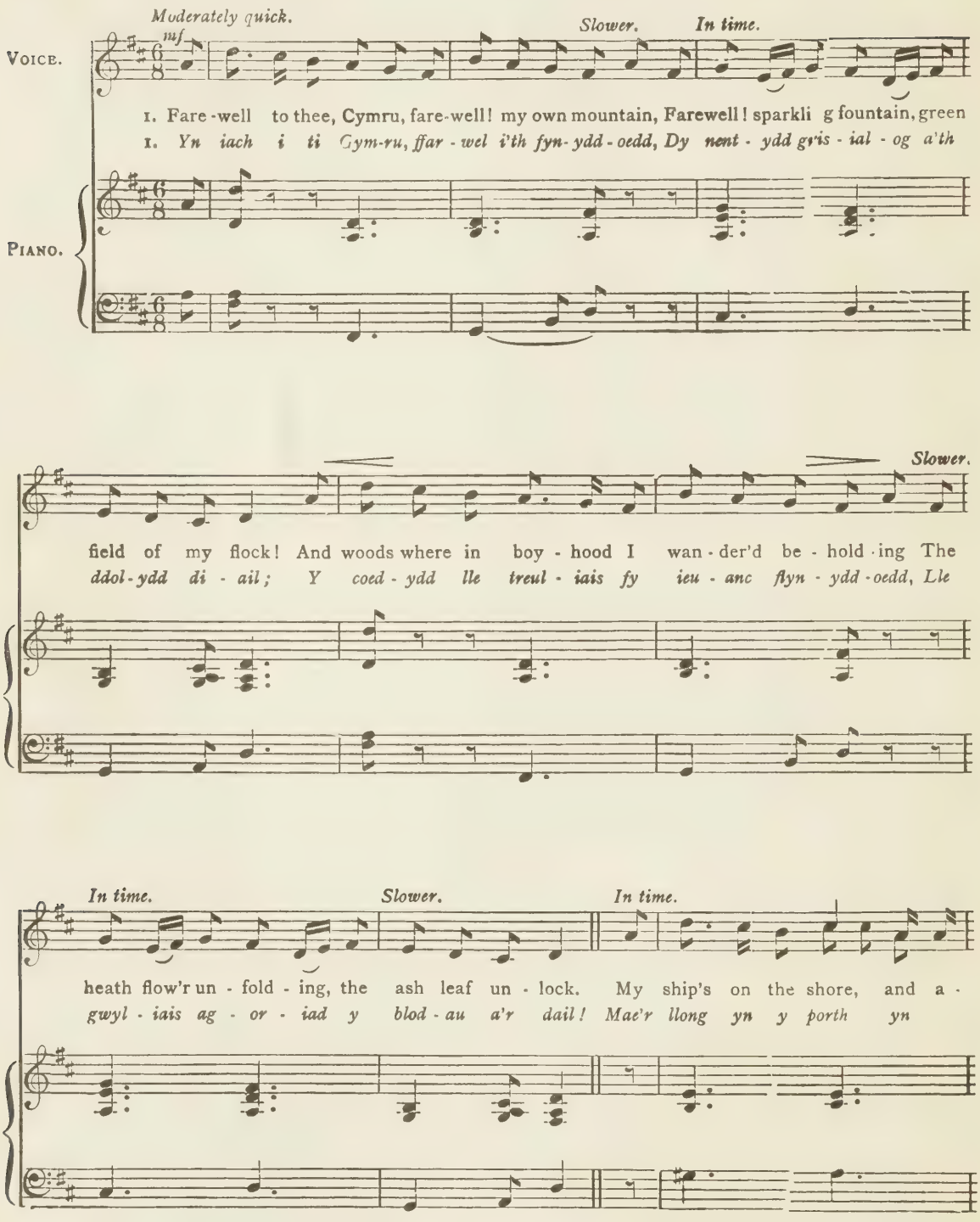
Moderately quick.
mf
Slower.
In time.
Voice.
Piano.
1. Fare-well to thee, Cymru, fare-well! my own mountain, Farewell! sparkli g fountain, green
1. Yn iach i ti Gym-ru, ffar-wel i'th fyn-ydd-oedd, Dy nent-ydd gris-ial-og a'th
Slower.
field of my flock! And woods where in boy-hood I wan-der'd be-hold-ing The
ddol-ydd di-ail; Y coed-ydd lle treul-iais fy ieu-anc flyn-ydd-oedd, Lle
In time.
Slower.
In time.
heath flow'r un-fold-ing, the ash leaf un-lock. My ship's on the shore, and a-
gwyl-iais ag-or-iad y blod-au a'r dail! Mae'r llong yn y porth yn

* Llandyfri—*(Vale of Towy, South Wales)—celebrated as the residence of "The Good Vicar Pritchard," who wrote a religious work known all through Wales as* "The Welshman's Candle."—*Died* 1644.
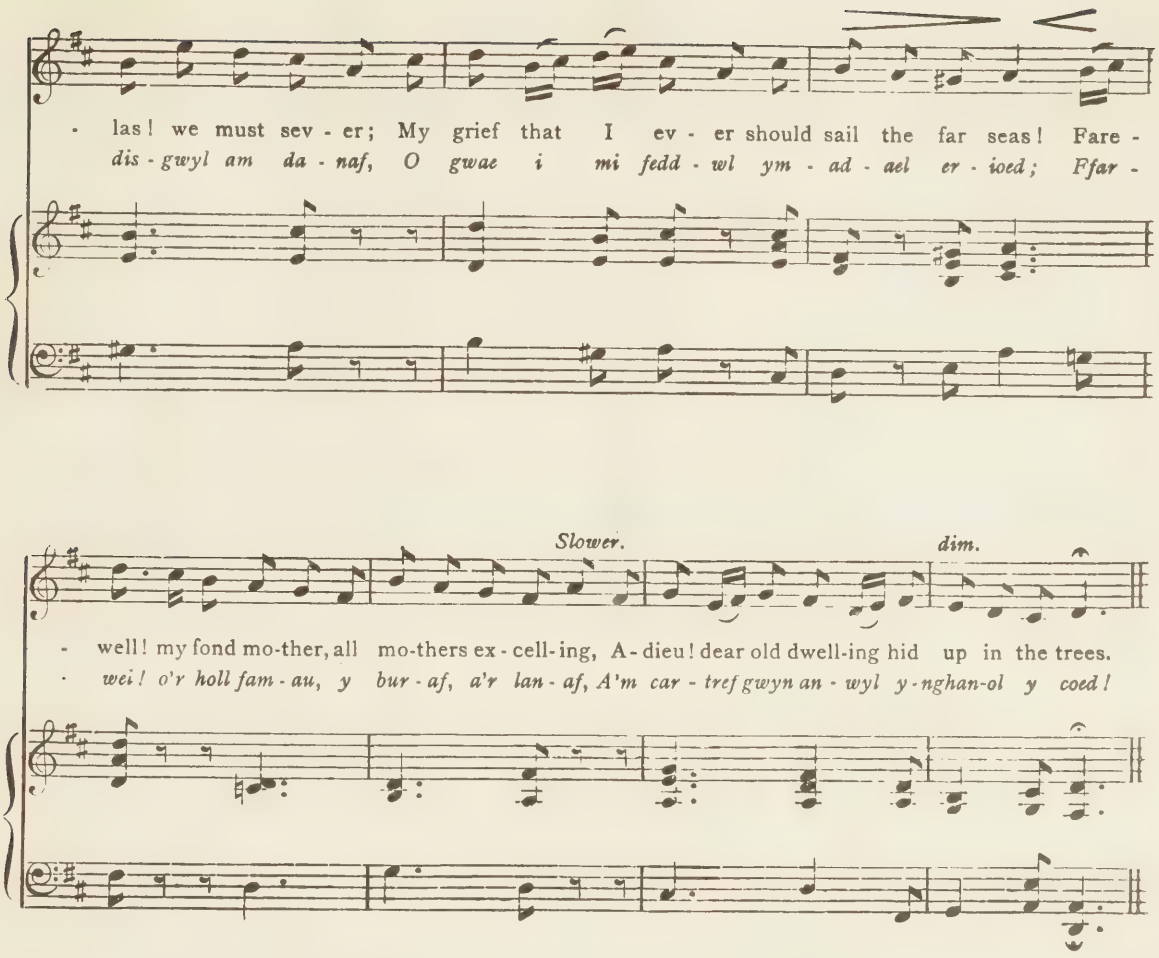
las! we must sev - er; My grief that I ev - er should sail the far seas! Fare -
dis - gwyl am da - naf, O gwae i mi fedd - wl ym - ad - ael er - ioed; Ffar -
Slower.
dim.
well! my fond mo-ther, all mo-thers ex - cell-ing, A - dieu! dear old dwell-ing hid up in the trees.
wei! o'r holl fam - au, y bur - af, a'r lan - af, A'm car - tref gwyn an - wyl y - nghan-ol y coed!

2.

In hoar ocean's ear how our brook seems to whisper:
"O say shall he prosper; safe home shall he fleet?
With hands full or empty there shall he stand knocking,
Till dear ones come flocking their exile to greet."
Then let Cymru's breezes, fresh caught from the billow,
Again lull my pillow, again light my cheek;
Until for the long rest I'm ready, I'm ready!
And with my tired body her bosom I seek.

2.

*Fy nwylaw ddychwelant yn llawn neu yn weigion*
*I agor drws anwyl fy nghartref gwyn draw:*
*Mae'r afon yn sisial yn nghlust yr hen eigion,*
*Gan ofyn pa ddiwrnod yn ol a fi ddaw!*
*O! am dy hen awyr i wrido fy ngruddiau,*
*A'm hwian fel plentyn i hûno mewn hêdd;*
*A phan y gadawaf hên fŷd y cystuddiau,*
*Rhwng muriau'r hên fynwent O torrwch fy méda*

# THE BLACK MONK.*

(Y MYNACH DU.)

*English words by* A. P. GRAVES.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

*In moderate time.*

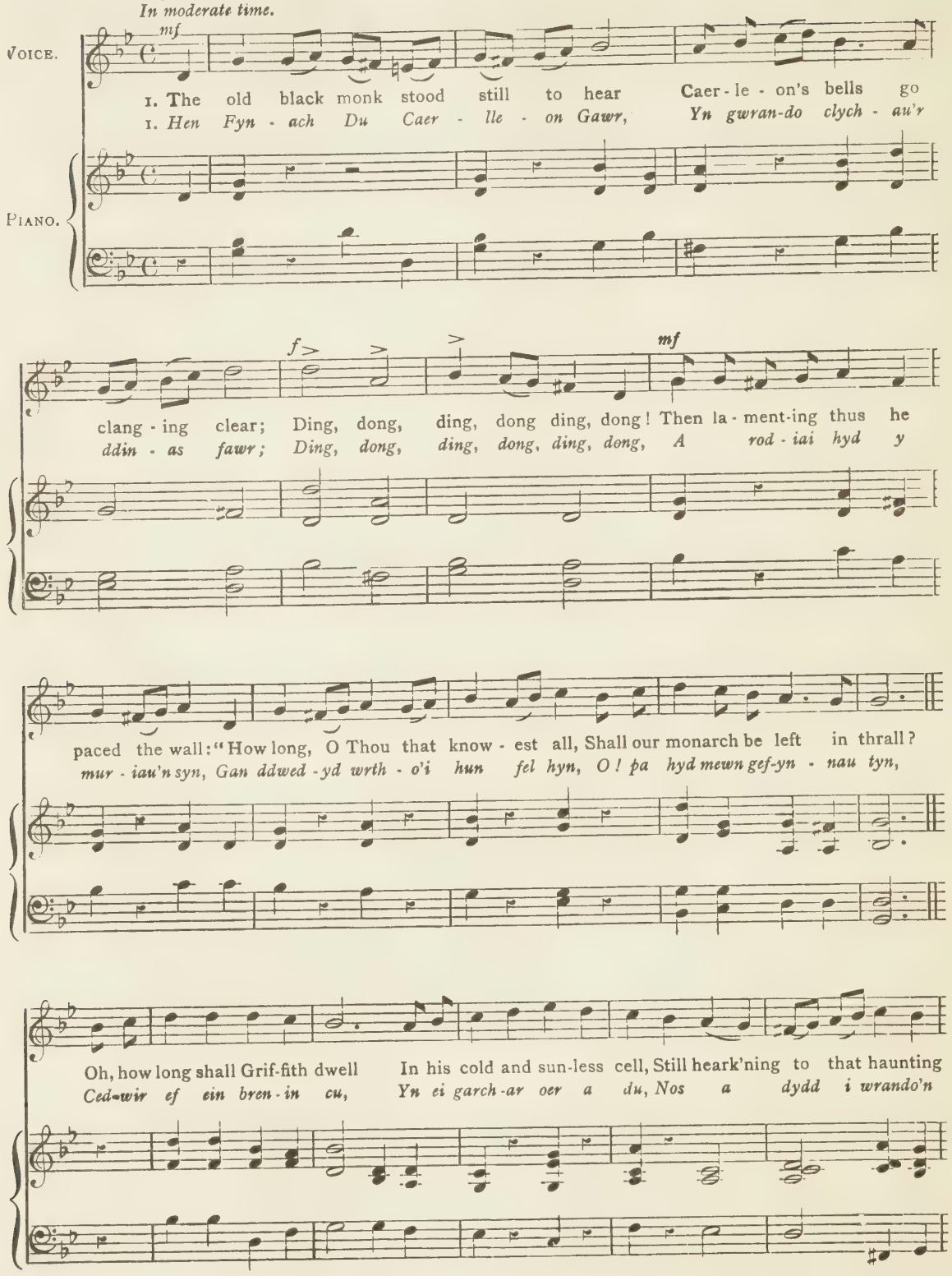
mf
VOICE.
1. The old black monk stood still to hear Caer - le - on's bells go
1. Hen Fyn - ach Du Caer - lle - on Gawr, Yn gwran-do clych - au'r
PIANO.
f
mf
clang - ing clear; Ding, dong, ding, dong ding, dong! Then la - ment-ing thus he
ddin - as fawr; Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, A rod - iai hyd y
paced the wall: "How long, O Thou that know - est all, Shall our monarch be left in thrall?
mur - iau'n syn, Gan ddwed - yd wrth - o'i hun fel hyn, O! pa hyd mewn gef-yn - nau tyn,
Oh, how long shall Grif-fith dwell In his cold and sun-less cell, Still heark'ning to that haunting
Ced-wir ef ein bren - in cu, Yn ei garch - ar oer a du, Nos a dydd i wrando'n

* *Griffith ap Cynan for a period of twelve years was kept in captivity in the City of Chester. In 1092 he was rescued by Kenvrig Haer, who deceived his keepers, and carried his King, though loaded with chains, over the Dee into Wales.*
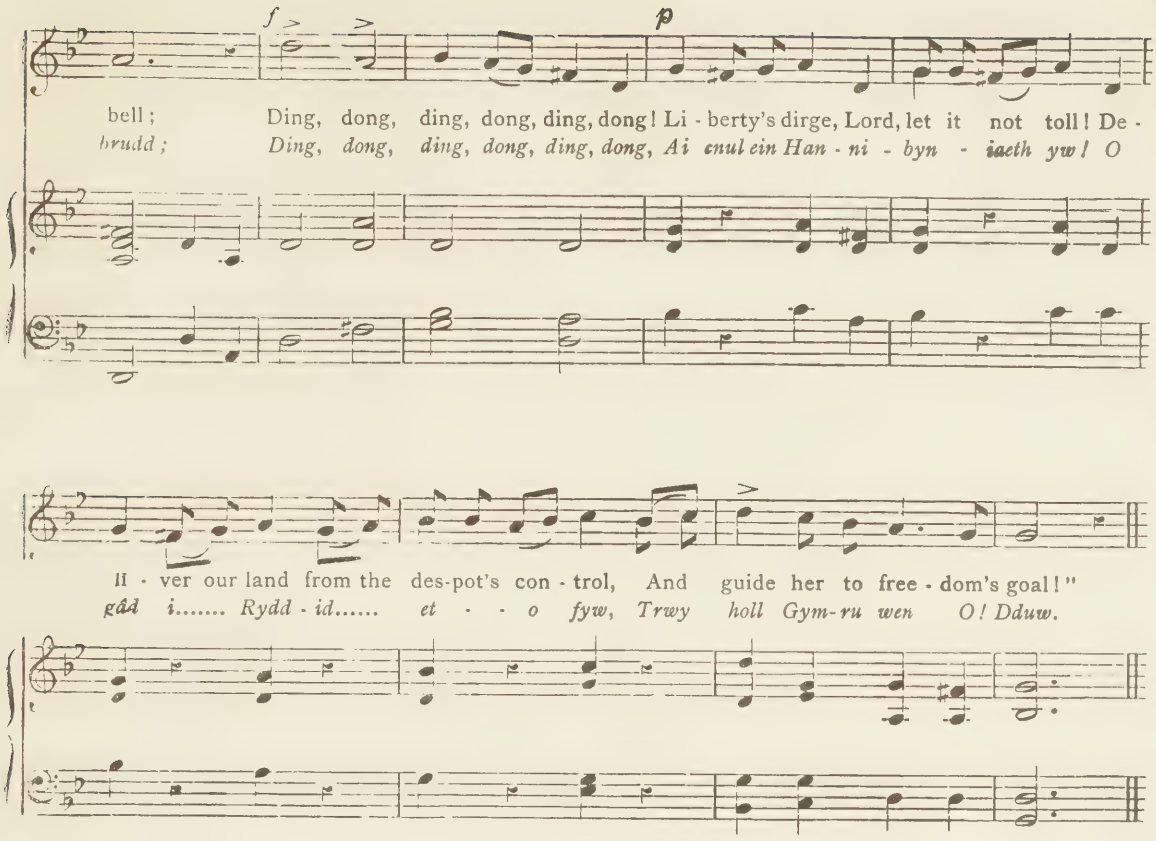
bell ; Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong! Li - berty's dirge, Lord, let it not toll! De -
brudd ; Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, Ai cnul ein Han - ni - byn - iaeth yw! O
li - ver our land from the des-pot's con - trol, And guide her to free - dom's goal!"
gâd i..... Rydd - id..... et - - o fyw, Trwy holl Gym-ru wen O! Dduw.

2.

'Tis ages since, with eyes tear-blurred,
Caerleon's monk stood still and heard;
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong!
Yet, over Deva dimly tolled,
Caerleon's bells to Arfon rolled
Waken memories manifold.
On the breeze aloud they cry,
On the breeze, bewailing, die,
Voiceful of eternity.
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong!
Now they lament not for captive kings,
For over white Wales on her eagle wings
Up to heaven our young Freedom springs!

2.

*Mae llawer tro ar fyd er hyn*
*Er pan glywai'r mynach syn,*
*Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,*
*Ar lannau'r Ddyfrdwy ar bob pryd,*
*O ddydd i ddydd hyd ddiwedd byd,*
*Y mae'r clychau'n fyw o hyd.*
*Hyd y muriau megis cynt,*
*Yn cydgwynfan gyda'r gwynt,*
*Yn ein clyw su oesol yw;*
*Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.*
*'Does neb am frenin heddyw'n brudd,*
*Ond fel yr hedydd doriad dydd,*
*Y mae holl Gymru wen yn rhydd.*

# IN THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.

(YN NYFFRYN LLANGOLLEN.)

*English words by* A. P. GRAVES.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

*Gracefully.*
*mp*

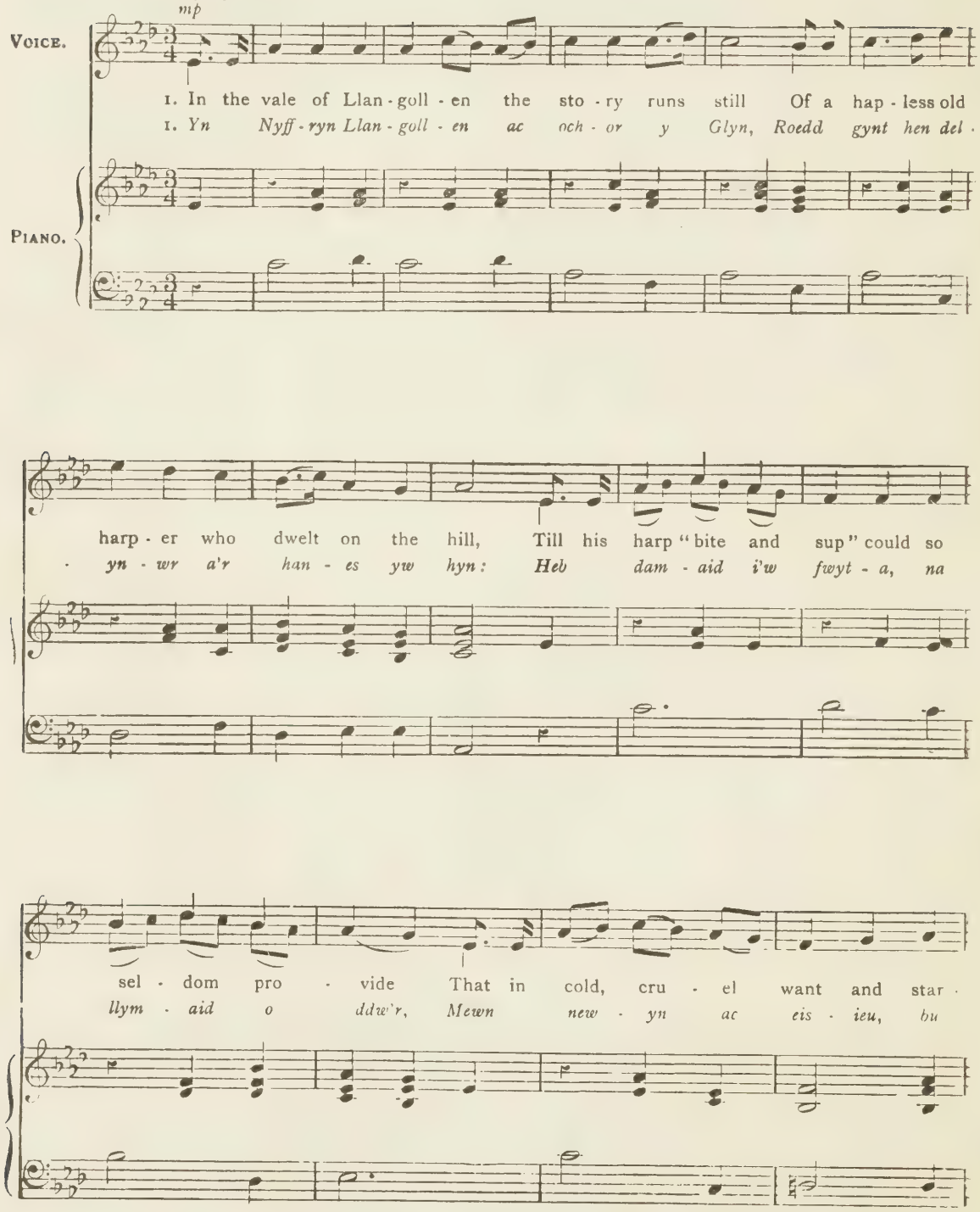
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. In the vale of Llan-goll-en the sto-ry runs still Of a hap-less old
1. Yn Nyff-ryn Llan-goll-en ac och-or y Glyn, Roedd gynt hen del-
harp-er who dwelt on the hill, Till his harp "bite and sup" could so
yn-wr a'r han-es yw hyn: Heb dam-aid i'w fwyt-a, na
sel-dom pro-vide That in cold, cru-el want and star-
llym-aid o ddw'r, Mewn new-yn ac eis-ieu, bu
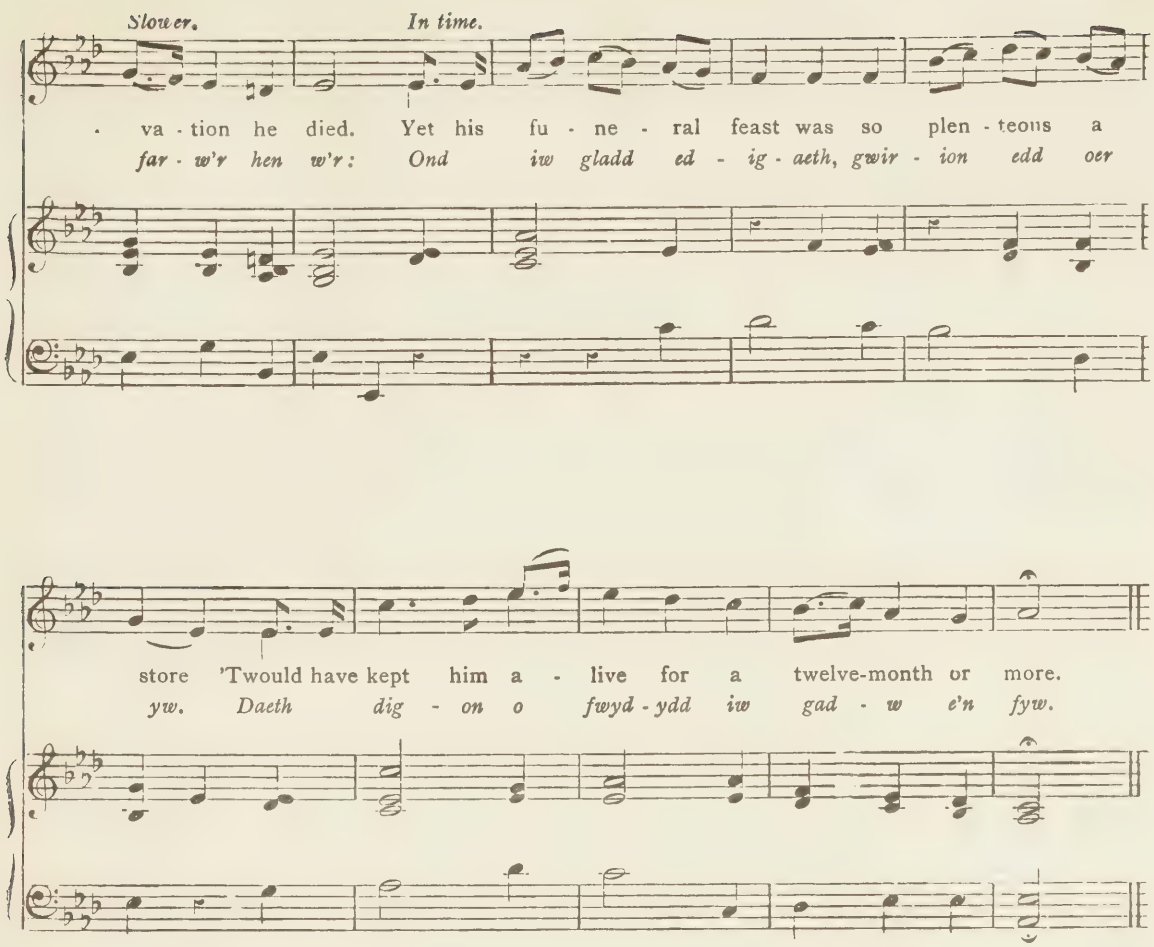
Slower. In time.
va - tion he died. Yet his fu - ne - ral feast was so plen - teous a
far - w'r hen w'r: Ond iw gladd ed - ig - aeth, gwir - ion edd oer
store 'Twould have kept him a - live for a twelve-month or more.
yw. Daeth dig - on o fwyd - ydd iw gad - w e'n fyw.

1.

His slighted harp vanished, yet oft, 'tis averred,
On Glyn's mountain height its lone music is heard.
The Marsh Goblin flashes his torch on the strings,
As their old master strikes them and mournfully sings:
"To God's famished poor carry comfort and cheer,
If the harps of His angels you ever would hear!"

2.

*Ni welwyd mo'i delyn fyth fyth wedi hyn;*
*Ond clywir hi'n fynych ar Fynydd y Glyn,*
*Ym mysg y bwganod ran amlaf y bydd,*
*Mewn brwyn ac mewn corsydd yn cwynfan yn brudd:*
*"Os cnawd eto wisgwn ym myd dynol rŷw,*
*Rhoddwn damaid i'n gilydd tra byddom ni byw."*

# LET NOW THE HARP.

(PANT CORLAN YR WYN.)

*English words by* WALTER MAYNARD.
*Welsh words by* J. THOMAS (IEUAN DDU).
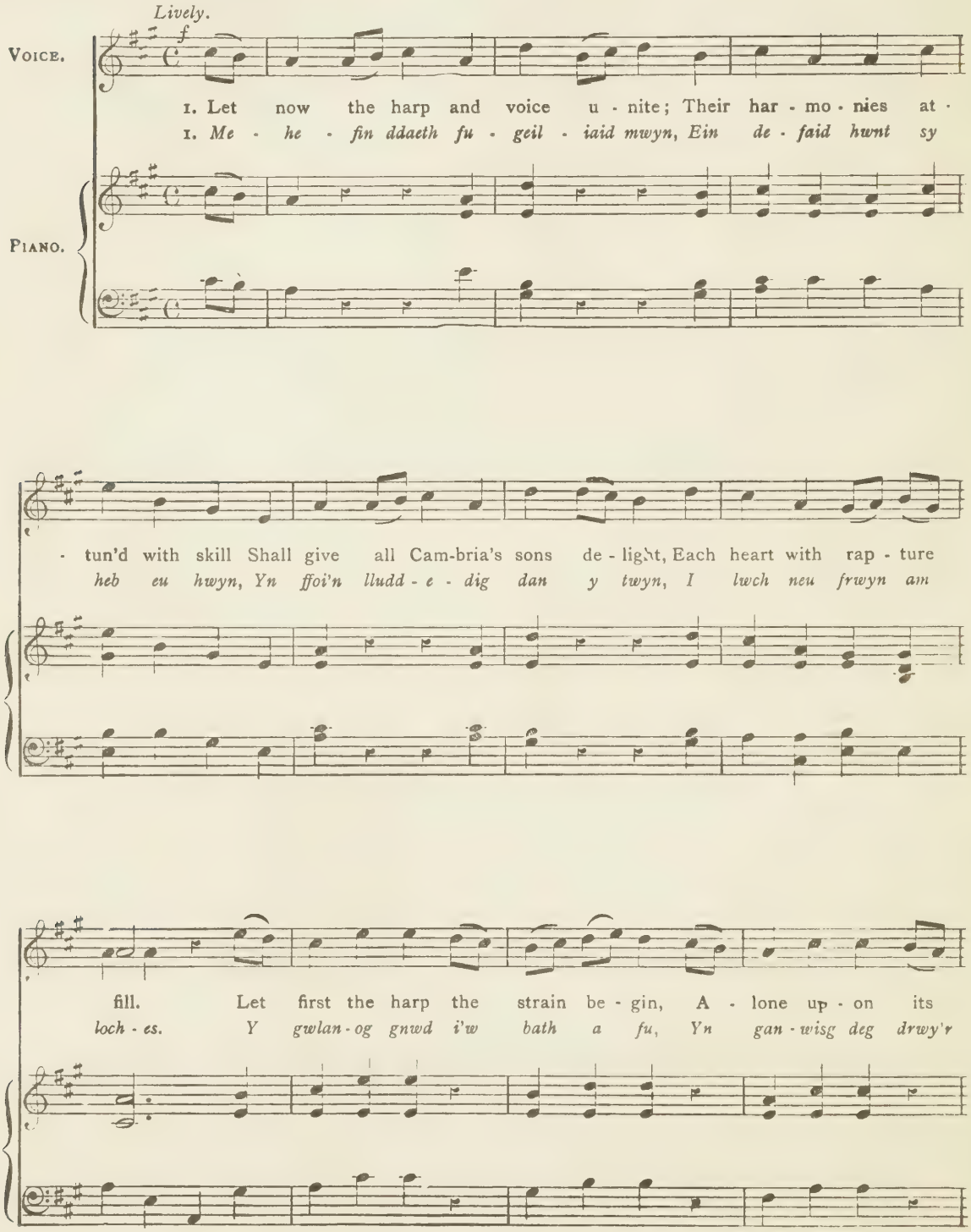
Lively.
f
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Let now the harp and voice u - nite; Their har - mo - nies at -
1. Me - he - fin ddaeth fu - geil - iaid mwyn, Ein de - faid hwnt sy
- tun'd with skill Shall give all Cam-bria's sons de - light, Each heart with rap - ture
heb eu hwyn, Yn ffoi'n lludd - e - dig dan y twyn, I lwch neu frwyn am
fill. Let first the harp the strain be - gin, A - lone up - on its
loch - es. Y gwlan - og gnwd i'w bath a fu, Yn gan - wisg deg drwy'r
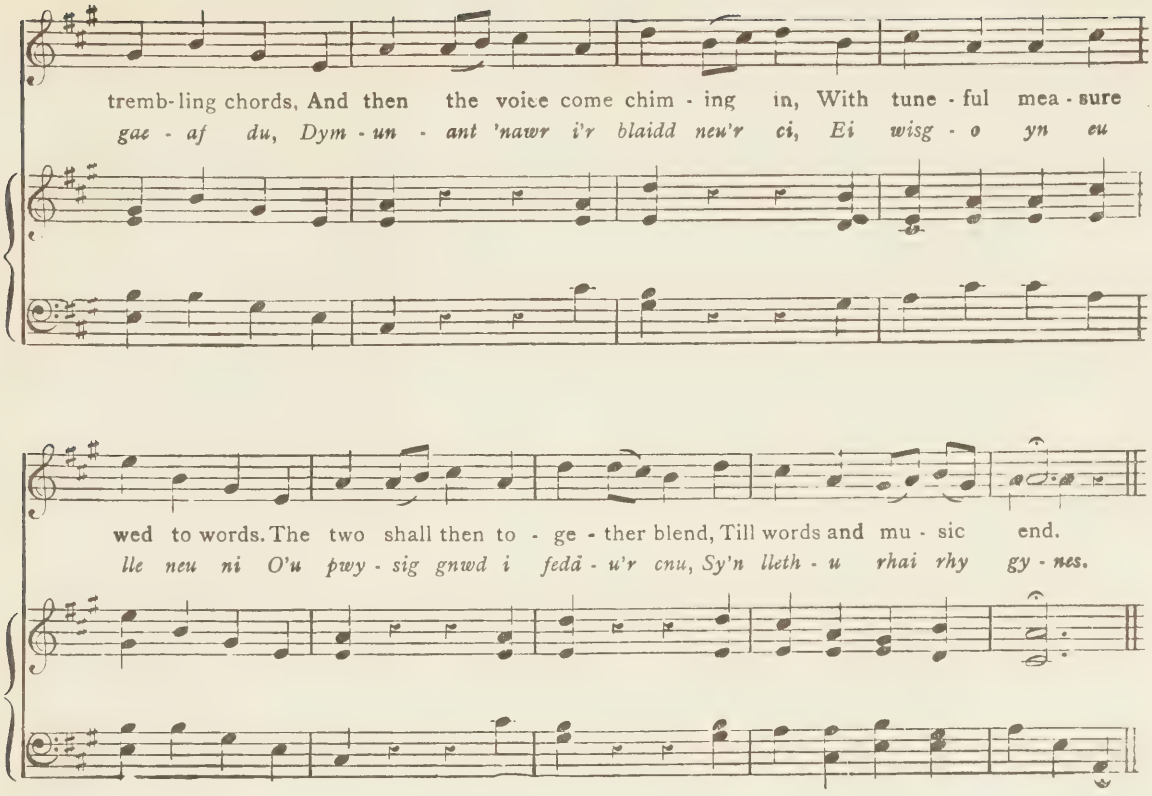
tremb-ling chords, And then the voice come chim - ing in, With tune - ful mea - sure
gae - af du, Dym - un - ant 'nawr i'r blaidd neu'r ci, Ei wisg - o yn eu
wed to words. The two shall then to - ge - ther blend, Till words and mu - sic end.
lle neu ni O'u pwy - sig gnwd i fedă - u'r cnu, Sy'n lleth - u rhai rhy gy - nes.

2.

Where'er the harp and voice are heard,
Their noblest song shall ever be;
Each cheering note and thrilling word
In praise, dear land, of thee.
The harp thy spirit doth inspire,
Whatever hand may sweep the strings
The voice may in thy cause aspire
To stir the heart whoever sings;
And thus their noblest song shall be
In praise, dear land, of thee.

2.

*O'r weirfa gul, a'r darren lom,*
*Yr oenig drown, a'r ddafad drom,*
*Yn siw cânt fyn'd, er maint y siom,*
*Lle gwelom nesaf geulan,*
*Dan honno heb wneud iddi gam,*
*Mor wyn a'r oen, ni wnawn ei fam,*
*A gwedy'i channu, heb ddweud paun*
*Ei gwisg a gneifiwn, ac heb nam,*
*Am ei gwiriondeb a ar lam,*
*Ei dinam ryddid yngan.*

3.

*I wirion digon hyn o wae;—*
*Ond eto cyn y troedia gae,*
*I fyrdd o'i rhyw yn aros mæe,*
*Oer rwymau er ei hannel;*
*Ond caethion fyddant ond dros ddydd*
*I brofi gwerth eu rhodiad rhydd;*
*A phan giniaw-wn dan y gwydd,*
*Ein gobaith fo mai felly bydd,*
*O'r braw wnai fugail hoff yn brudd*
*Cyn d'wedydd i ymadel.*

# VENTURE, GWEN.

## (THE STARS IN HEAVEN ARE BRIGHT.)

(MENTRA, GWEN.)

*English words by* A. P. GRAVES.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

*In moderate time.*
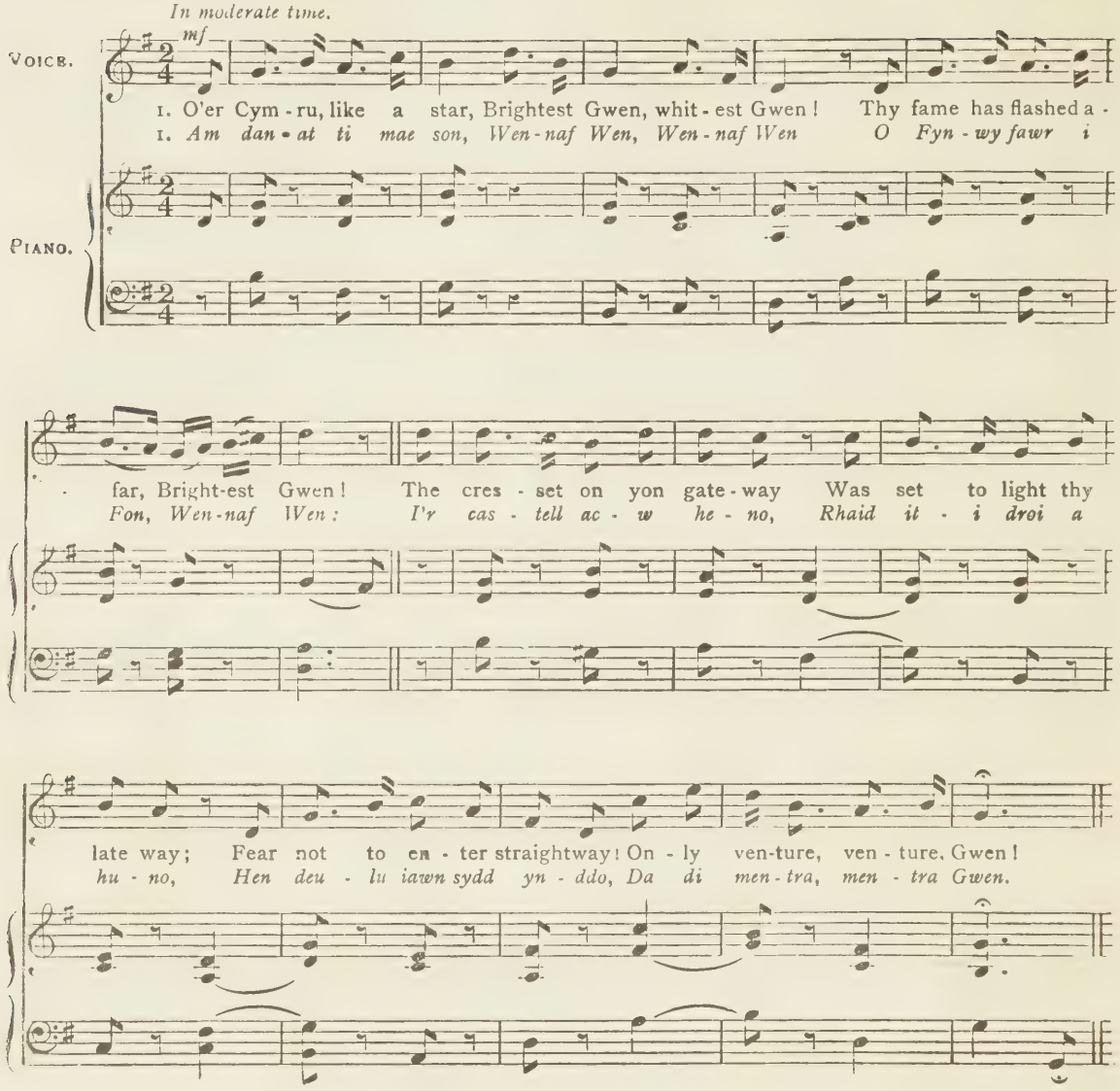
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. O'er Cym - ru, like a star, Brightest Gwen, whit - est Gwen! Thy fame has flashed a -
1. Am dan - at ti mae son, Wen - naf Wen, Wen - naf Wen O Fyn - wy fawr i
far, Bright-est Gwen! The cres - set on yon gate - way Was set to light thy
Fon, Wen - naf Wen: I'r cas - tell ac - w he - no, Rhaid it - i droi a
late way; Fear not to en - ter straightway! On - ly ven-ture, ven - ture, Gwen!
hu - no, Hen deu - lu iawn sydd yn - ddo, Da di men - tra, men - tra Gwen.

2.

Far better here to bide,
Fairest Gwen, dearest Gwen!
Than tempt the mountain side,
Dearest Gwen!
Their torches wave us thither,
Then, arm in arm together,
From out the angry weather,
Let us venture, venture, Gwen!

3.

What means this marshalled line?
Whitest Gwen, brightest Gwen!
These men-at-arms are mine,
Brightest Gwen!
Thou Queen of Crogan Castle,
Yet I, its Lord, thy vassal!
Now welcome to the wassail,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, Gwen!

2.

*O'th flaen mae mynydd maith,*
*Wennaf Wen, Wennaf Wen,*
*Gwell iti dorri'th daith,*
*Wennaf Wen,*
*Wel yn fy mraich gan hynny,*
*Yr awn gan benderfynu,*
*Fod yn y castell lety;*
*Da di mentra, mentra Gwen.*

3.

*Fi piau'r castell hwn,*
*Wennaf Wen, Wennaf Wen,*
*Ti elli fyw mi wn,*
*Wennaf Wen,*
*Yn wraig yng Nghastell Crogen,*
*I'w barchu ef a'i berchen;*
*A chymer fi'n y fargen,*
*Da di mentra, mentra Gwen.*

# FORTH TO THE BATTLE.*

## (RHYFELGYRCH CAPTEN MORGAN.)
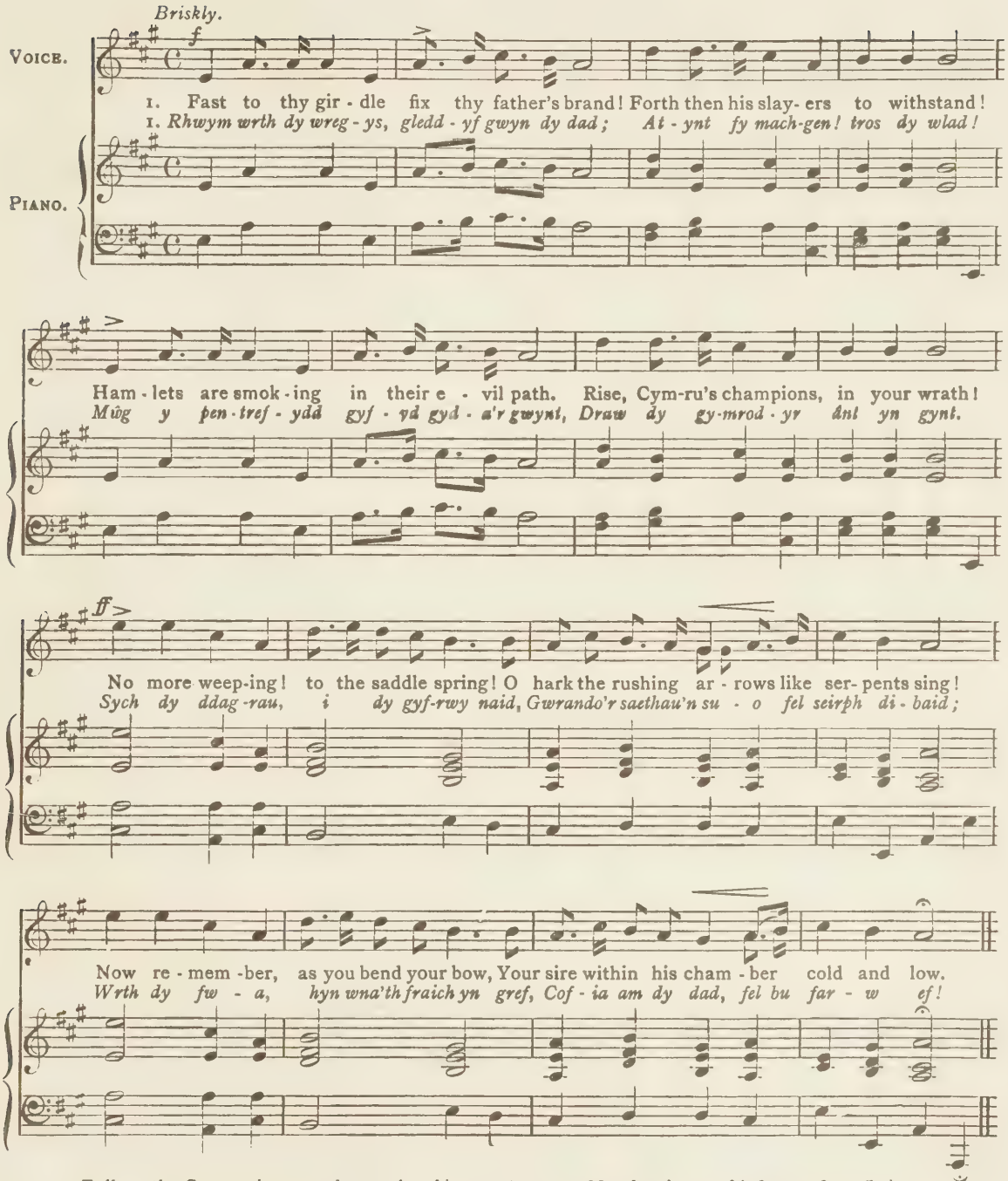
Briskly.
f
Voice.
Piano.
1. Fast to thy gir - dle fix thy father's brand! Forth then his slay- ers to withstand!
1. Rhwym wrth dy wreg - ys, gledd - yf gwyn dy dad; At - ynt fy mach-gen! tros dy wlad!
Ham - lets are smok - ing in their e - vil path. Rise, Cym-ru's champions, in your wrath!
Mŵg y pen - tref - ydd gyf - yd gyd - a'r gwynt, Draw dy gy-mrod - yr ânt yn gynt.
ff
No more weep-ing! to the saddle spring! O hark the rushing ar - rows like ser- pents sing!
Sych dy ddag -rau, i dy gyf-rwy naid, Gwrando'r saethau'n su - o fel seirph di - baid;
Now re - mem -ber, as you bend your bow, Your sire within his cham - ber cold and low.
Wrth dy fw - a, hyn wna'th fraich yn gref, Cof - ia am dy dad, fel bu far - w ef!

2. Full on the Saxon give your horses head!
Raise, raise the Dragon to his dread!
Now he has broken, now he flies in fear!
Now let your trumpet terrify his ear!
Shouts of triumph wake and echo on
For victory, our victory o'er Moel y Don:
God go with thee! covering thy head!
For sacred is the stroke for a father dead.

2. *Marchog iw canol! dangos dy arfbais,*
*Cyfod gochfaner Dychryn Sais!*
*Chwŷth yr hen udgorn a ferwina'i glust,*
*Byw o'i enciliad bydd yn dyst.*
*Swn gorfoledd clyw yr ennyd hon,*
*Bloeddio "Buddugoliaeth" tros Foel y Don;*
*Bendith arnat, dos yn enw'r nef!*
*Cofia am dy dad, fel bu farw ef!*

* "*In consequence of taxes levied by command of King Edward I. toward defraying the charges of his wars in Gascony, formidable insurrections took place throughout Wales, under several provincial leaders, in the year* 1294. *Morgan, a chieftain of* Morganwg, *put himself at the head of the oppressed Cymry in that district, drove out the Earl of Gloucester, and regained possession of the territory of which that nobleman's predecessors had formerly deprived his ancestors. One of the finest of the Welsh martial airs,* 'Rhyfelgyrch Capten Morgan,' *was probably composed or selected by this prince to animate the march of his followers.*"—*William's* "History of Wales."

# GWENDOLEEN'S REPOSE.*

(HUN GWENLLIAN.)

*English words by* A. P. GRAVES.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

*Old Air,*
*"A gentle maid in secret sighed."*

*Moderately quick, with expression.*

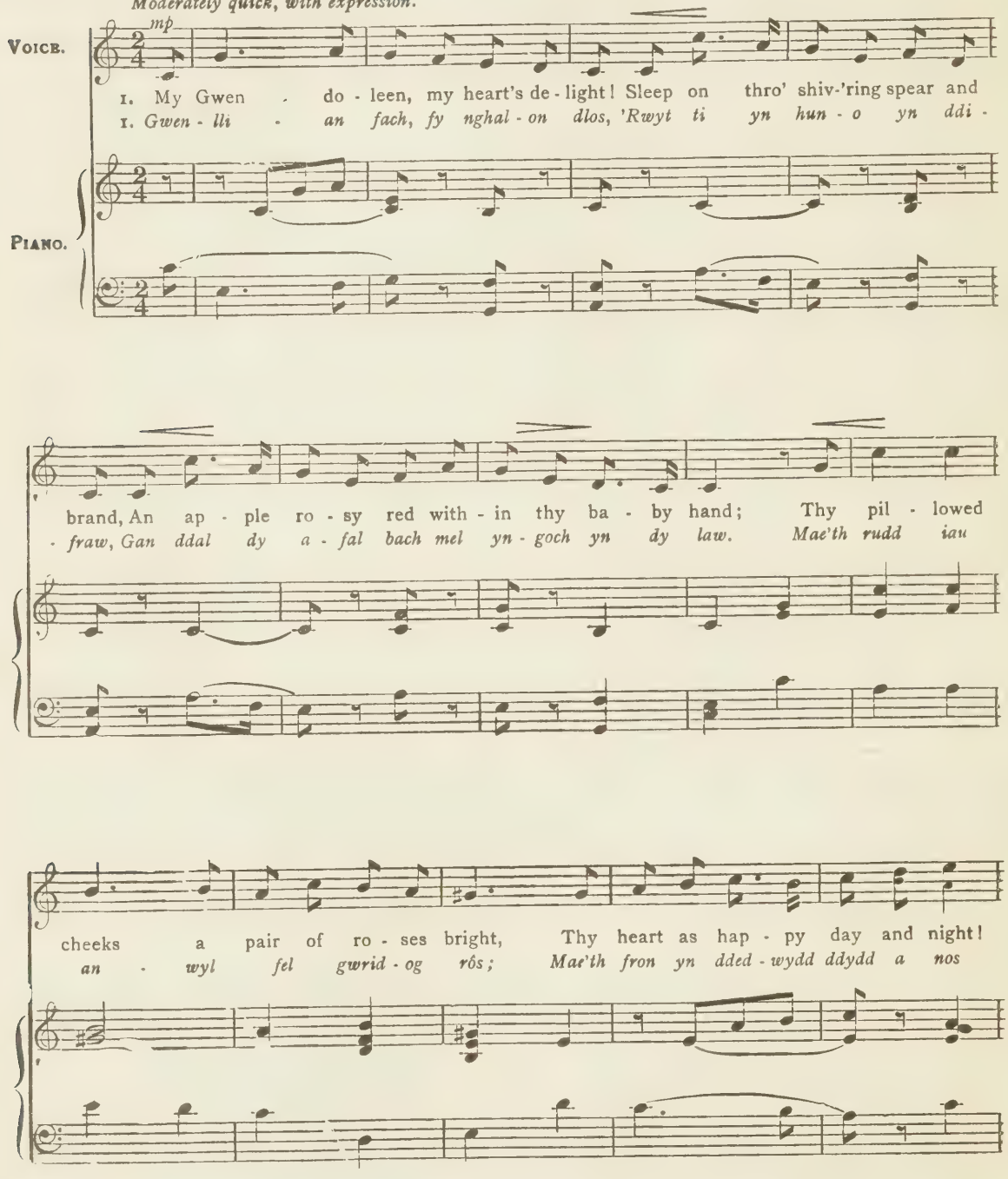
mp
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. My Gwen - do - leen, my heart's de - light! Sleep on thro' shiv-'ring spear and
1. Gwen - lli - an fach, fy nghal - on dlos, 'Rwyt ti yn hun - o yn ddi -
brand, An ap - ple ro - sy red with - in thy ba - by hand; Thy pil - lowed
- fraw, Gan ddal dy a - fal bach mel yn - goch yn dy law. Mae'th rudd iau
cheeks a pair of ro - ses bright, Thy heart as hap - py day and night!
an - wyl fel gwrid - og rôs; Mae'th fron yn dded - wydd ddydd a nos

* *The lady alluded to in the title of this melody is "Gwenllian," daughter of Rhys ab Gruffydd, Prince of South Wales, and the first wife of Ednyfed Vychan, chief counsellor of Llewelyn ab Iorwerth, Prince of North Wales. She was eminent among the members of her handsome and clever family, for personal beauty and mental ability. She died* A.D. 1236.

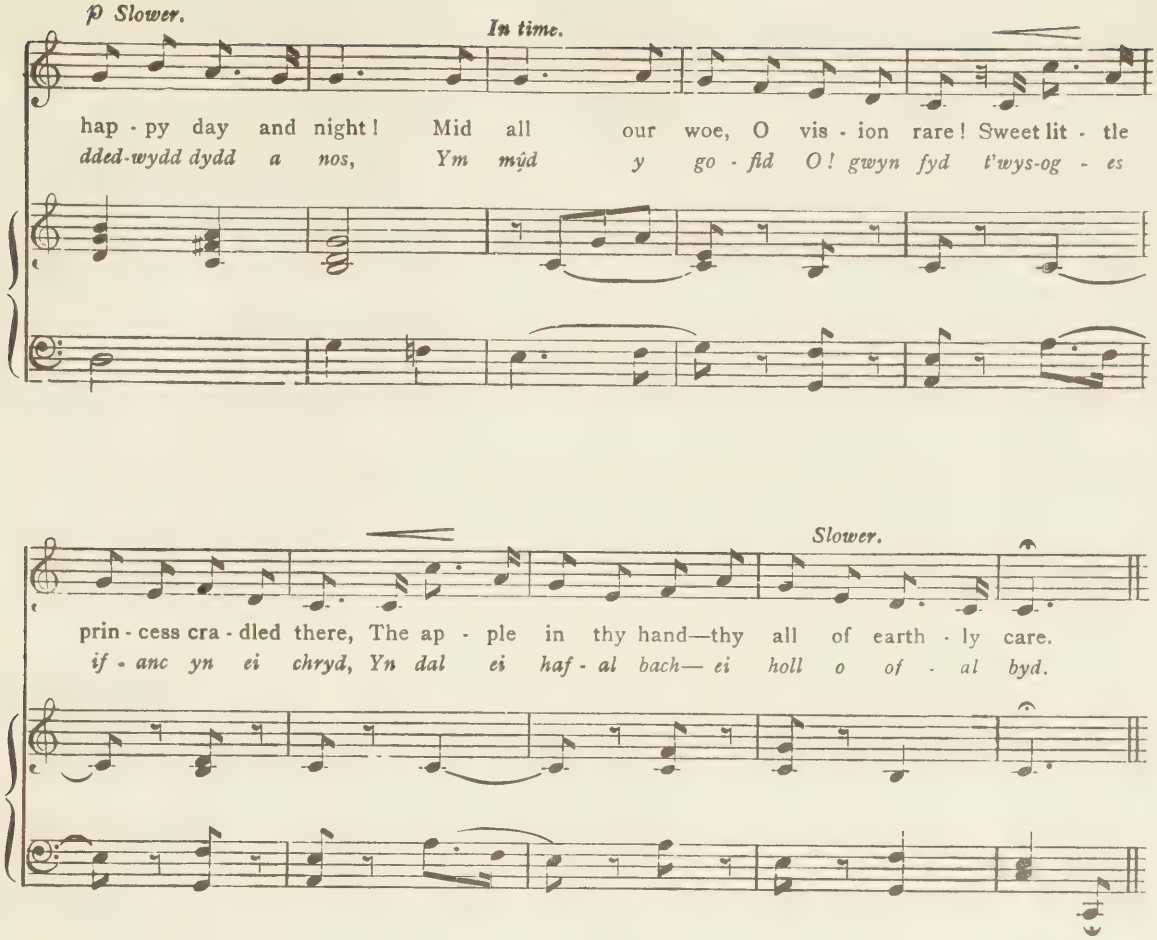
p Slower.
In time.
hap - py day and night! Mid all our woe, O vis - ion rare! Sweet lit - tle
dded-wydd dydd a nos, Ym mŷd y go - fid O! gwyn fyd t'wys-og - es
Slower.
prin - cess cra - dled there, The ap - ple in thy hand—thy all of earth - ly care.
if - anc yn ei chryd, Yn dal ei haf - al bach— ei holl o of - al byd.

2.

Thy brethren battle with the foe,
Thy Sire's red strokes around him sweep,
Whilst thou, his bonny babe, art smiling through thy sleep.
All Gwalia shudders at the Norman blow!
What are the angels whispering low
Of thy father now?
Bright babe, asleep upon my knee,
How many a Queen of high degree
Would cast away her crown to slumber thus like thee!

2.

*Mae gennyt frodyr yn y gâd,*
*Mae'th dad a'i gleddyf wrth ei glûn,*
*A thithau'n cysgu'n dŵm, gan wênu trwy dy hun.*
*Mae trwst y Norman yn crynu'r wlad,*
*Beth ŵyr yr engyl am dy dad?*
*O! am orphwyso'n ddedwydd iach,*
*Mae brenmesau uchel âch,*
*A roent eu gorsedd fainc am gwsg t'wysoges fach.*

# WHY LINGERS MY GAZE?

## (WRTH EDRYCH YN OL.)

*English words by* MRS. HEMANS.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

*Old Air,*
"*Lady Owen's Delight.*"

*In moderate time.*

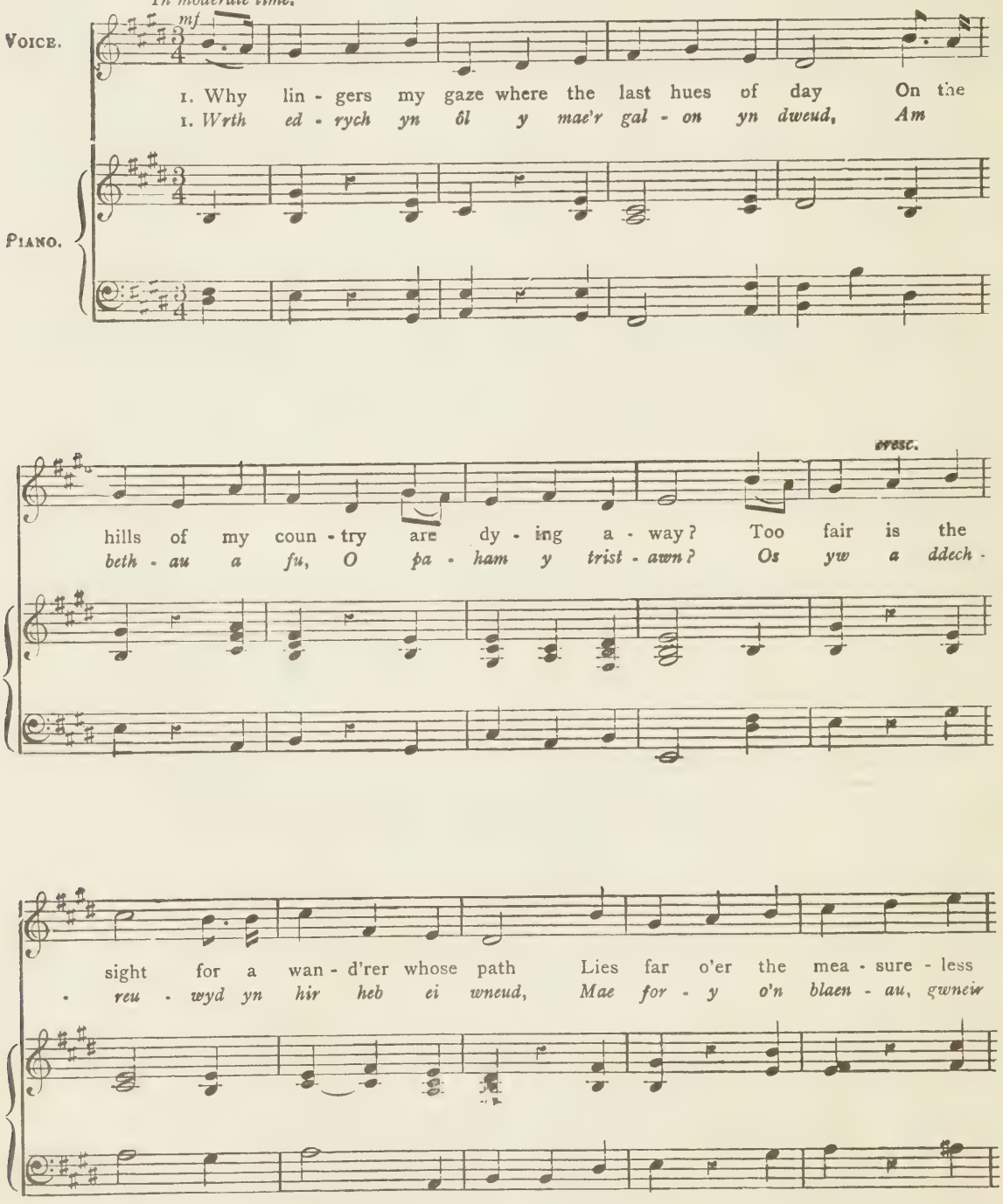
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. Why lin - gers my gaze where the last hues of day On the
1. Wrth ed - rych yn ôl y mae'r gal - on yn dweud, Am
hills of my coun - try are dy - ing a - way? Too fair is the
beth - au a fu, O pa - ham y trist - awn? Os yw a ddech -
sight for a wan - d'rer whose path Lies far o'er the mea - sure - less
reu - wyd yn hir heb ei wneud, Mae for - y o'n blaen - au, gwneir

"*A* Triad *mentions, as one of three missing ones of the Island of Britain;* Madog ab owen Gwynedd, '*who went to sea with three hundred men in ten ships, and it is unknown whither they went*'—*these words contain all that is really known of this Prince's naval explorations; and, on the bare fact of his departure, conjecture has founded the interesting hypothesis which represents him as the precursor of Columbus in the discovery of the Western Hemisphere.*"—*From* J. William's "*History of Wales.*"

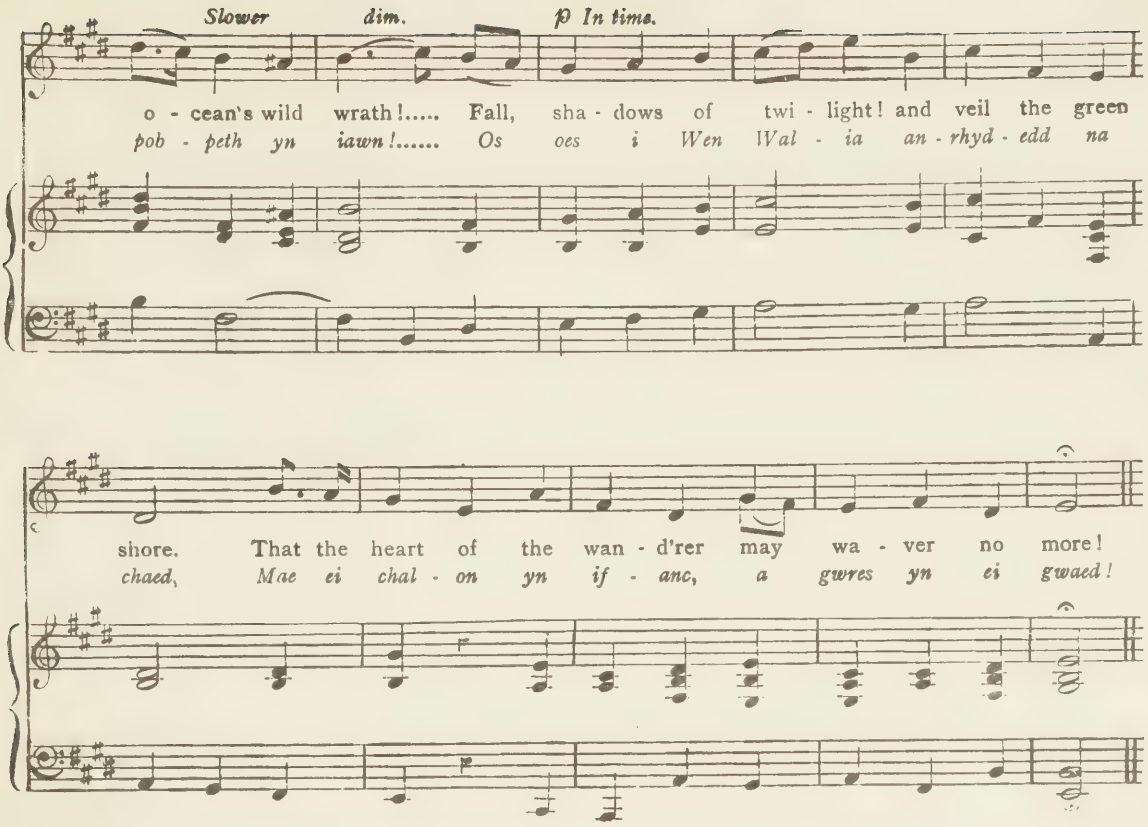
Slower
dim.
p In time.
o - cean's wild wrath!..... Fall, sha - dows of twi - light! and veil the green
pob - peth yn iawn!..... Os oes i Wen Wal - ia an - rhyd - edd na
shore. That the heart of the wan - d'rer may wa - ver no more!
chaed, Mae ei chal - on yn if - anc, a gwres yn ei gwaed!

2.

Why rise on my thoughts, ye free songs of the land,
And her harp's melting tones tempt a fond minstrel's hand!
Be hush'd, be forgotten! for ne'er o'er the foam
Shall the minstrel with melody welcome me home!
No! no! let your echoes still float on the breeze,
And my heart shall be strong for the conquest of seas.

3.

'Tis not for the land of my sires to give birth
Unto hearts that could blench at this proof of their worth;
Away! we will bear to a far, foreign sky
A name and a spirit that never shall die!
My course to the winds, to the stars I resign,
But my soul's quenchless fire, oh, my country! is thine.

2.

*Pan gyfyd yr haul y mae'r byd yn deffroi,*
*O ymaft yn y bore a chofia bob awr:*
*Fod olwyn Rhagluniaeth yn troi ac yn troi,*
*Y gwir ar i fyny, a'r gau ar i lawr!*
*Ond taflu y gonest a'r diwyd dan droed,*
*Ni ddarfu hen olwyn Rhagluniaeth erioed.*

3.

*Mae Cymru er's oesoedd yn gwybod am hyn,*
*Bu Rhufain yn trechu ond ni sy'n parhau;*
*Os ydwyt gan henaint a'th goryn yn wyn,*
*Mae'th wlad eto'n ifanc a'i braich yn cryfhau*
*Os cronni'n y bryniau bu dyfroedd ei dawn,*
*Mae fory yn d'wedyd "Gwneir pobpeth yn iawn."*

# DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK.

## (DAFYDD Y GAREG WEN.)

*English words by* JOHN OXENFORD.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

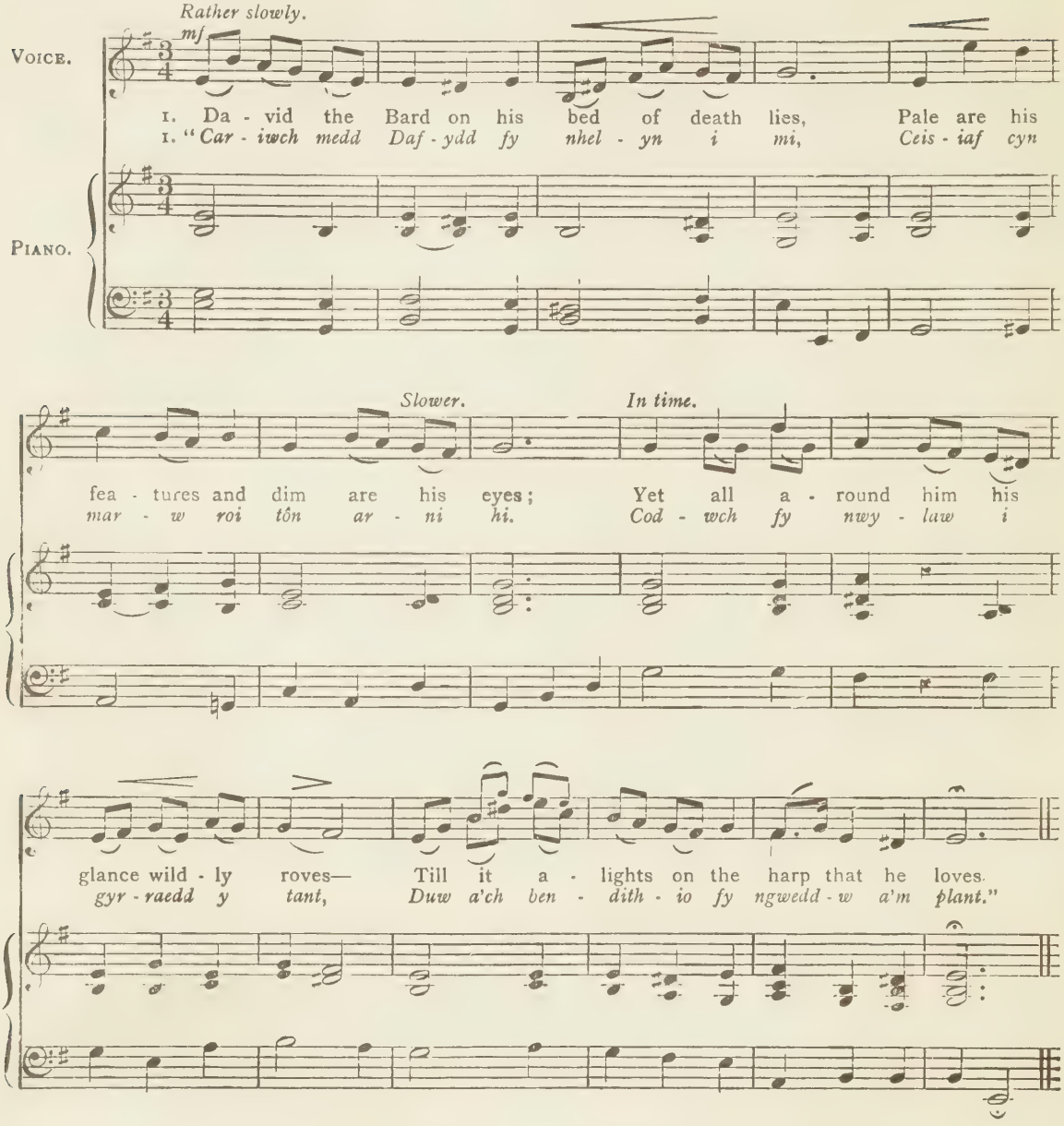
Rather slowly.
mf
Voice.
Piano.
1. Da - vid the Bard on his bed of death lies, Pale are his
1. "Car - iwch medd Daf - ydd fy nhel - yn i mi, Ceis - iaf cyn
Slower.
In time.
fea - tures and dim are his eyes; Yet all a - round him his
mar - w roi tôn ar - ni hi. Cod - wch fy nwy - law i
glance wild - ly roves— Till it a - lights on the harp that he loves.
gyr - raedd y tant, Duw a'ch ben - dith - io fy ngwedd - w a'm plant."

2.

Give me my harp, my companion so long,
Let it once more add its voice to my song;
Though my old fingers are palsied and weak,
Still my good harp for its master will speak.

3.

Often the hearts of our chiefs it has stirred,
When its loud summons to battle was heard;
Harp of my country, dear harp of the brave,
Let thy last notes hover over my grave.

2.

*Neithiwr mi glwyais lais angel fel hyn:*
*"Dafydd, tyrd adref a chware trwy'r glyn."*
*Delyn fy mebyd! ffarwel i dy dant,*
*Duw a'ch bendithio, fy ngweddw am plant.*

* *"The Welsh tradition is that a Bard, who lay on his death bed, called for his harp and played the above air, requesting, at the same time, that it might be performed at his funeral,"—and it was accordingly played on the harp, at the Parish Church of Ynys Cynhaiarn, in which parish the house called "Gareg-Wen" (Carnarvonshire) is situated.* —*J. Parry's* "Welsh Harper," *p.* 110.

# NEW YEAR'S EVE.

## (NOS GALAN.)

*English words by* JOHN OXENFORD.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

*Lively.*
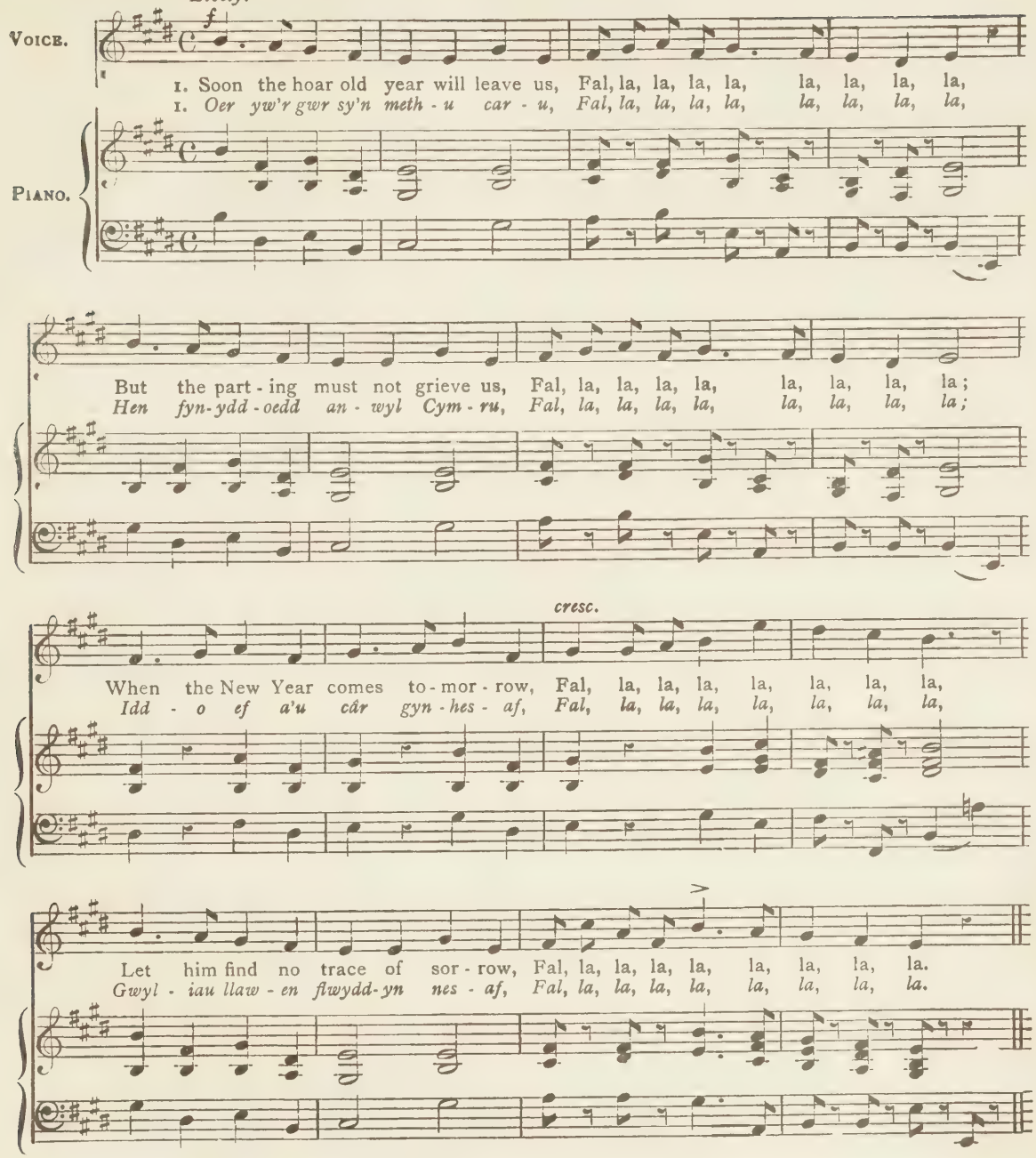
Voice.
Piano.
f
1. Soon the hoar old year will leave us, Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
1. Oer yw'r gwr sy'n meth - u car - u, Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
But the part - ing must not grieve us, Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la;
Hen fyn-ydd - oedd an - wyl Cym - ru, Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la;
cresc.
When the New Year comes to - mor - row, Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Idd - o ef a'u câr gyn - hes - af, Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Let him find no trace of sor - row, Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
Gwyl - iau llaw - en flwydd-yn nes - af, Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

2. He our pleasures may redouble,
Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
He may bring us store of trouble,
Fal, la, la, la la, la, la, la, la;
Hope the best and gaily meet him,
Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
With a jovial chorus greet him,
Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

3. At his birth he brings us gladness,
Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Ponder not on future sadness,
Fal, la. la, la, la, la, la, la;
Anxious care is now but folly,
Fal, la, la, ia la, la, la, la,
Fill the mead-cup, hang the holly,
Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

2. *I'r helbulus oer yw'r biliau,*
*Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,*
*Sydd yn dyfod yn y Gwyliau,*
*Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la;*
*Gwrando bregeth mewn un pennill,*
*Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,*
*Byth na waria fwy na'th ennill,*
*Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la*

3. *Oer yw'r eira ar Eryri,*
*Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,*
*Er fod gwrthban gwlanen arni,*
*Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la;*
*Oer yw'r bobol na ofalan',*
*Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,*
*Gwrdd a'u gilydd, Ar Nos Galan,*
*Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.*

# THE EXILE OF CAMBRIA.*

## (YR ALLTUD O GYMRU.)

AUTHOR UNKNOWN (*Revised by* A. P. GRAVES).
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

*In moderate time.*

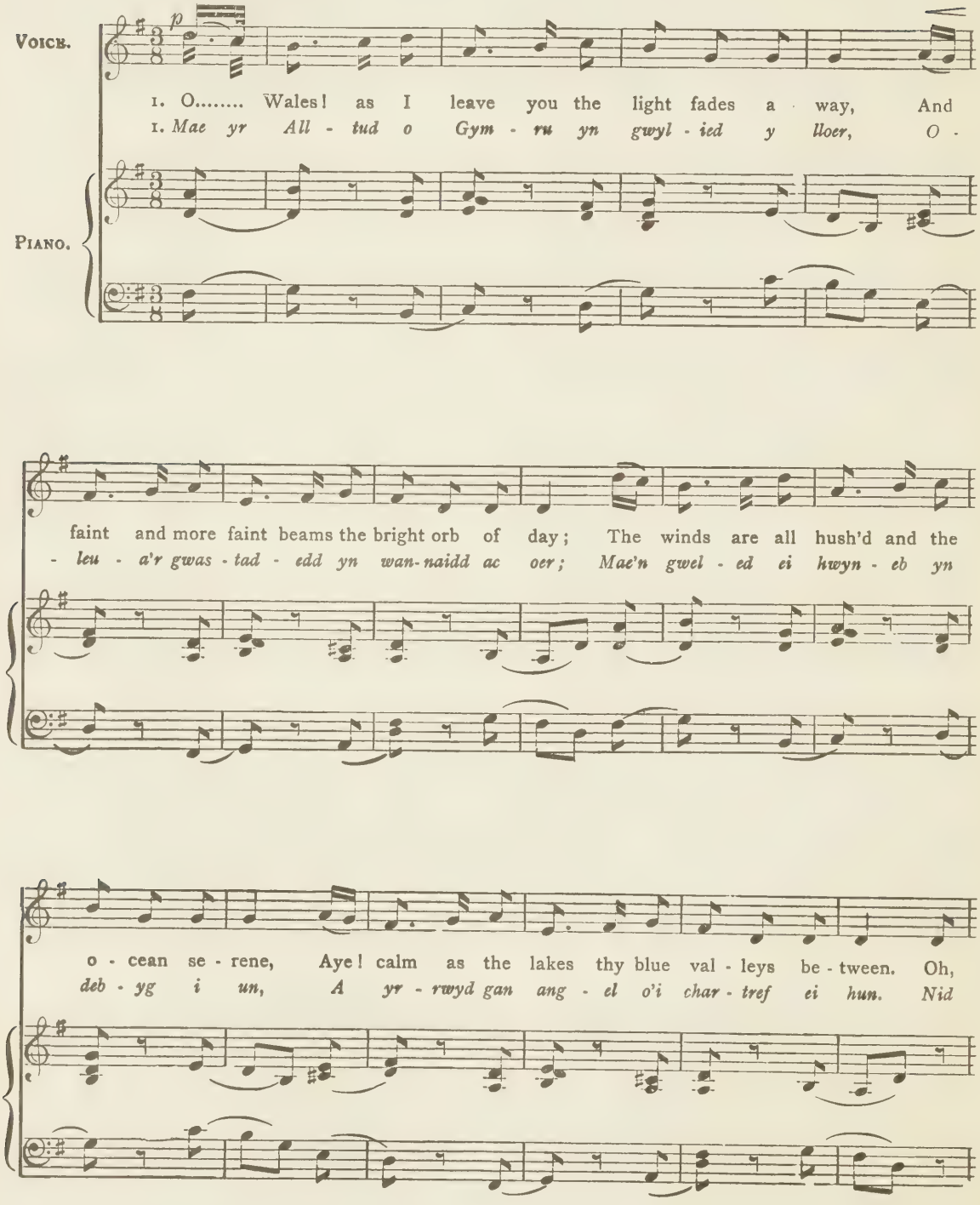
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
1. O..... Wales! as I leave you the light fades a way, And
1. Mae yr All - tud o Gym - ru yn gwyl - ied y lloer, O -
faint and more faint beams the bright orb of day; The winds are all hush'd and the
- leu - a'r gwas - tad - edd yn wan-naidd ac oer; Mae'n gwel - ed ei hwyn - eb yn
o - cean se - rene, Aye! calm as the lakes thy blue val - leys be - tween. Oh,
deb - yg i un, A yr - rwyd gan ang - el o'i char - tref ei hun. Nid

* "*Wyres Ned Puw.*"
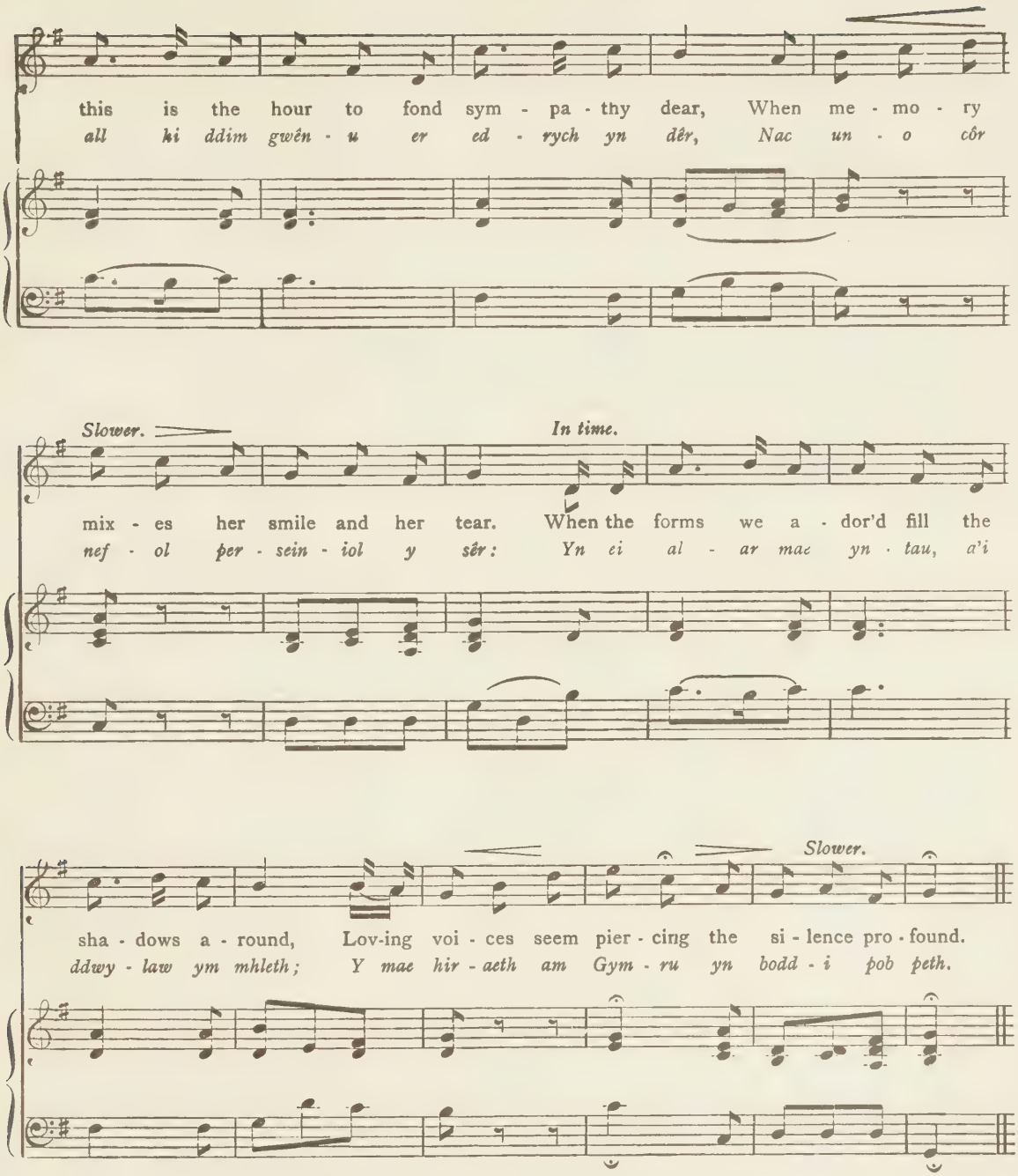
this is the hour to fond sym - pa - thy dear, When me - mo - ry
all hi ddim gwên - u er ed - rych yn dêr, Nac un - o côr
Slower.
In time.
mix - es her smile and her tear. When the forms we a - dor'd fill the
nef - ol per - sein - iol y sêr: Yn ei al - ar mae yn - tau, a'i
Slower.
sha - dows a - round, Lov-ing voi - ces seem pier - cing the si - lence pro - found.
ddwy - law ym mhleth; Y mae hir - aeth am Gym - ru yn bodd - i pob peth.

2.

Yes, this is the hour when, heartbroken and lone,
The exile looks back upon happy days flown;
In fancy wooes one he may never meet more,
And thinks, ah, how fondly, dear Wales, of thy shore!
All idly for him sweetest flow'rets entwine,
For him smiles in vain the soft landscape divine;
Their bright foreign beauty can nothing avail,
To turn his true heart from his own native vale.

2.

*Nid oes ganddo neb arall ymgomiant ãg ef,*
*Mae'n siarad a'i hunan yn heniaith ei dref;*
*"O na bawn yn lleuad am funyd neu fwy,*
*I edrych a th'wnnu ar Hafren ac Wy.*
*Mae'n cau ei amrantau er mwyn rhoi boddhâd,*
*I'w enaid chedeg yn ôl i'r hen wlad:*
*Amgylchwn y ddaear, y ffaith yma gawn.*
*Yng Ngwalia mae'r galon, ble bynnag yr awn.'*

# OVER THE STONE.*

(TROS Y GAREG.)

*English words by* A. P. GRAVES.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

*Moderately quick.*
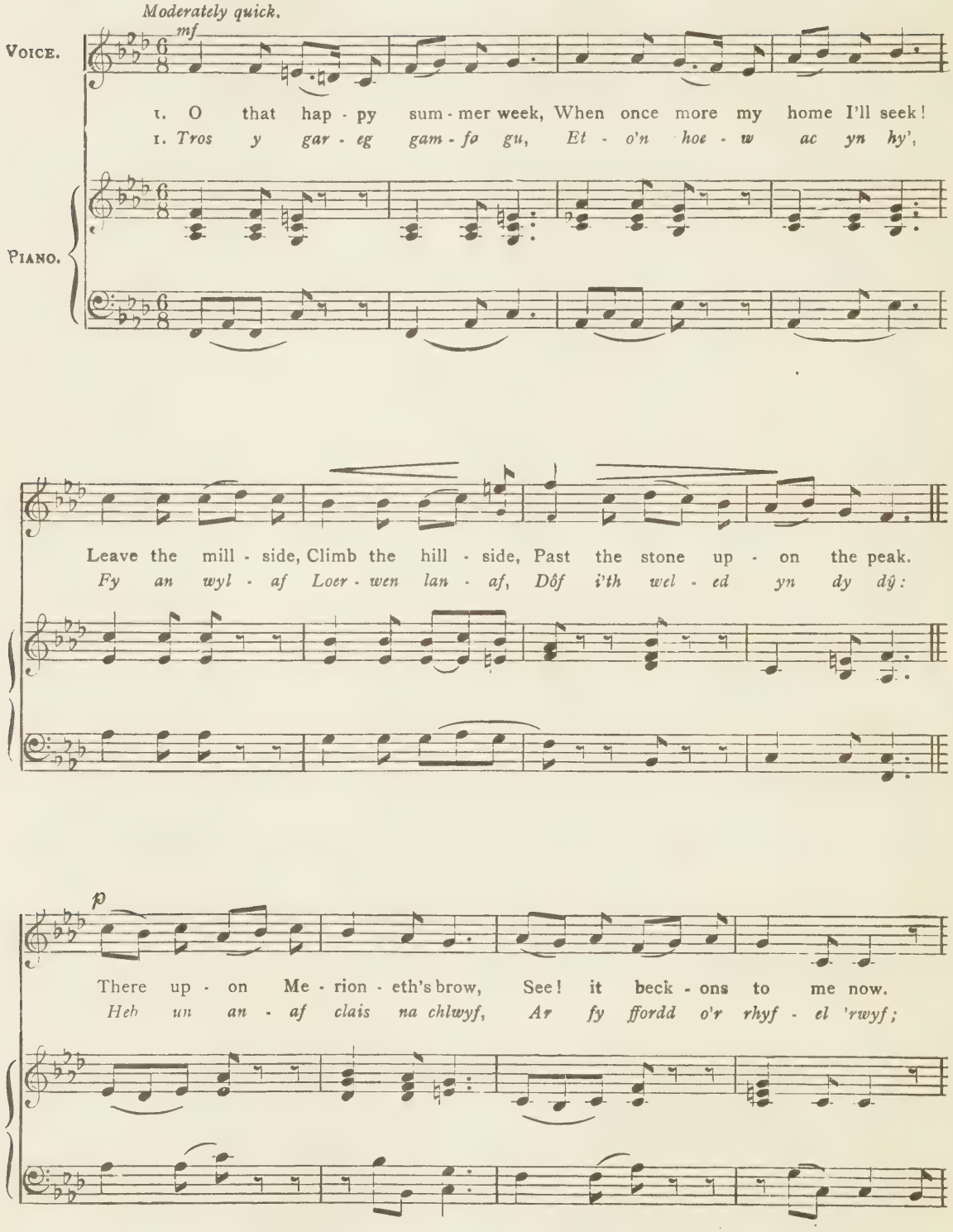
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
1. O that hap - py sum - mer week, When once more my home I'll seek!
1. Tros y gar - eg gam - fo gu, Et - o'n hoe - w ac yn hy',
Leave the mill - side, Climb the hill - side, Past the stone up - on the peak.
Fy an wyl - af Loer - wen lan - af, Dôf i'th wel - ed yn dy dŷ:
p
There up - on Me - rion - eth's brow, See! it beck - ons to me now.
Heb un an - af clais na chlwyf, Ar fy ffordd o'r rhyf - el 'rwyf;

* *Rhys Bodychen led the men of Anglesea to and from the Battle of Bosworth*, 1485.
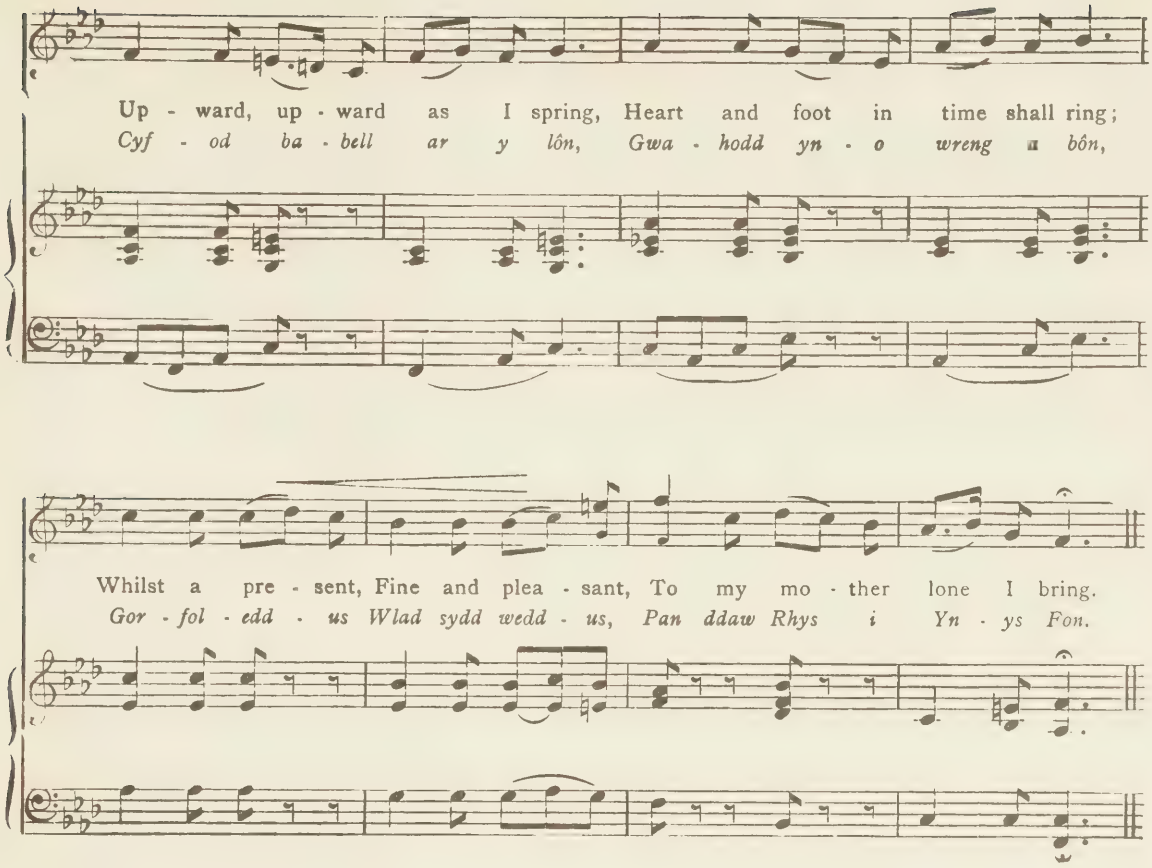
Up - ward, up - ward as I spring, Heart and foot in time shall ring;
Cyf - od ba - bell ar y lôn, Gwa - hodd yn - o wreng a bôn,
Whilst a pre - sent, Fine and plea - sant, To my mo - ther lone I bring.
Gor - fol - edd - us Wlad sydd wedd - us, Pan ddaw Rhys i Yn - ys Fon.

2.

Past the stone when I resort,
In the meadow how we'll sport,
On the settle,
Round the kettle,
How we'll chat, and sing and court
When that week of weeks is back
With what joy I'll take the track
Upward, upward as I spring,
Heart and foot in time shall ring;
Whilst a present,
Fine and pleasant,
To my mother lone I bring.

2.

*Cafodd Gormes farwol glwy,*
*Tudur yw ein brenin mwy,*
*Ffol yw ceisio,*
*Neu ddyfeisio,*
*Brenin arall meddynt hwy.*
*Loerwen lân fy aelwyd gu,*
*Ar fy nhaith 'rwyf i fy nhy*
*Cwyd y "Ddraig" ar Graig y dom.*
*Deffro delyn Cymru lon:*
*Gwŷr y cennin,*
*Medd y brenin,*
*Gariodd iddo'r goron hon!*

# THE MARSH OF RHUDDLAN.*

(MORFA RHUDDLAN.)

*English words by* A. P. Graves.

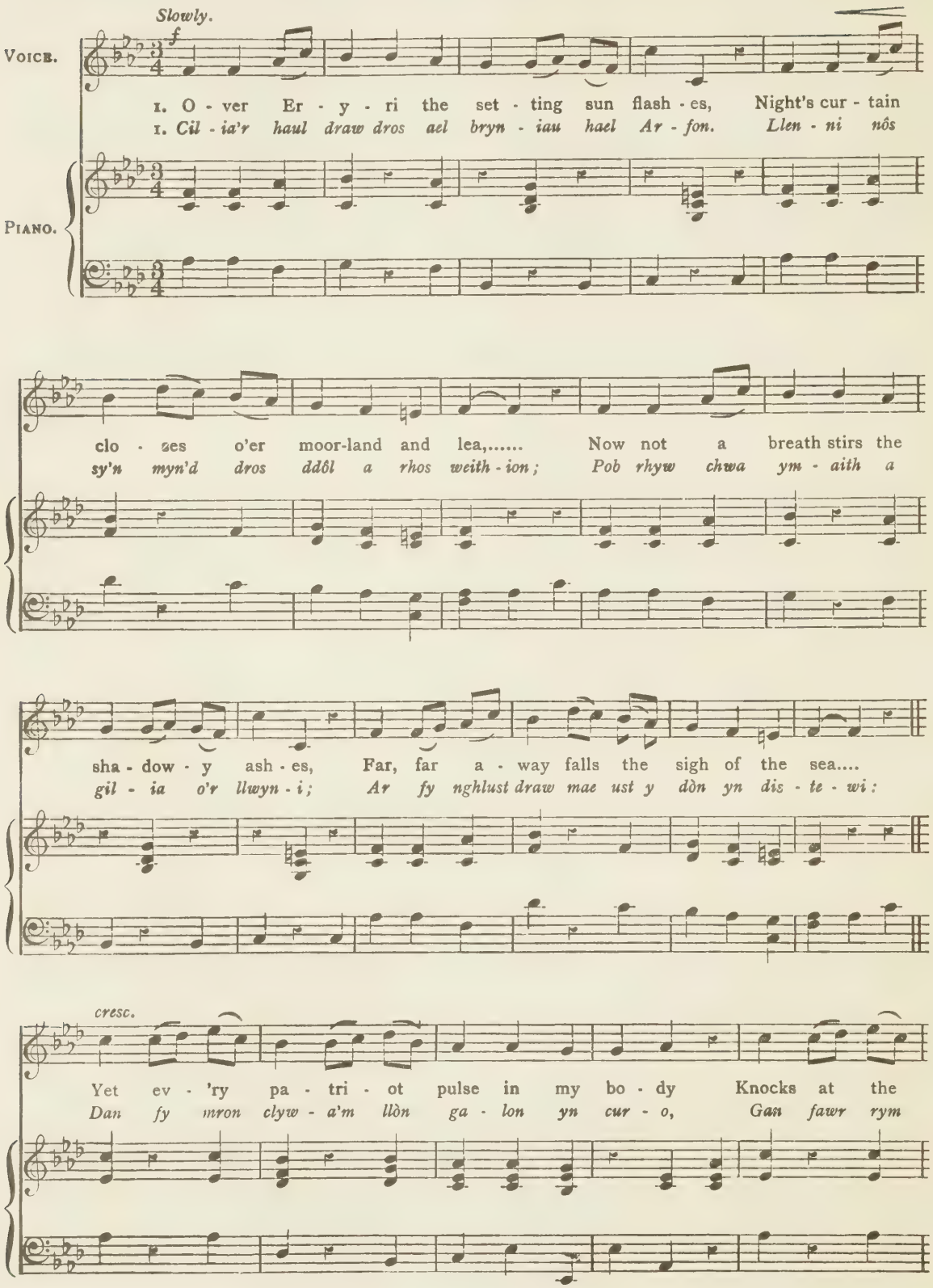
Slowly.
f
Voice.
Piano.
1. O - ver Er - y - ri the set - ting sun flash - es, Night's cur - tain
1. Cil - ia'r haul draw dros ael bryn - iau hael Ar - fon. Llen - ni nôs
clo - ses o'er moor-land and lea,..... Now not a breath stirs the
sy'n myn'd dros ddôl a rhos weith - ion; Pob rhyw chwa ym - aith a
sha - dow - y ash - es, Far, far a - way falls the sigh of the sea....
gil - ia o'r llwyn - i; Ar fy nghlust draw mae ust y dòn yn dis - te - wi:
cresc.
Yet ev - 'ry pa - tri - ot pulse in my bo - dy Knocks at the
Dan fy mron clyw - a'm llòn ga - lon yn cur - o, Gan fawr rym

* *Rhuddlan pronounced Rheethlan, with the* th *soft as in* thee.

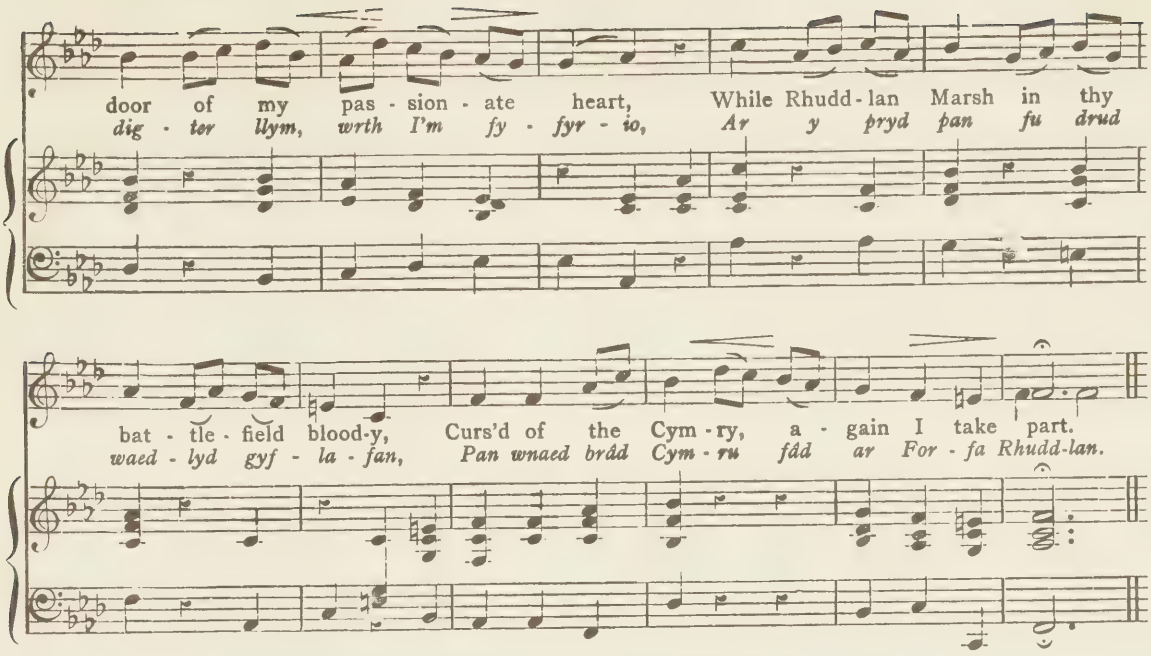
door of my pas - sion - ate heart, While Rhudd - lan Marsh in thy
dig - ter llym, wrth I'm fy - fyr - io, Ar y pryd pan fu drud
bat - tle - field blood-y, Curs'd of the Cym - ry, a - gain I take part.
waed - lyd gyf - la - fan, Pan wnaed brâd Cym - ru fâd ar For - fa Rhudd-lan.

2.

Out of the gloom leap the loud crashing targes,
Through the spear forest the battle-axe breaks,
Arrows fly hissing—to thundering charges
E'en to its marges the red morass quakes!
O'er the wild tumult, the wail of the wounded,
Hark! the clear voice of Caradoc is rolled:
"Into yon breach! or betrayed and surrounded
On Rhuddlan Marsh let the moon find us cold."

3.

Quick to his call hero hearts are up-leaping,
Fierce as their swords hero faces out-flame;
Strong hero arms the red harvest are reaping,
Gap after gap to their glory they claim!
Then with one voice all our nation kneels praying:
"Great is our jeopardy, Lord God of hosts,
Only in Thee our last hope we are staying,
None but Thine Arm can deliver our coasts!"

4.

Honour and hope kept the vantage till sunset,
Then overpowered our battle gave way,
Vaunt not, proud foe, your victorious onset—
Numbers, not valour, have won you the day!
Oh! but yon crowd that with Heaven interceded—
Grey-headed grandsire, weak woman and child—
Now from their knees, their petition unheeded,
Flock in white terror far into the wild!

5.

Coom after coom to Eryri's recesses
Echoes the cry of those desolate ones;
Whilst Mother Wales, as she tears her wild tresses,
Weeps o'er the urns of her mightiest sons!
Beauty's rose dies at Caradoc's disaster,
Terror and panic his battlements climb;
Whilst his arch-minstrel, lamenting his master,
Makes Morva Rhuddlan our dirge for all time.

2.

*Trwy y gwyll gwelaf ddull teryll y darian,*
*Clywaf sî eirf heb ri' arni yn tincian.*
*O'r bwâu gwyllt mae'n gwau saethau gan sîo;*
*A thrwst mawr nes mae'r llawr rhuddwawr yn siglo;*
*Ond uwch sain twrf y rhai'n, ac ochain y clwyfawg,*
*Fry hyd nef clywir cref ddolef Caradawg—*
*"Rhag gwneud brâd ein hen wlad, trown eu câd weithian,*
*Neu caed lloer ni yn oer ar Forfa Rhuddlan."*

3.

*Wele fron pob rhyw lòn Frython yn chwyddo,*
*Wele'u gwedd, fel eu cledd fflamwedd, yn gwrido;*
*Wele'r fraich rymus fry'n dyblu'r ergydion;*
*Yn eu nwy' torrant drwy lydain adwyon;*
*Yr un pryd Cymru i gyd gyfyd ei gweddi,—*
*"Doed yn awr help i lawr yn ein mawr gyni;*
*Boed i ti, O! ein Rhi, noddi ein trigfan;*
*Llwydda'n awr ein llu mawr ar Forfa Rhuddlan!"*

4.

*Trosof daeth, fel rhyw saeth, alaeth a dychryn,*
*Och! rhag bost, bloeddiau tost ymffrost y gelyn;*
*Ond O! na lawenha, fel a wnai orchest;*
*Nid dy rym ond dy ri' ddug i ti goncwest!*
*Ow! rhag braw'r dorf sy' draw'n gwyliaw o'r drysau,*
*Am lwydd câd Cymru fâd—rhâd ar ei harfau;*
*Mewn gwyllt fraw i'r geillt fry, rhedy pob oedran,*
*Wrth wel'd brâd gwŷr eu gwlad ar Forfa Rhuddlan.*

5.

*Bryn a phant, cwm a nant, lanwant â'u hoergri;*
*Traidd y floedd draw i g'oedd gymoedd Eryri;*
*Yr awr hon y mae llòn galon hen Gymru,*
*Am fawr frêg ei meib têg, gwiwdeg, yn gwaedu:*
*Braw a brys sydd trwy lŷs parchus Caradawg;*
*Gwaeddi mawr fyn'd i lawr flaenawr galluawg;*
*Geilw ei Fardd am ei fwyn delyn i gwynfan.*
*Ac ar hon tery dôn hen "Forfa Rhuddlan!*

*Welsh tradition has always held that the great battle under Offa of Mercia and Caradoc is the one commemorated by the plaintive melody called Morfa Rhuddlan ("Rhuddlan Marsh,") which has come down to us from a remote antiquity, but whose real origin is unknown. Nothing more pathetic exists in any language. It is the wail of a nation, faint and broken-hearted under a great disaster:—*

*The cry is heard—the long loud wail—*
*O'er flood and plain, o'er hill and dale;*
*It is the heart of Cymru bleeds,*
*For fallen sons and treacherous deeds.*
*Dismay dwells in Caradoc's halls;*
*The royal minstrel, doleful, calls*
*Forth from his harp a strain his own sad harp appals.*

—Antiquities of Wales.—*Dr. Nicholas*

# THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

## (MERCH Y MELINYDD.)

*English words by* A. P. GRAVES. *(Founded on the original Welsh.)*
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

*In moderate time.*
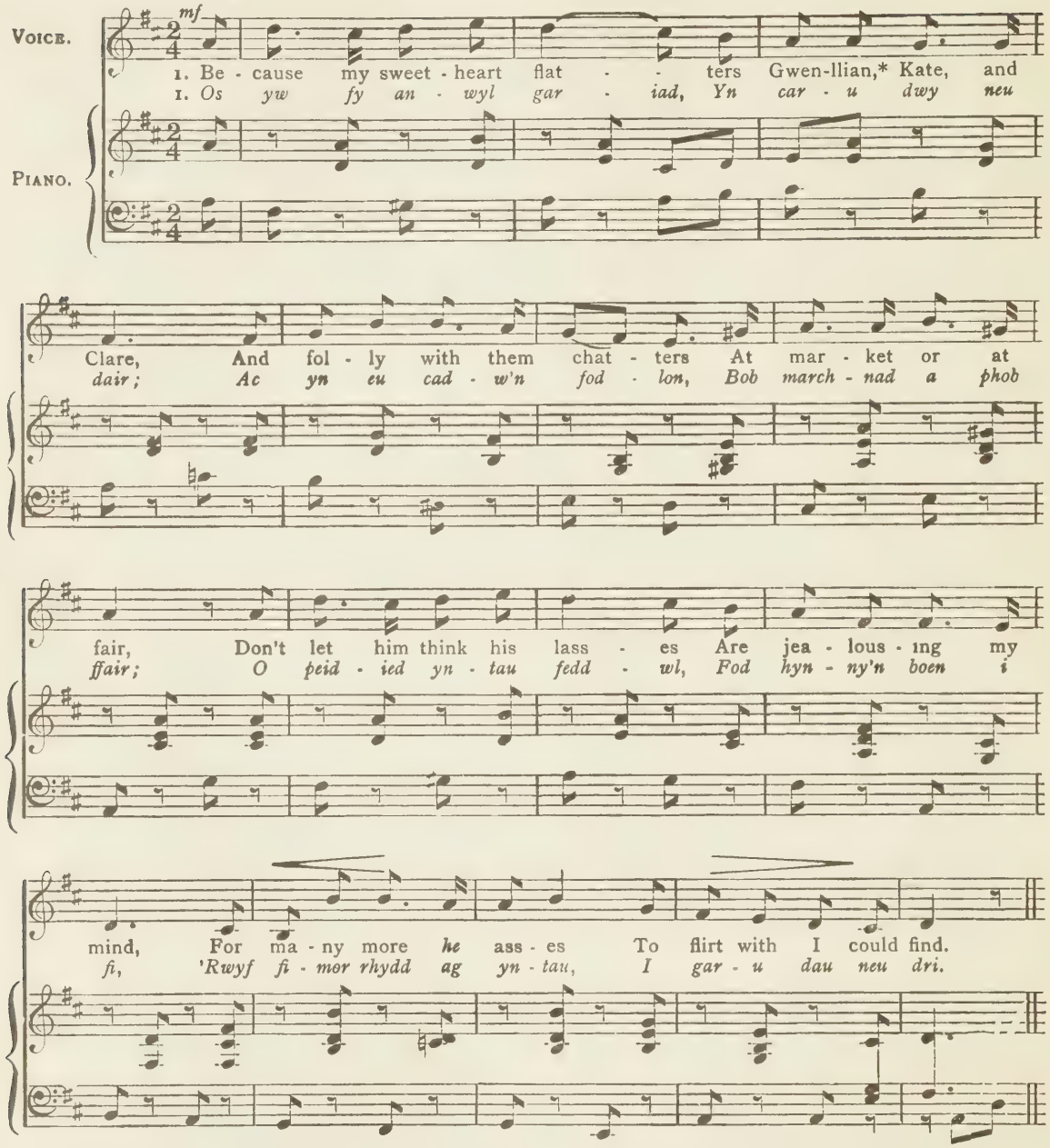
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
1. Be - cause my sweet - heart flat - - ters Gwen-llian,* Kate, and
1. Os yw fy an - wyl gar - iad, Yn car - u dwy neu
Clare, And fol - ly with them chat - ters At mar - ket or at
dair; Ac yn eu cad - w'n fod - lon, Bob march - nad a phob
fair, Don't let him think his lass - es Are jea - lous - ing my
ffair; O peid - ied yn - tau fedd - wl, Fod hyn - ny'n boen i
mind, For ma - ny more he ass - es To flirt with I could find.
fi, 'Rwyf fi - mor rhydd ag yn - tau, I gar - u dau neu dri.

2. This year I'll neither marry,
Nor yet coquetting go,
'Tis wiser far to tarry,
Lest men should work you woe.
For first they praise your beauty
And then your faith abuse,
So 'tis a maiden's duty
Most carefully to choose.

2. *'Phrioda'i ddim eleni,*
*Chwedleua'i ddim a neb;*
*Twyllodrus iawn yw meibion,*
*A fedrant ddweyd yn deg.*
*Po deced bo uhwy'n gwedyd,*
*O, gwaetha'i gyd y daw;*
*Llawenydd pob merch ifangc,*
*Yw dewis ar ei llaw.*

3. If pretty girls in plenty
Turn sad at Owen's frown,
For sure I've four-and-twenty
Admirers in the town.
And some are for my money,
And more are for myself;
I smile and keep love's honey
Safe locked upon the shelf.

3. *Os oes rhyw dair neu bedair*
*Yn hoff o hono ef;*
*Mae gennyf innau bedwar*
*Ar bymtheg yn y dref:*
*Ond nhw sy'n gweyd fel yma,*
*A nhw sy'n gweyd fel hyn;*
*'Dwyf fi ond gwénu arnynt,*
*A dal fy serch yn dyn.*

4. He says I blushed so brightly
It proved his gossip's tale,
But I made answer rightly—
"A guilty cheek turns pale."
And he who fairly sought her,
And fairly wooed and won,
Would find the miller's daughter
As steadfast as the sun.

4. *Fe wêd fy mod yn euog,*
*Oherwydd gwrid fy moch;*
*Os gwrida ef yn welw,*
*Mi wrida, innau'n goch*
*A gwedaf yn ei wyneb,*
*Ag wyneb dewr pob dyn;*
*Llawenydd "Merch Melinydd,"*
*Yw caru dim ond un.*

* *Pronounced "Guentleean."*

# THE MEN OF DOVEY'S DELIGHT.

(DIFYRRWCH GWYR DYFI.)

*English words by* A. P. GRAVES.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

*Old Air,*
*"Woe to the Day."*

*Moderately slow.*

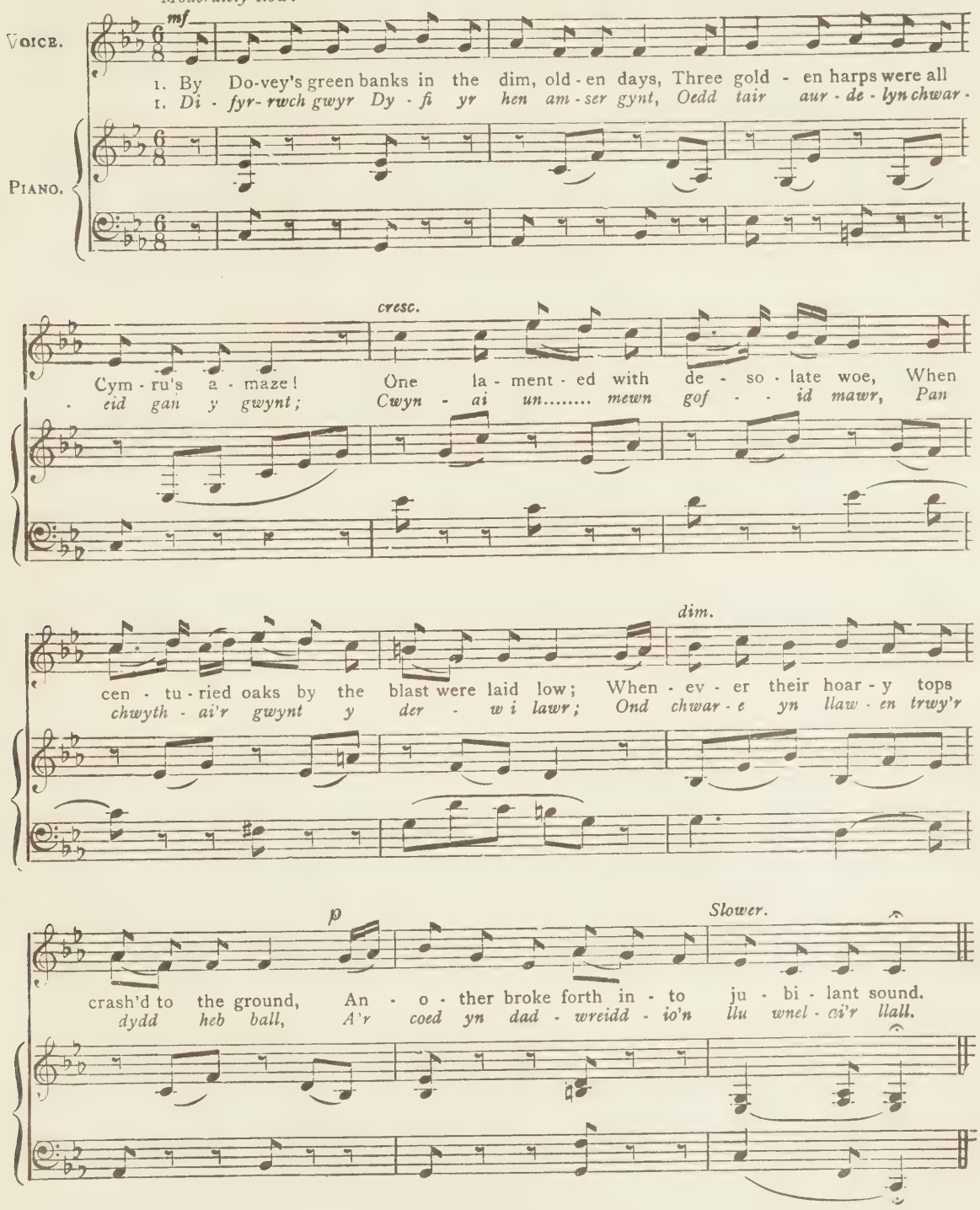
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. By Do-vey's green banks in the dim, old-en days, Three gold-en harps were all
1. Di-fyr-rwch gwyr Dy-fi yr hen am-ser gynt, Oedd tair aur-de-lyn chwar-
cresc.
Cym-ru's a-maze! One la-ment-ed with de-so-late woe, When
eid gan y gwynt; Cwyn-ai un..... mewn gof--id mawr, Pan
dim.
cen-tu-ried oaks by the blast were laid low; When-ev-er their hoar-y tops
chwyth-ai'r gwynt y der--wi lawr; Ond chwar-e yn llaw-en trwy'r
p
Slower.
crash'd to the ground, An-o-ther broke forth in-to ju-bi-lant sound.
dydd heb ball, A'r coed yn dad-wreidd-io'n llu wnel-ai'r llall.

2. The third harp made music, none truly could tell
If grave or gay, when the mighty oaks fell;
Till came by, his white beard to his knee,
A shining-eyed Seer, who caught up the three
And wove them in one with such magical skill
Our triple Welsh harp stood revealed at his will.

*Y drydedd a ganai yn brudd neu yn llon,*
*Pa un i sicrwydd ni wyddai neb bron;*
*Ond daeth derwydd barfog gwyn,*
*Gwnaeth Delyn Deirres o'r rhai hyn.;*
*I ganu yng Nghymru mewn cydgord llawn,—*
*Fe wnaeth o'r tair eraill un delyn iawn.*

# NOW STRIKE THE HARP GLADLY.

## (I WISGO AUR-GORON)—(BE MERRY BUT WISE.)

*words by* WALTER MAYNARD.
*words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

*Fairly quick, and with spirit.*
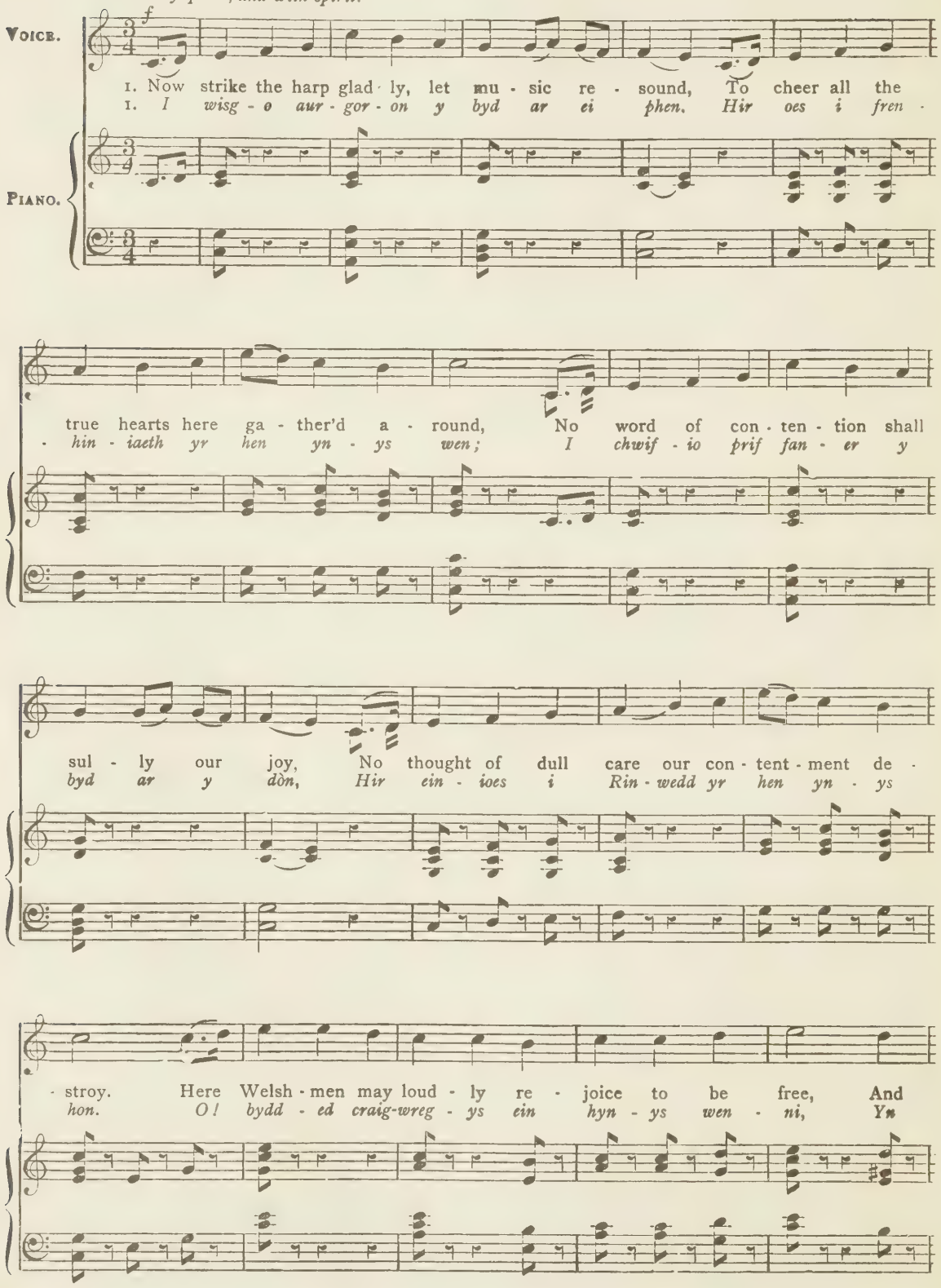
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
1. Now strike the harp glad - ly, let mu - sic re - sound, To cheer all the
1. I wisg - o aur - gor - on y byd ar ei phen, Hir oes i fren -
true hearts here ga - ther'd a - round, No word of con - ten - tion shall
- hin - iaeth yr hen yn - ys wen; I chwif - io prif fan - er y
sul - ly our joy, No thought of dull care our con - tent - ment de -
byd ar y dòn, Hir ein - ioes i Rin - wedd yr hen yn - ys
- stroy. Here Welsh - men may loud - ly re - joice to be free, And
hon. O! bydd - ed craig-wreg - ys ein hyn - ys wen - ni, Yn

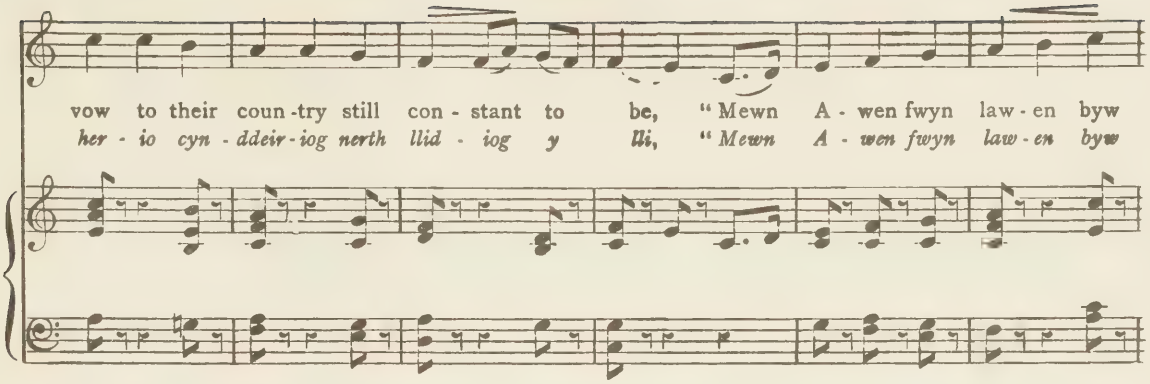
vow to their coun-try still con-stant to be, "Mewn A-wen fwyn law-en byw
her-io cyn-ddeir-iog nerth llid-iog y lli, "Mewn A-wen fwyn law-en byw

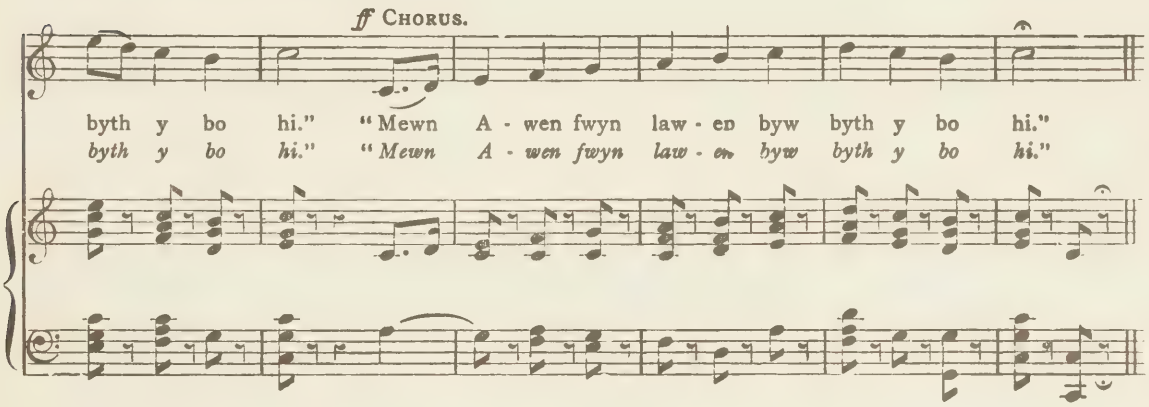


2.

Let home, happy home, be the theme of our song,
With all the delights that to dear home belong.
There in days still to come mem'ries ever shall dwell,
And the pow'r never fade of love's magic spell.
There Welshmen may loudly rejoice they are free,
And vow to their country still constant to be,
"Mewn Awen fwyn lawen byw byth y bo hi!"

"Mewn Awen fwyn," &c.

2.

*Mae llanw cerddoriaeth yn dod fel y môr,*
*Mae pawb yn y cydgan, mae pawb yn y côr;*
*Mae codiad y dwylaw a churiad y traed,*
*Ar fanllef yn dwedyd "hir hir y parhaed."*
*O! bydded craig-wregys ein hynys wen ni,*
*Yn herio cynddeiriog nerth llidiog y lli,*
*"Mewn Awen fwyn lawen byw byth y bo hi!"*

*"Mewn Awen fwyn," &c.*

3.

With pride we can boast never yet from the door
Of one Cambrian home have we banished the poor;
The stranger is welcome who comes as a friend,
And gives heart and hand our dear homes to defend,
And joins all true Welshmen who vow to be free,
And to Cymru, their country, aye constant to be.
"Mewn Awen fwyn lawen byw byth y bo hi!"

"Mewn Awen fwyn," &c.

3.

*Mae calon Pumlumon yn adsain o bell,*
*A chreigiau'r Eryri yn dweud "Henffych Well;"*
*Parhäed Brenhiniaeth yr hen Ynys Wen*
*Yn fendith i'r ddaear, tan fendith y nen:*
*A bydded craig-wregys ein hynys wen ni,*
*Yn herio cynddeiriog nerth llidiog y lli,*
*"Mewn Awen fwyn lawen byw byth y bo hi*

*"Mewn Awen fwyn," &c.*

# LADY GWENNY.

## (MAE CROESAWIAD GWRAIG Y TY.)

*English words by* A. P. GRAVES.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

*Air, "Welcome of the Hostess."*
*Known also as "Under yonder oaken tree."*

*Moderately quick.*
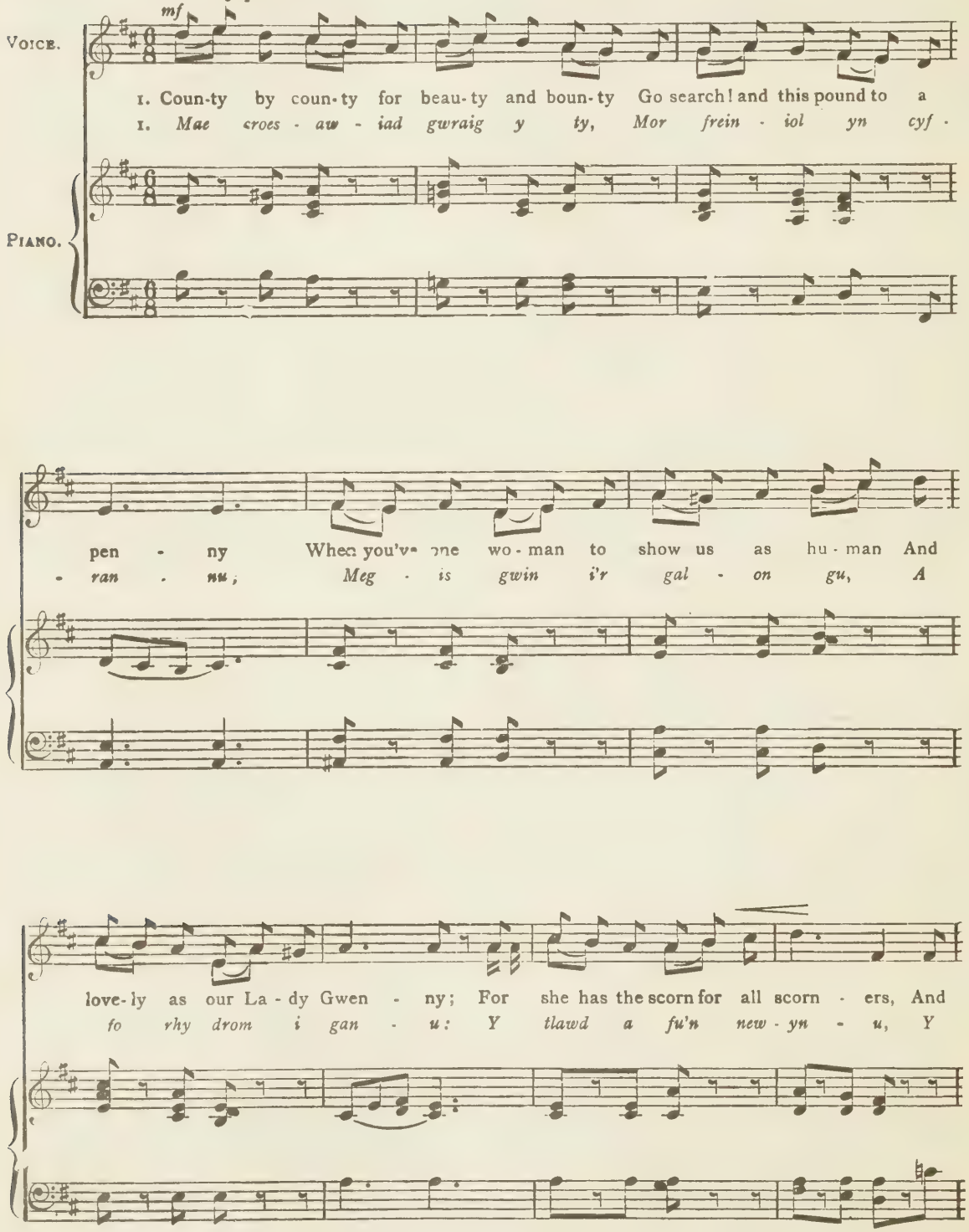
mf
VOICE.
1. Coun-ty by coun-ty for beau-ty and boun-ty Go search! and this pound to a
1. Mae croes-aw-iad gwraig y ty, Mor frein-iol yn cyf-
PIANO.
pen-ny When you've one wo-man to show us as hu-man And
-ran-nu; Meg-is gwin i'r gal-on gu, A
love-ly as our La-dy Gwen-ny; For she has the scorn for all scorn-ers, And
fo rhy drom i gan-u: Y tlawd a fu'n new-yn-u, Y

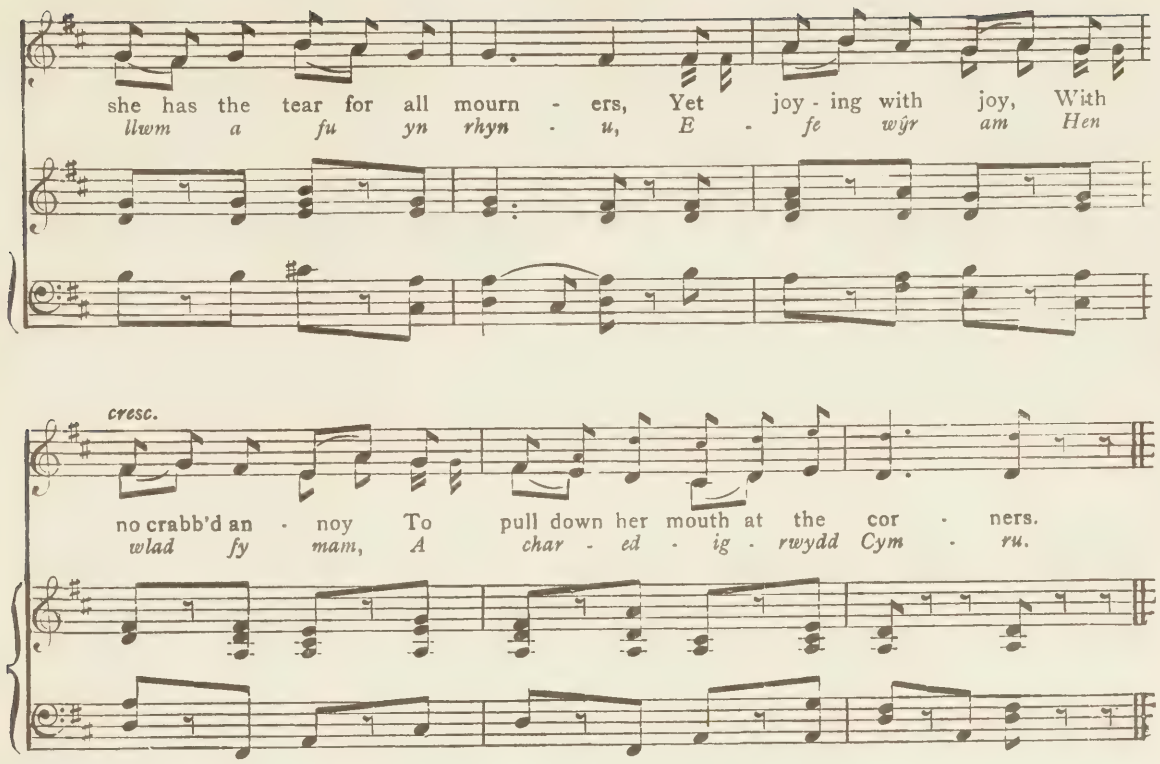
she has the tear for all mourn - ers, Yet joy - ing with joy, With
llwm a fu yn rhyn - u, E - fe wŷr am Hen
cresc.
no crabb'd an - noy To pull down her mouth at the cor - ners.
wlad fy mam, A char - ed - ig - rwydd Cym - ru.

2.

Up with the lark in the pasture you'll meet with her,
Songs like his own sweetly trilling,
Carrying now for some poor folk a treat with her,
Small mouths with lollypops filling:
And while, as he stands in a puzzle,
She strokes the fierce bull on his muzzle,
The calves and the lambs
Run deserting their dams
In her kind hands their noses to nuzzle.

3.

Now with her maidens a sweet Cymric cadence
She leads, just to lighten their sewing;
Now at the farm, her food basket on arm,
She has set all the cock'rels a-crowing.
The turkey-cock strutting and strumming,
His bag-pipe puts by at her humming,
And even the old gander,
The fowl-yard's commander,
He winks his sly eye at her coming.

4.

Never to wandering minstrel or pondering
Poet her castle gate closes:
Ever her kindly cheer—ever her praise sincere
Falls like the dew on faint roses.
And when her Penillions rhyming
She mates to her triple harp's chiming,
In her green Gorsedd gown—
The half of the town
Up the fences to hear her are climbing.

5.

Men in all fashions have pleaded their passions—
The scholar, the saint, and the sinner,
Pleaded in vain Lady Gwenny to gain,—
For only a hero shall win her:
And to share his strong work and sweet leisure
He'll have no keen chaser of pleasure,
But a loving young beauty
With a soul set on duty,
And a heart full of heaven's hid treasure.

2.

*Beth adfera'r rhosyn gwyw?*
*Ond gwlithyn bach y boreu;*
*Beth sy'n cadw'r tlawd yn fyw?*
*Efe sy'n gwybod oreu.*
*Bob dydd parhawn gan hynny,*
*I godi'r gwan i fyny;*
*O hyd, o hyd*
*Bid oes y byd,*
*I garedigrwydd Cymru.*

# WEEP NOT, I PRAY.

(SERCH HUDOL).

*English words by* JOHN OXENFORD
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

*In moderate time.*

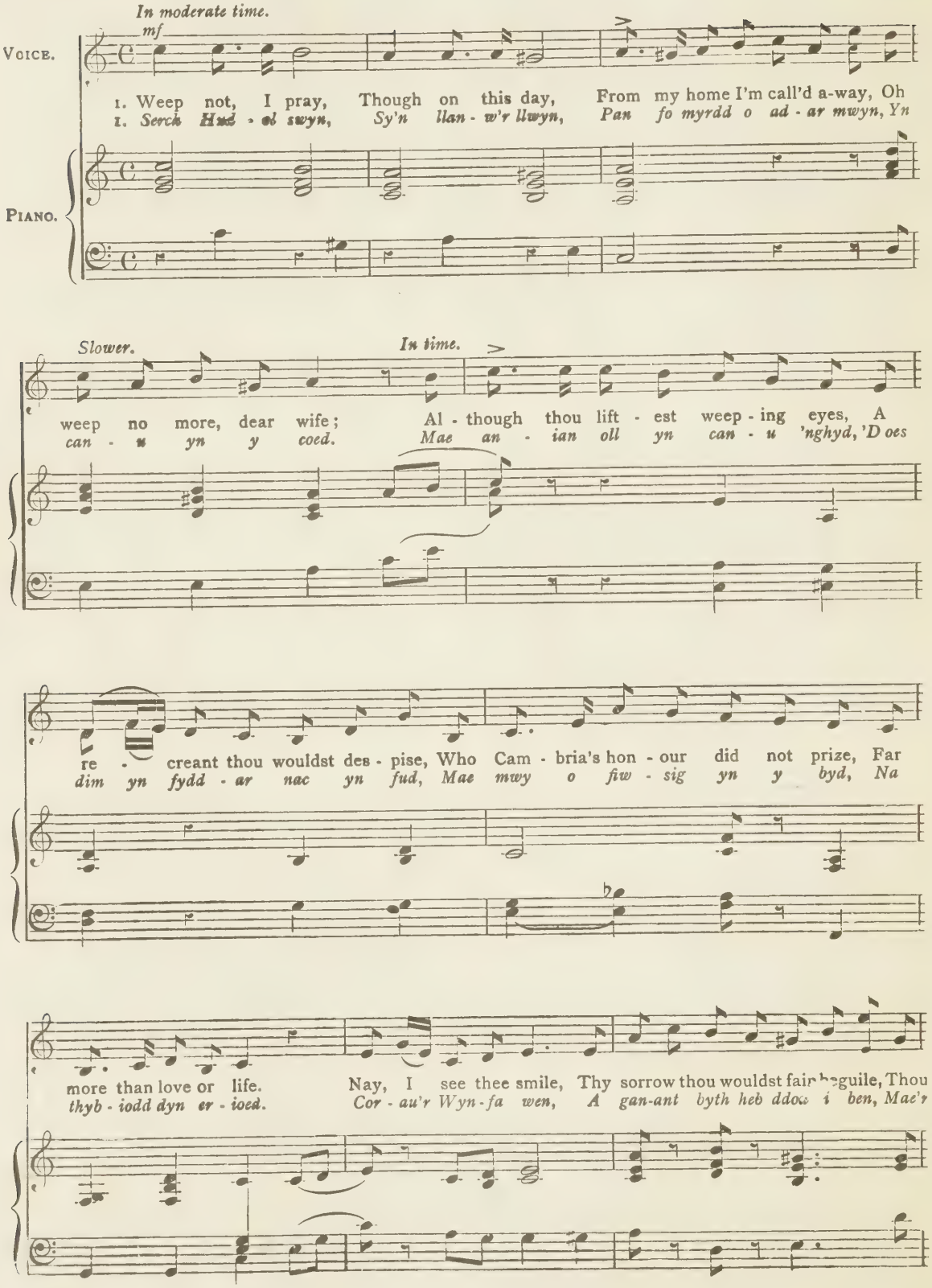
mf
VOICE.
1. Weep not, I pray, Though on this day, From my home I'm call'd a-way, Oh
1. Serch Hud - ol swyn, Sy'n llan - w'r llwyn, Pan fo myrdd o ad - ar mwyn, Yn
PIANO.
Slower.
In time.
weep no more, dear wife; Al - though thou lift - est weep - ing eyes, A
can - u yn y coed. Mae an - ian oll yn can - u 'nghyd, 'D oes
re - creant thou wouldst des - pise, Who Cam - bria's hon - our did not prize, Far
dim yn fydd - ar nac yn fud, Mae mwy o fiw - sig yn y byd, Na
more than love or life. Nay, I see thee smile, Thy sorrow thou wouldst fain beguile, Thou
thyb - iodd dyn er - ioed. Cor - au'r Wyn - fa wen, A gan-ant byth heb ddoc i ben, Mae'r

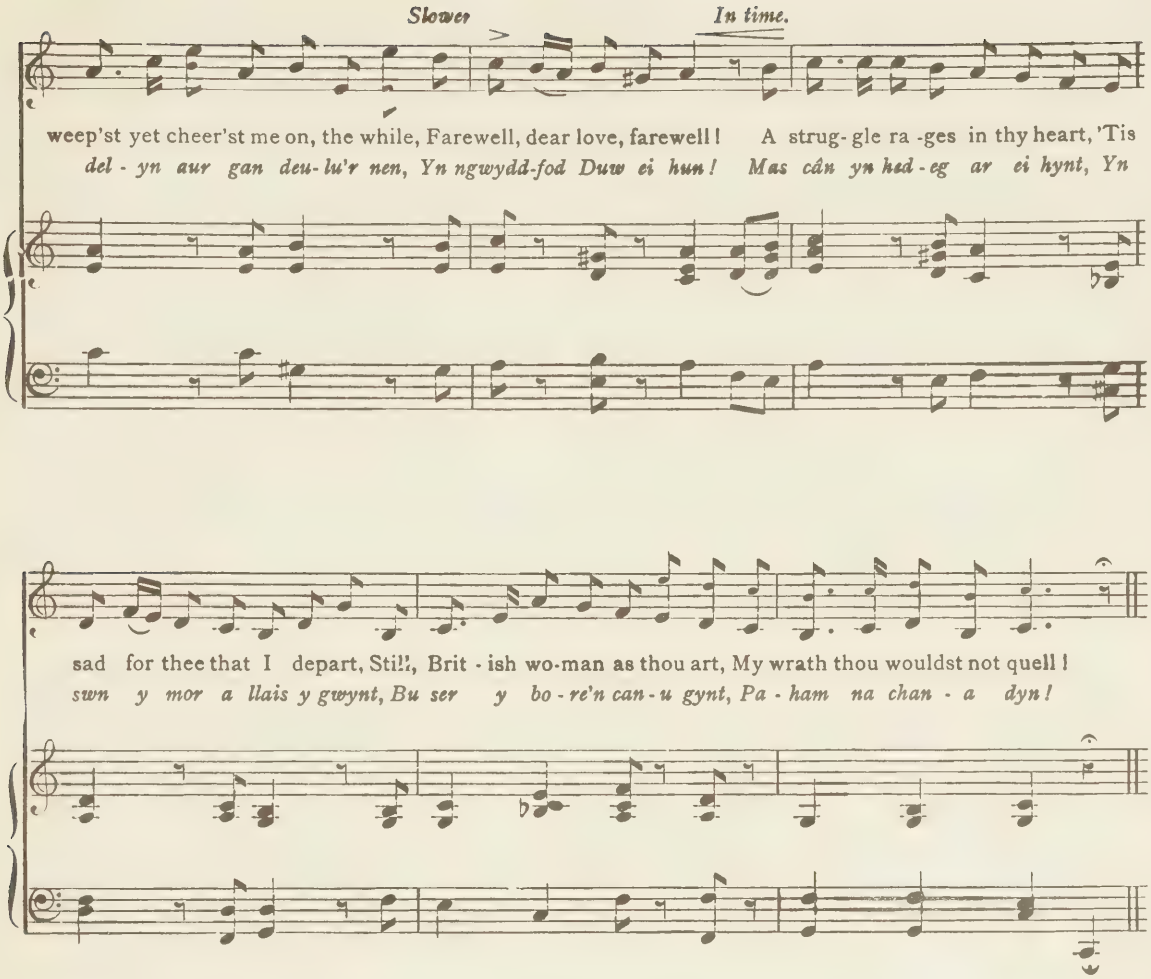
Slower
In time.
weep'st yet cheer'st me on, the while, Farewell, dear love, farewell! A strug-gle ra-ges in thy heart, 'Tis
del-yn aur gan deu-lu'r nen, Yn ngwydd-fod Duw ei hun! Mas cân yn hed-eg ar ei hynt, Yn
sad for thee that I depart, Stil', Brit-ish wo-man as thou art, My wrath thou wouldst not quell!
swn y mor a llais y gwynt, Bu ser y bo-re'n can-u gynt, Pa-ham na chan-a dyn!

2.

Wrath that awakes
And fetters breaks,
Ne'er the warrior's heart forsakes
The wrath that speaks aloud,
While one invader can be found,
Whose foot pollutes our holy ground,
That oft has smil'd when fortune frown'd,
So fearless and so proud.
Kindling every eye,
The wrath, my dearest, that will die,
When we have made the foeman fly,
And yield its place to love.
The love for wife, for children, all
That faithful hearts their own would call,
A love that nothing can enthrall,
That nothing is above.

2.

*Serch hudol yw.*
*Pob peth sy'n byw,*
*Yn y nef a daear Duw:*
*O'r haul sy'n llosgi fry,*
*I'r pryfyn tân, yr hwn a roed,*
*I rodio'r clawdd a gwraidd y coed,*
*I oleu ar y llwybyr troed,*
*Sy'n arwain i dy dŷ.*
*Hardd yw llun a lliw,*
*Pob peth a ddaeth o ddwylaw Duw,*
*I b'le'r â llygad dŷn nad yw,*
*Yn ngŵydd y tlws a'r cain?*
*Prydferthwch sydd yn llanw'r nef,*
*A phob crëadur grëodd Ef,*
*O'r eryr ar ei aden gref,*
*I'r dryw sydd yn y drain!*

# THE BLACKBIRD.*

## (Y FWYALCHEN.)

*English words by* A. P. Graves.
*Welsh words by* Ceiriog Hughes.

*Flowing and with expression.*

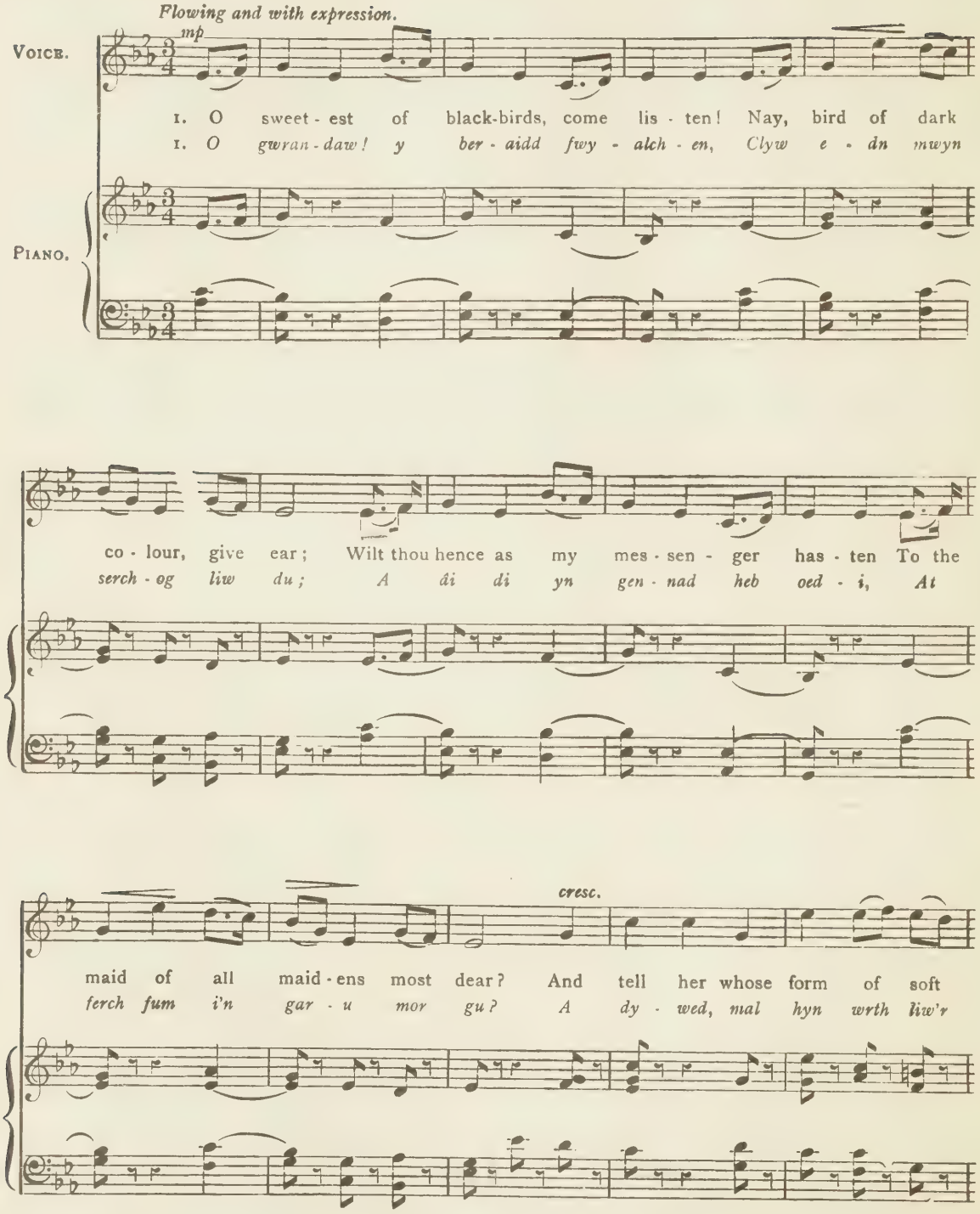
Voice.
Piano.
mp
1. O sweet - est of black-birds, come lis - ten! Nay, bird of dark
1. O gwran - daw! y ber - aidd fwy - alch - en, Clyw e - dn mwyn
co - lour, give ear; Wilt thou hence as my mes - sen - ger has - ten To the
serch - og liw du; A âi di yn gen - nad heb oed - i, At
cresc.
maid of all maid - ens most dear? And tell her whose form of soft
ferch fum i'n gar - u mor gu? A dy - wed, mal hyn wrth liw'r

* *This melody is in strains of three-bar rhythm.*—Ed.

*By permission—from Miss Jane Williams' collection.*

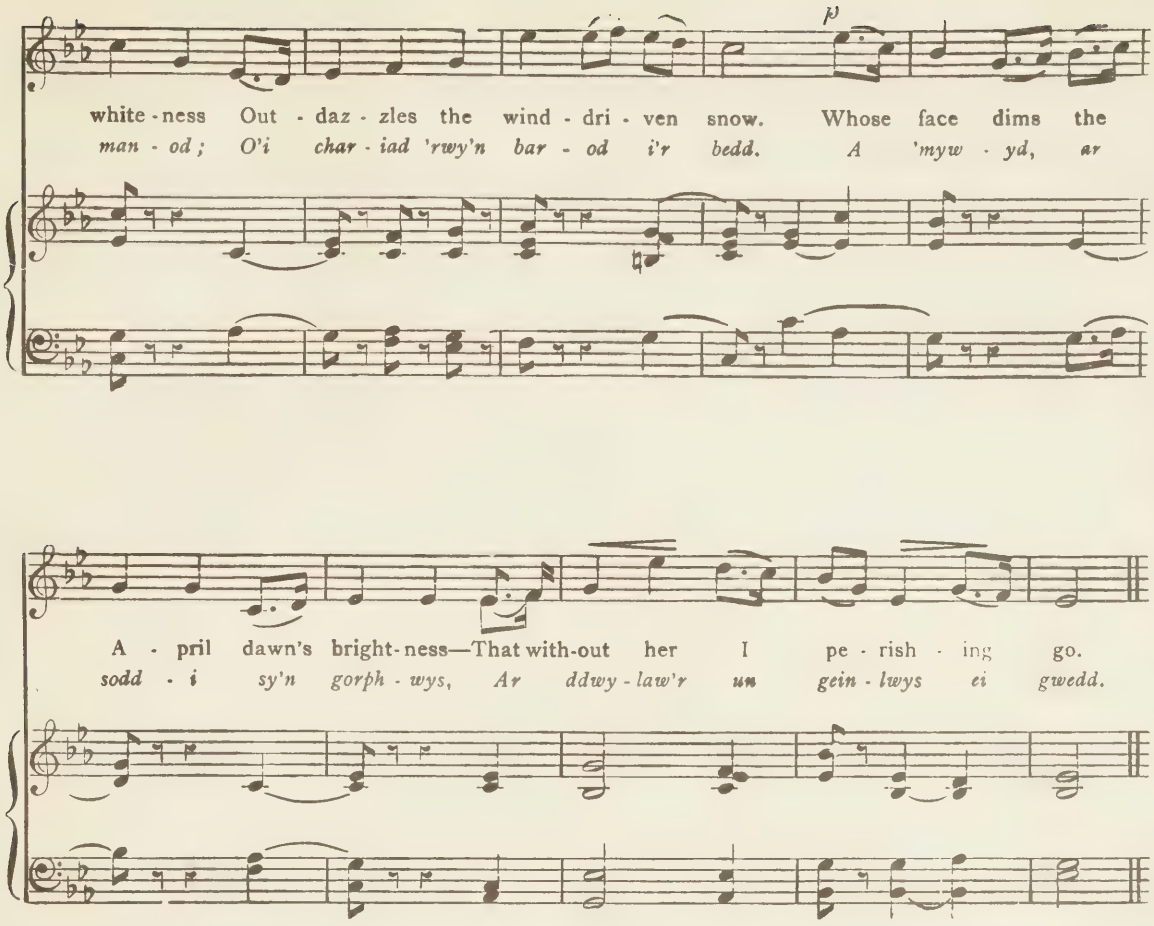
p
white - ness Out - daz - zles the wind - dri - ven snow. Whose face dims the
man - od; O'i char - iad 'rwy'n bar - od i'r bedd. A 'myw - yd, ar
A - pril dawn's bright - ness—That with-out her I pe - rish - ing go.
sodd - i sy'n gorph - wys, Ar ddwy - law'r un gein - lwys ei gwedd.

2.

And if she but toss back her tresses,
Broom-golden, and scornful reply,
"Cold snow from * Eryri's recesses—
A dawn of false April am I.'
Then answer her, blackbird, with boldness,
"Yet love, with his magical ray,
Can melt the snow bosom of coldness,
And turn fickle April to May."

2.

*Mae'n dda môd i'n galed fy nghalon,*
*Lliw blodau drain gwynion yr allt;*
*Mae'n dda môd i'n ysgawn fy meddwl,*
*Lliw'r banadyl melyn ei wallt.*
*Mae'n dda môd i'n ieuanc 'rwy'n gwybod,*
*Heb arfer fawr drafod y byd,*
*Pam peidiaist ti ferch a 'mhriodi,*
*A minnau'n dy ganlyn di cy'd i*

* *Snowdon's.*

# THE DOVE.*

(Y DERYN PUR.)

*English words by* A. P. GRAVES.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

*Moderately slow.*

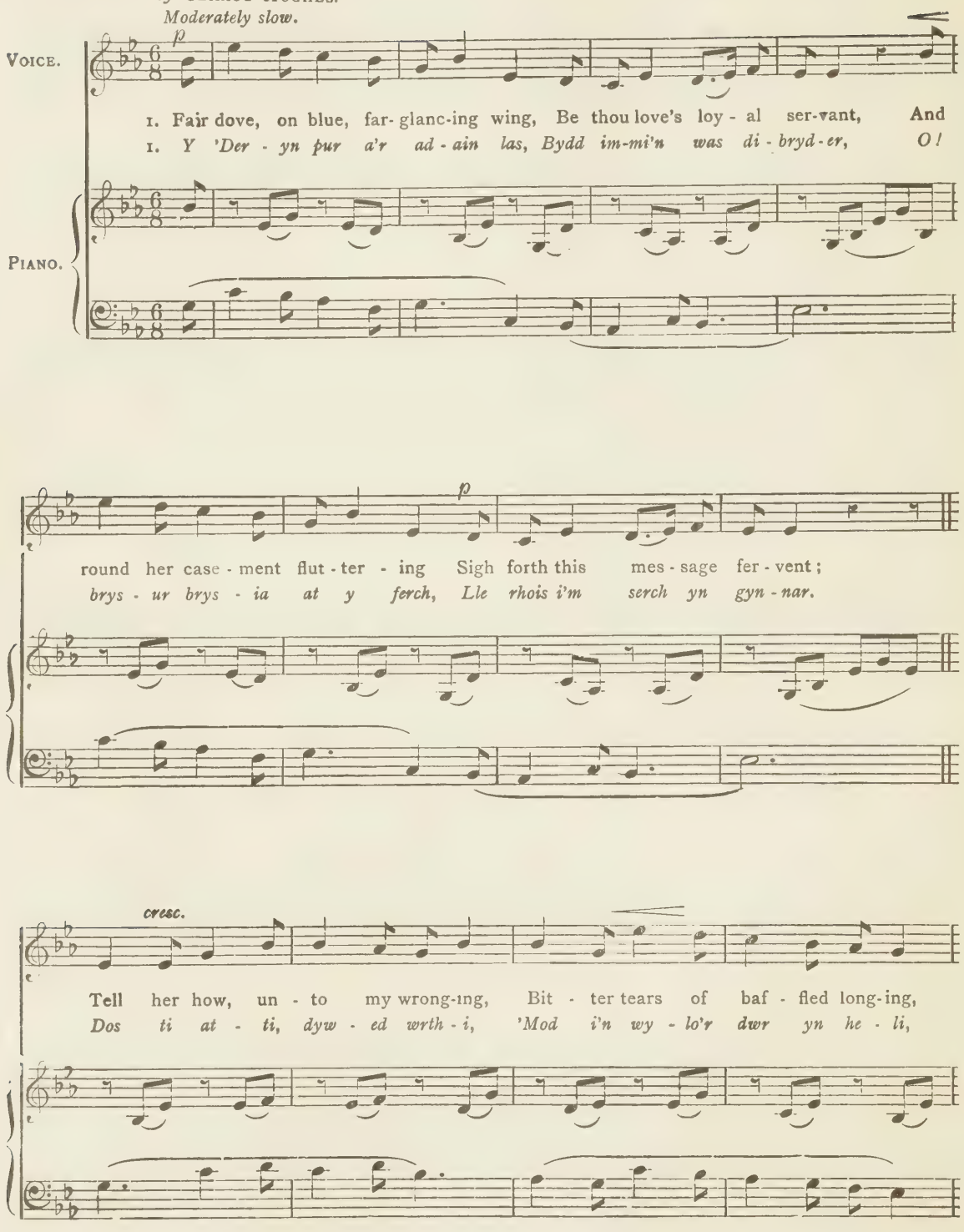
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. Fair dove, on blue, far-glanc-ing wing, Be thou love's loy-al ser-vant, And
1. Y 'Der-yn pur a'r ad-ain las, Bydd im-mi'n was di-bryd-er, O!
round her case-ment flut-ter-ing Sigh forth this mes-sage fer-vent;
brys-ur brys-ia at y ferch, Lle rhois i'm serch yn gyn-nar.
cresc.
Tell her how, un-to my wrong-ing, Bit-ter tears of baf-fled long-ing,
Dos ti at-ti, dyw-ed wrth-i, 'Mod i'n wy-lo'r dwr yn he-li,

* *By permission—from the collection of Miss Jane Williams (Aberpergwm).*

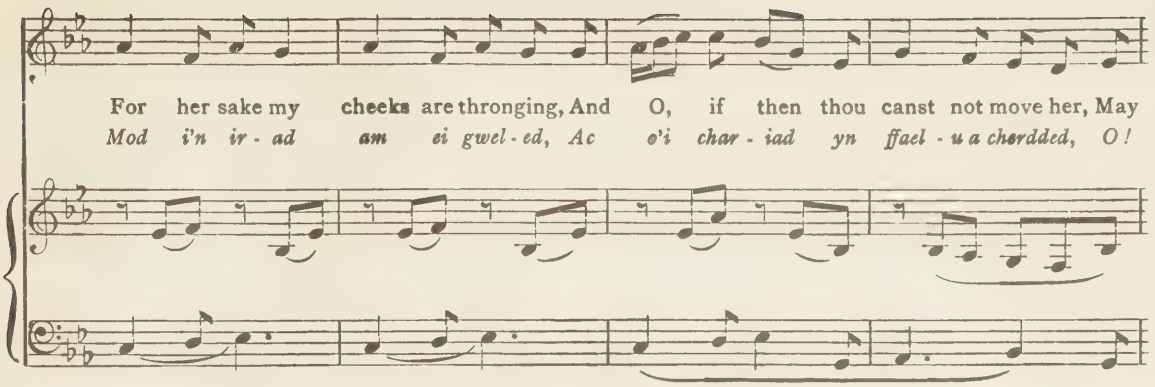
For her sake my cheeks are thronging, And O, if then thou canst not move her, May
Mod i'n ir - ad am ei gwel - ed, Ac o'i char - iad yn ffael - u a cherdded, O!

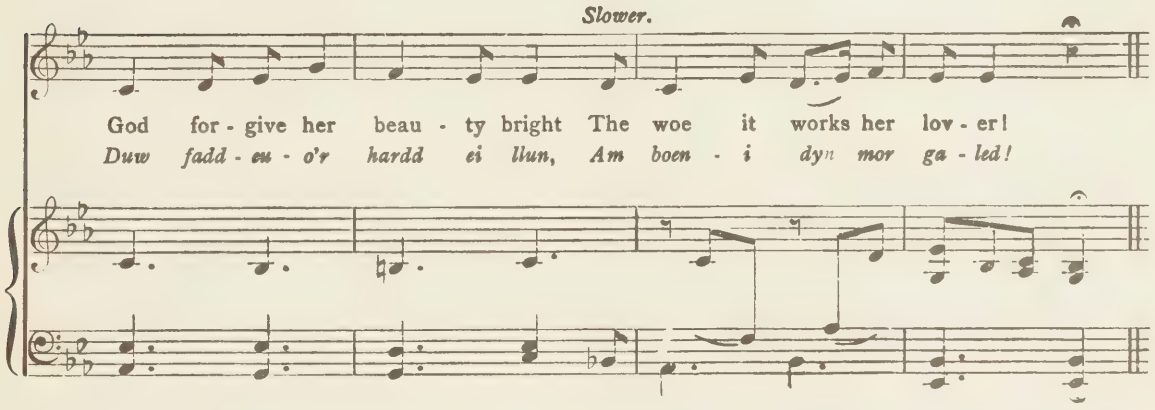


2.

For as I gaily crossed the grass,
When holidays were keeping,
The loveliest lady ever was
Across the lâwn came sweeping.
Passion stricken by the glowing
Virgin vision past me going,
"Ne'er," I cried, "in Cymru's showing
Was mortal maid such glory given!
For sure she is some angel bright
Strayed earthward out of Heaven!"

2.

*Pan o'wn yn hoenus iawn fy hwyl*
*Ddiwarnod gŵyl yn gwylio,*
*Canfyddwn fenyw lana 'rioed,*
*Ar ysgawn droed yn rhodio.*
*Pan ei gwelais syth mi sefais,*
*Yn fy nghalon mi feddyliais,*
*Wele ddynes lana'r deyrnas,*
*A'i gwén yn harddu'r oll o'i chwmpas;*
*Ni fyn swn gredu un dyn byw.*
*Nad oedd hi ryw angyles!*

# VALE OF CLWYD.

## (YN NYFFRYN CLWYD.)

*English words by* A. P. Graves.
*Welsh words by* Ceiriog Hughes.

*Old Air,*
*"The Missing Boat."*

*Slow.*
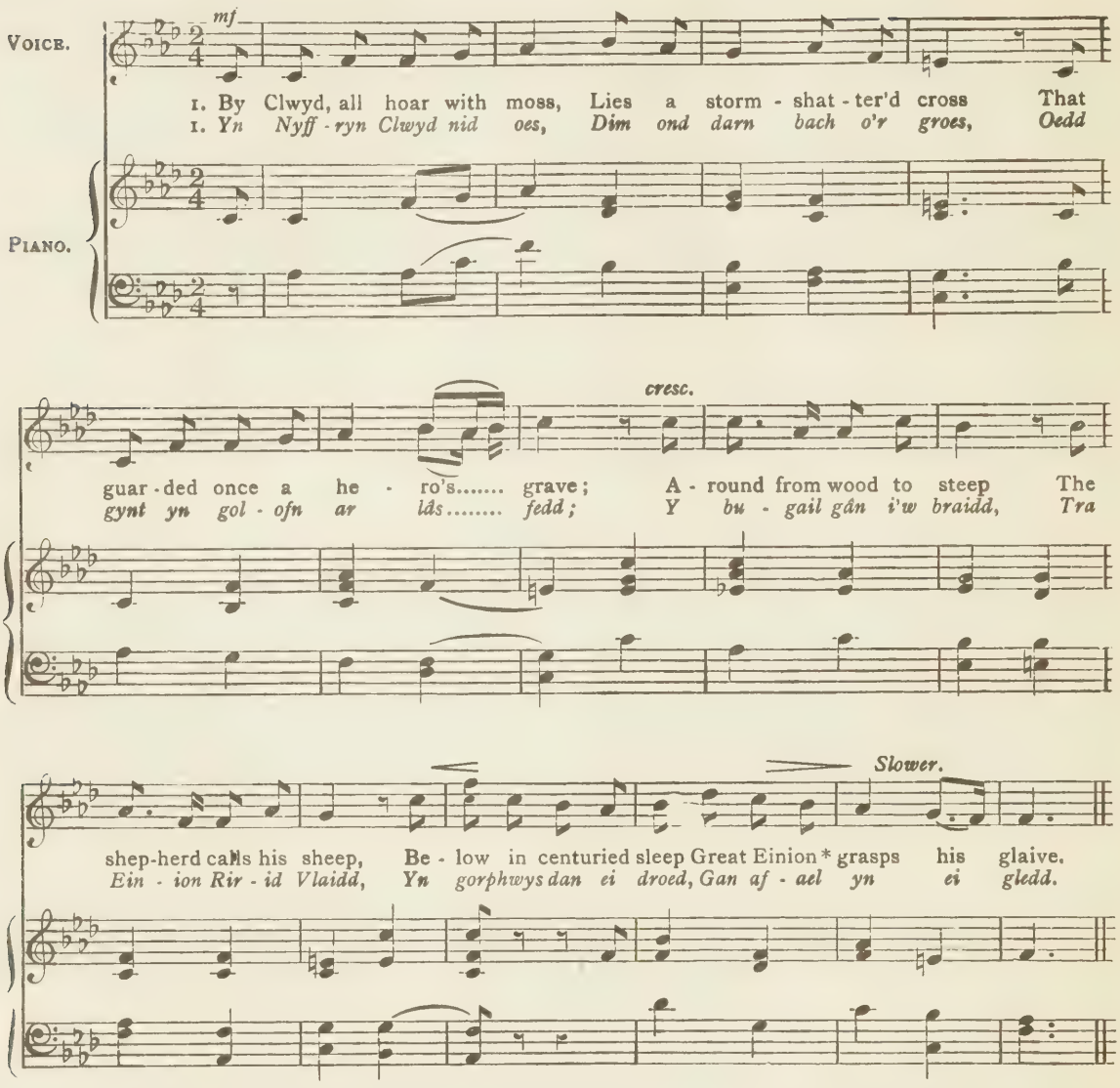
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. By Clwyd, all hoar with moss, Lies a storm - shat - ter'd cross That
1. Yn Nyff - ryn Clwyd nid oes, Dim ond darn bach o'r groes, Oedd
cresc.
guar - ded once a he - ro's..... grave; A - round from wood to steep The
gynt yn gol - ofn ar lâs..... fedd; Y bu - gail gân i'w braidd, Tra
Slower.
shep-herd calls his sheep, Be - low in centuried sleep Great Einion* grasps his glaive.
Ein - ion Rir - id Vlaidd, Yn gorphwys dan ei droed, Gan af - ael yn ei gledd.

2.

But though his shape is dust,
Though his dread sword is rust,
To memory's light they leap forth anew;
Till, Clwyd, with prouder swell
Our hearts thy praises tell,
For their stern sakes who fell
To Gwalia's standard true.

3.

If black oblivion's pall
On their bright fame must fall,
It first shall quench the stars' keen fires;
For O, from hills to waves
While holy Freedom paves
Our footsteps with their graves
We'll celebrate our sires!

2.

*Ond cedwir ei goffâd*
*Er mewn pridd mewn parhad;*
*Glân yw ei gleddyf fel erioed.*
*Os caru cofio'r wyd,*
*Am ddolydd Dyffryn Clwyd,*
*O! cofia gofio'r dewr*
*Sydd yno dan dy droed.*

3.

*Mewn anghof ni chânt fod,*
*Wŷr y clêdd, hir eu clod,*
*Tra'r awel tros eu beddau chwŷth:*
*Y mae yng Nghymru fyrdd,*
*O feddau ar y ffyrdd,*
*Yn balmant hyd yr hwn*
*Y rnodia Rhyddid byth!*

*This is a variant of an Irish melody known as the* "Cruiskeen Lawn."—Ed.

* *This Einion was slain in the reign of Henry III. at the siege of Diserth Castle. A cross was erected where he fell, which was called* Croes Einion; *the shaft of which is now supposed to form part of the stile in churchyard of Diserth.*

# BLACK SIR HARRY.*

(SYR HARRI DDU.)

*English words revised by* A. P. GRAVES.
*Welsh words by* T. TUDNO JONES.

*Moderately quick.*
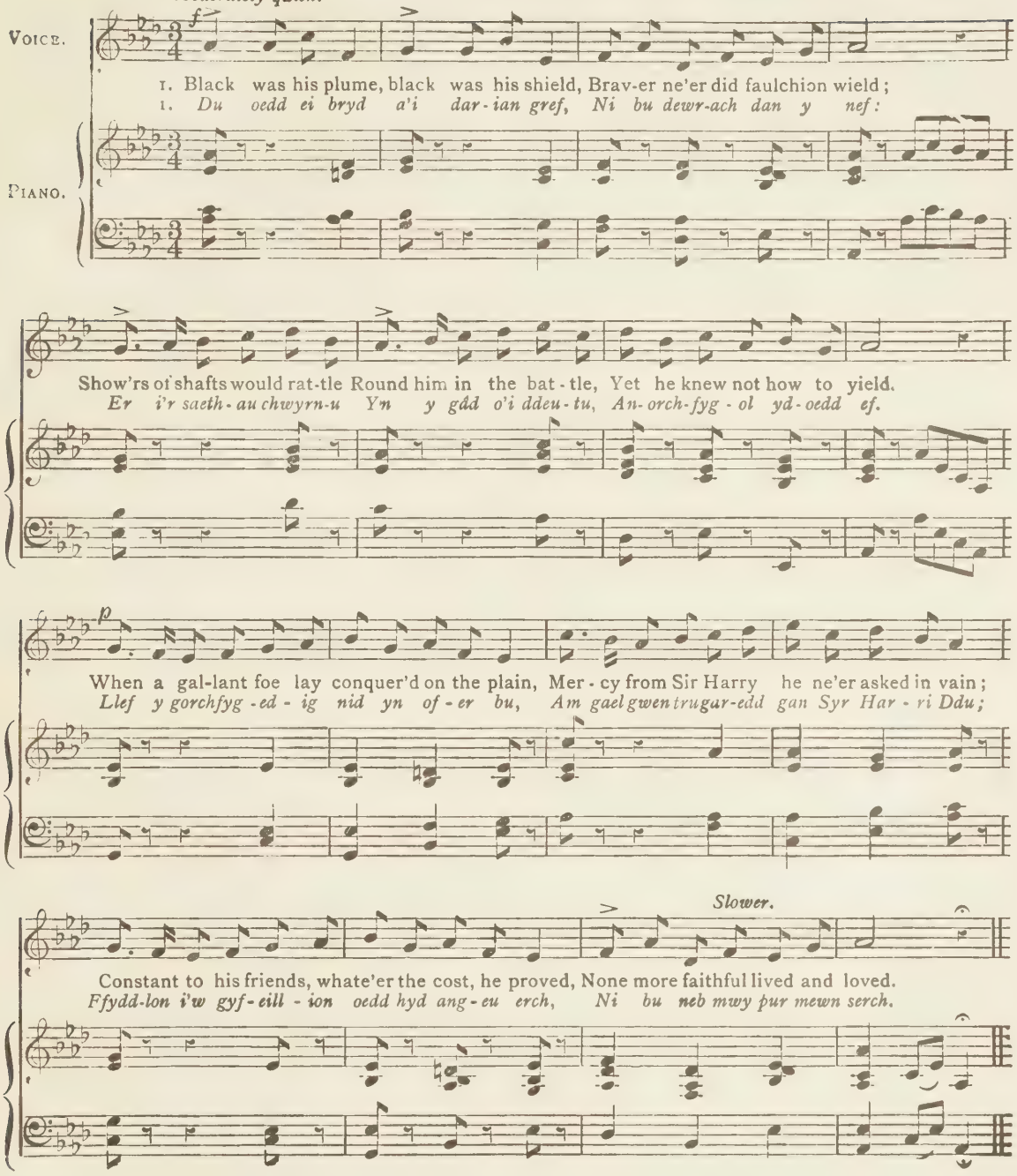
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Black was his plume, black was his shield, Brav-er ne'er did faulchion wield;
1. Du oedd ei bryd a'i dar-ian gref, Ni bu dewr-ach dan y nef:
Show'rs of shafts would rat-tle Round him in the bat-tle, Yet he knew not how to yield.
Er i'r saeth-au chwyrn-u Yn y gâd o'i ddeu-tu, An-orch-fyg-ol yd-oedd ef.
When a gal-lant foe lay conquer'd on the plain, Mer-cy from Sir Harry he ne'er asked in vain;
Llef y gorchfyg-ed-ig nid yn of-er bu, Am gael gwen trugar-edd gan Syr Har-ri Ddu;
Slower.
Constant to his friends, whate'er the cost, he proved, None more faithful lived and loved.
Ffydd-lon i'w gyf-eill-ion oedd hyd ang-eu erch, Ni bu neb mwy pur mewn serch.

2. Ay! though when he proudly went past,
Sparkled many a lady's eye,
Through that starry shower,
To his dear one's bower
He but made the fonder haste.
Long the bard shall sing the praises of his fame,
And in deathless verse preserve his noble name:
Black Sir Harry, with the dark and sparkling eye,
Like our song shall never die!

2. *Mewn llawer llys, gan faint ei swyn,*
*Ocheneidiai'r merched mwyn;*
*Gydag iaith y galon*
*Canai i'w gariadon*
*Odlau serch mewn llawer llwyn.*
*Awen bêr y bardd a fythol gân ei glod,*
*Ac mewn didrane gerdd ei enw byth gaiff fod:*
*Bydd Syr Harri gyda'r llygaid llawn o dân,*
*Yn anfarwol fel ein cân.*

* Syr Harri Ddu *was a man of swarthy complexion, as represented in his picture which formerly hung in the old Gothic Hall at Lleweny, where he was dressed in a suit of black armour. This* Henry Salisbury *was brother to* Sir Thomas Salisbury *of Lleweny, Denbighshire. There is an Ode addressed to him by the bard* Lewys Môn, *who lived about* 1500.

# THE QUEEN'S DREAM.

## (BREUDDWYD Y FRENHINES.)

*English words by* A. P. GRAVES.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

*Moderately quick.*

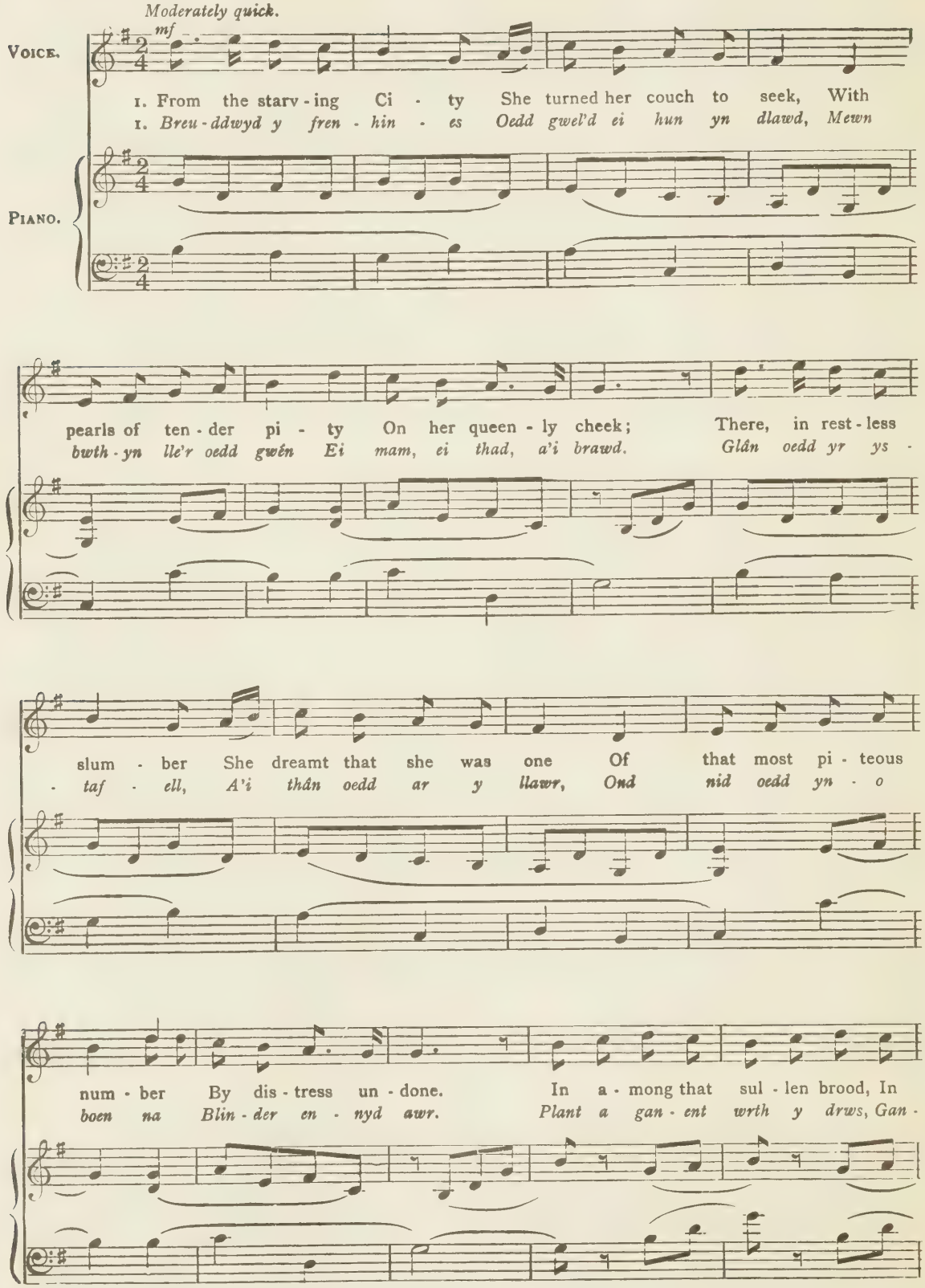
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. From the starv - ing Ci - ty She turned her couch to seek, With
1. Breu - ddwyd y fren - hin - es Oedd gwel'd ei hun yn dlawd, Mewn
pearls of ten - der pi - ty On her queen - ly cheek; There, in rest - less
bwth - yn lle'r oedd gwên Ei mam, ei thad, a'i brawd. Glân oedd yr ys -
slum - ber She dreamt that she was one Of that most pi - teous
- taf - ell, A'i thân oedd ar y llawr, Ond nid oedd yn - o
num - ber By dis - tress un - done. In a - mong that sul - len brood, In
boen na Blin - der en - nyd awr. Plant a gan - ent wrth y drws, Gan -
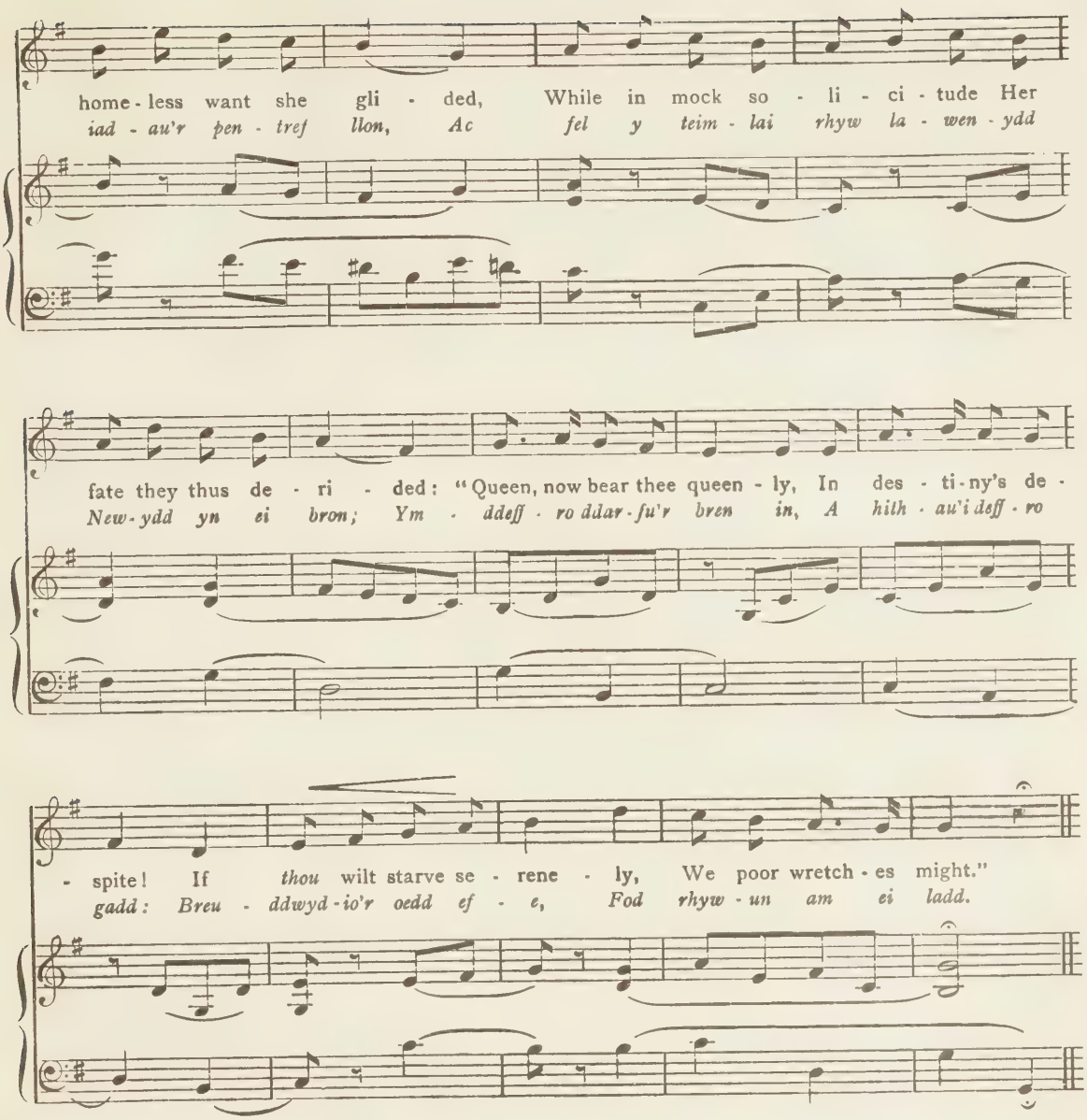
home - less want she gli - ded, While in mock so - li - ci - tude Her
iad - au'r pen - tref llon, Ac fel y teim - lai rhyw la - wen - ydd
fate they thus de - ri - ded: "Queen, now bear thee queen - ly, In des - ti - ny's de -
New - ydd yn ei bron; Ym - ddeff - ro ddar - fu'r bren in, A hith - au'i deff - ro
- spite! If thou wilt starve se - rene - ly, We poor wretch - es might."
gadd: Breu - ddwyd - io'r oedd ef - e, Fod rhyw - un am ei ladd.

2.

But, amid their mocking,
"The King, the King!" they cry,
And forward they run flocking
While He passes by;
With the crowd she mixes
Her cruel shame to hide;
When, oh, what wonder fixes
The surging human tide?
There One stood, with thorn-crown'd head,
Hands of supplication,
Multiplying mystic bread
For her famished nation.
"Children, thus remember
My Poor and Me!" He spoke.
And in her palace chamber
Weeping she awoke.

2.

*Breuddwyd dynes arall*
*Oedd yn dylawd yn wir,*
*Oedd gwel'd ei hun trwy'i hun*
*Yn aeres mor a thir;*
*Llawn oedd ei hystafell*
*O arian ac o aur,*
*A choron ar ei phen o*
*Fil o berlau claer.*
*Pwy oedd debyg iddi hi, mor*
*Hardd o bryd a gwedd?*
*A hi a chwyddai pan yn edrych*
*Ar ei swyddol sedd;*
*A'i gwr ddeffrôdd o'r diwedd,*
*Gan ddwedyd wrthi "Sian!*
*Rhaid iti godi'n awr,*
*Mae'n amser cynneu tan!'*

# LOUDLY PROCLAIM.

## (YMADAWIAD Y BRENIN.)—(DEPARTURE OF THE KING.)

*English words by* WALTER MAYNARD.
*Welsh words by* CEIRIOG HUGHES.

***Majestically, in march time.***

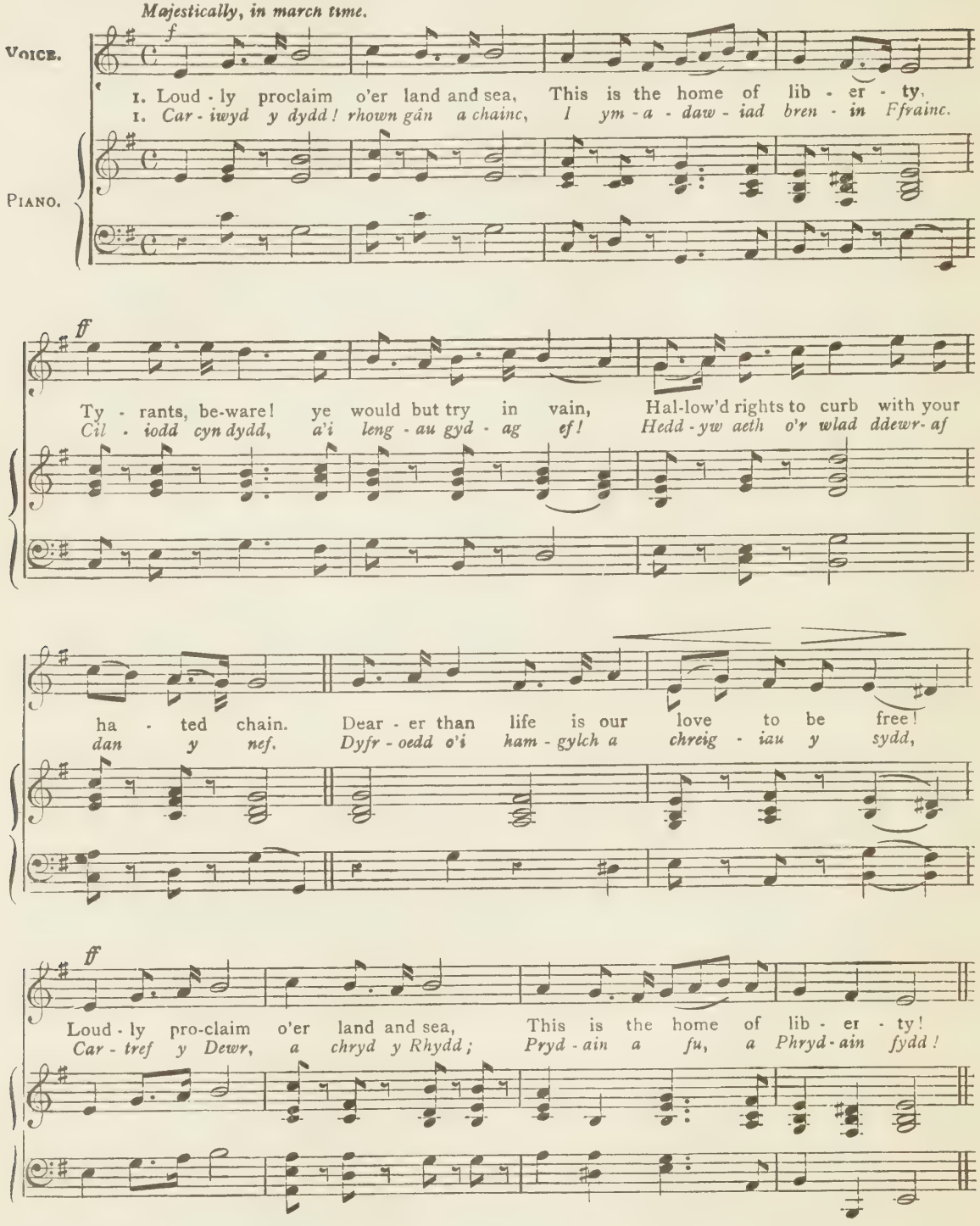
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
1. Loud - ly proclaim o'er land and sea, This is the home of lib - er - ty,
1. Car - iwyd y dydd! rhown gân a chainc, I ym - a - daw - iad bren - in Ffrainc.
ff
Ty - rants, be-ware! ye would but try in vain, Hal-low'd rights to curb with your
Cil - iodd cyn dydd, a'i leng - au gyd - ag ef! Hedd - yw aeth o'r wlad ddewr- af
ha - ted chain. Dear - er than life is our love to be free!
dan y nef. Dyfr - oedd o'i ham - gylch a chreig - iau y sydd,
ff
Loud - ly pro-claim o'er land and sea, This is the home of lib - er - ty!
Car - tref y Dewr, a chryd y Rhydd; Pryd - ain a fu, a Phryd - ain fydd!

2.

Let it be known all round the earth,
Here Freedom breathes and here had birth.
We will obey if laws be only just,
We will be true to the chiefs we can trust.
Let them but learn that our watchword still shall be—
Proudly proclaim'd o'er land and sea,
"This is the home of liberty!"

2.

*Druan o Gâl! a theyrn ei thir,*
*Dod mae gwrthryfel cyn bo hir.*
*Byr fydd ei hynt, yn frenin ni pharhâ.*
*Fory daw yn ol, lloches yma gâ:*
*Dinas ei noddfa pan ddaw du ddydd,*
*Cartref y Dewr a chryd y Rhydd;—*
*Prydain a fu, a Phrydain fydd!*

# GOD REST YE, MERRY GENTLEMEN.

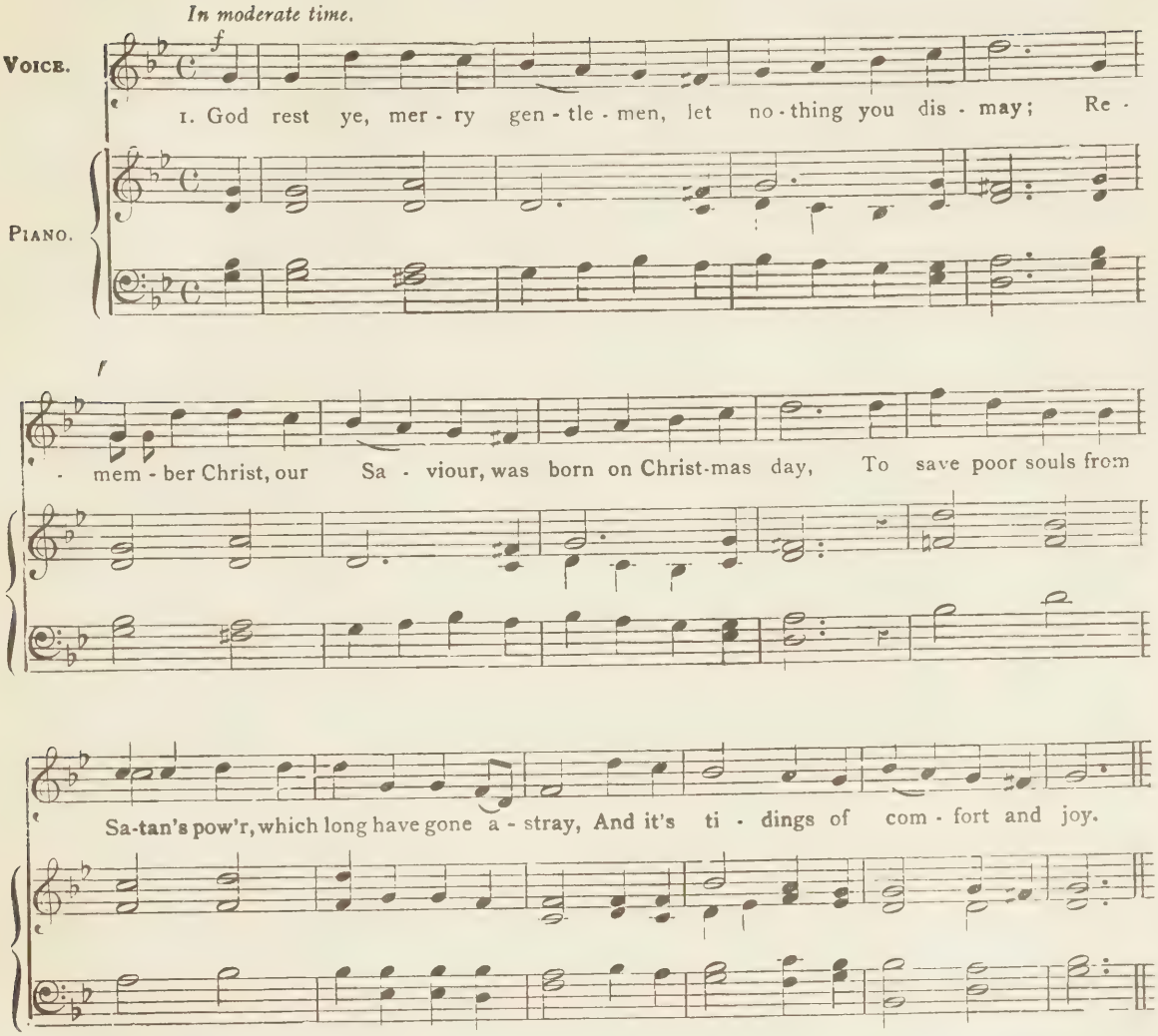
In moderate time.
Voice.
Piano.
1. God rest ye, mer - ry gen - tle - men, let no - thing you dis - may; Re -
- mem - ber Christ, our Sa - viour, was born on Christ-mas day, To save poor souls from
Sa-tan's pow'r, which long have gone a - stray, And it's ti - dings of com - fort and joy.

2. From God that is our Father the blessed angels came,
Unto some certain shepherds with tidings of the same,
That there was born in Bethlehem the Son of God by name,
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

3. "Go, fear not," said God's angel, "let nothing you affright,
For there's One born in Bethlehem, of a pure Virgin bright,
One able to advance you, and throw down Satan quite,"
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

4. The shepherds at those tidings rejoicèd much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding in tempest storms of wind;
And straight they came to Bethlehem, the Son of God to find,
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

5. Now, when they came to Bethlehem, where our sweet Saviour lay,
They found Him in a manger, where oxen fed on hay;
They blessed the Virgin, kneeling down, and to the Lord did pray,
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

6. With sudden joy and gladness the shepherds were beguiled,
To see the babe of Israel before His mother mild;
O, then, with joy and cheerfulness, rejoice each mother's child,
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

7. God bless the ruler of this house, and send him long to reign,
And many a merry Christmas may live to see again,
Among your friends and kindred, that live both far and near,
And God send you a happy New Year

# THE FIRST NOWELL.

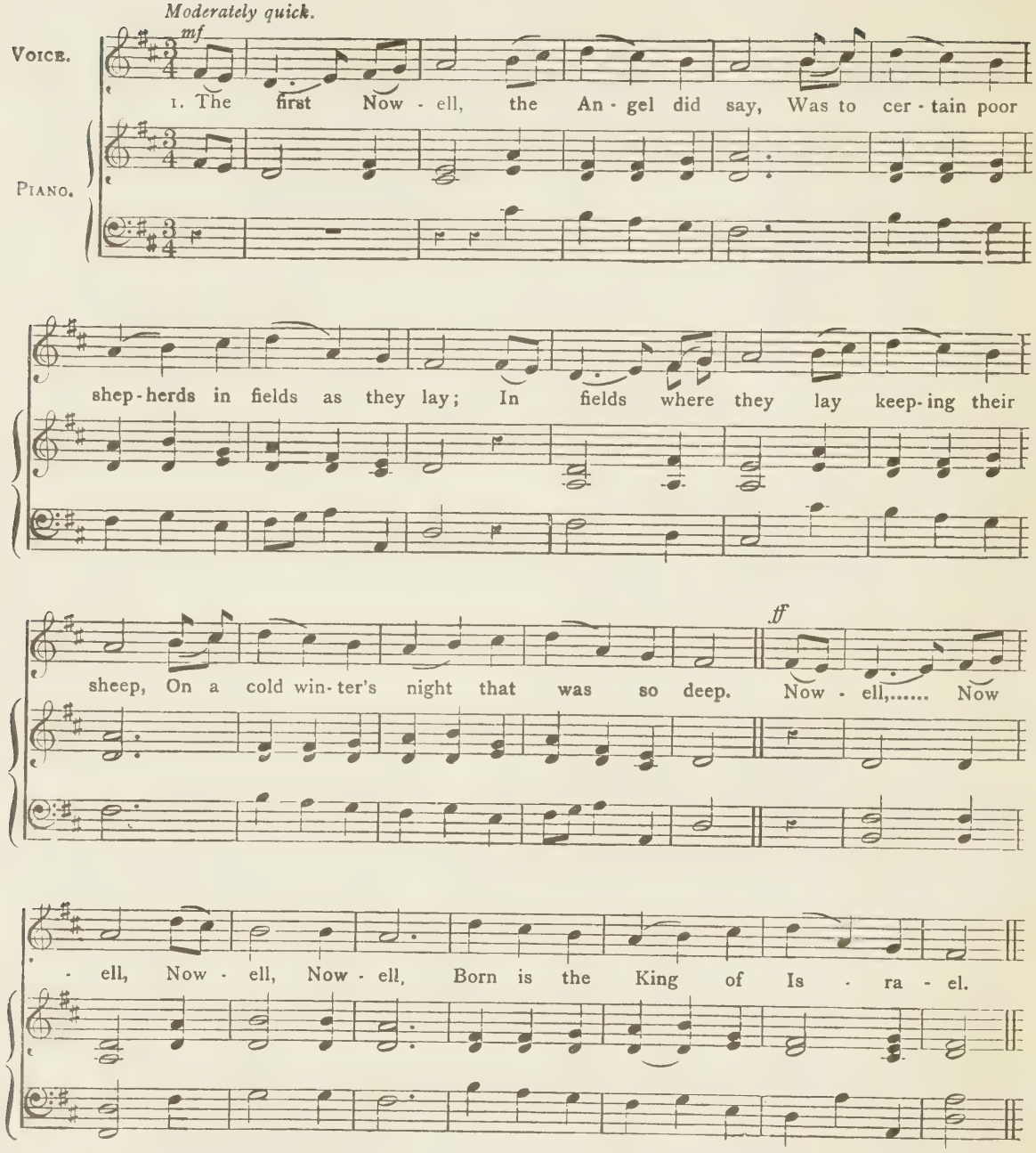
Moderately quick.
mf
Voice.
Piano.
1. The first Now - ell, the An - gel did say, Was to cer - tain poor
shep - herds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay keep - ing their
ff
sheep, On a cold win - ter's night that was so deep. Now - ell,..... Now
- ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

2. They lookèd up and saw a Star,
Shining in the East, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
Nowell, &c.

3. And by the light of that same Star,
Three Wise men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.
Nowell, &c.

4. This Star drew nigh to the North-West,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
Nowell, &c.

5. Then entered in those Wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in His presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
Nowell. &c.

6. Then let us all, with one accord,
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
That hath made Heaven and earth of nought,
And with His Blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, &c.

# GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN, REJOICE.

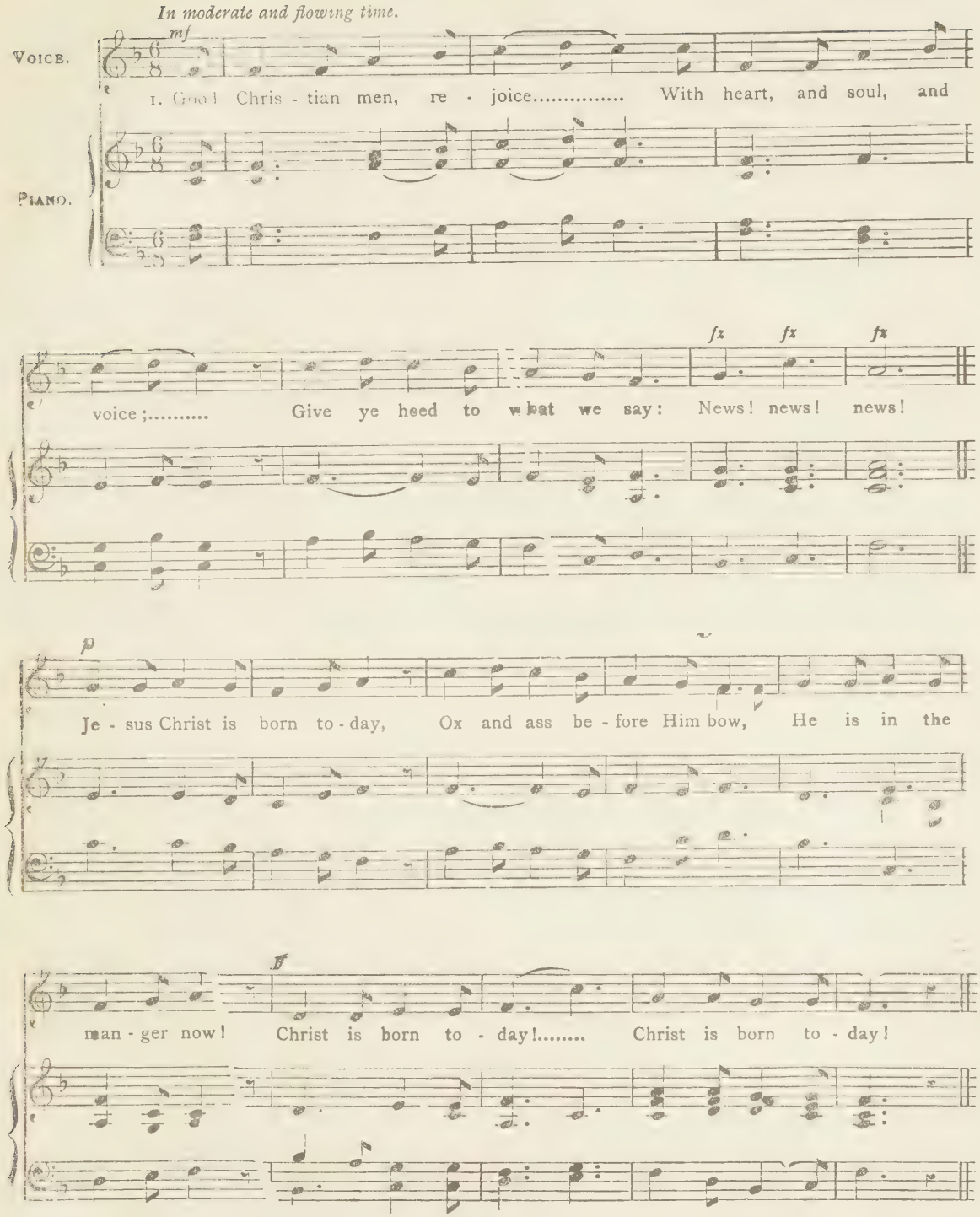
In moderate and flowing time.
mf
Voice.
Piano.
1. Good Chris - tian men, re - joice..... With heart, and soul, and
fz fz fz
voice;..... Give ye heed to what we say: News! news! news!
p
Je - sus Christ is born to - day, Ox and ass be - fore Him bow, He is in the
ff
man - ger now! Christ is born to - day!..... Christ is born to - day!

2. Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss;
Joy! joy! joy!
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the heavenly door,
And man is blessed evermore.
Christ was born for this!

3. Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave:
Peace! peace! peace!
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall:
Christ was born to save!

# THE WASSAIL SONG.

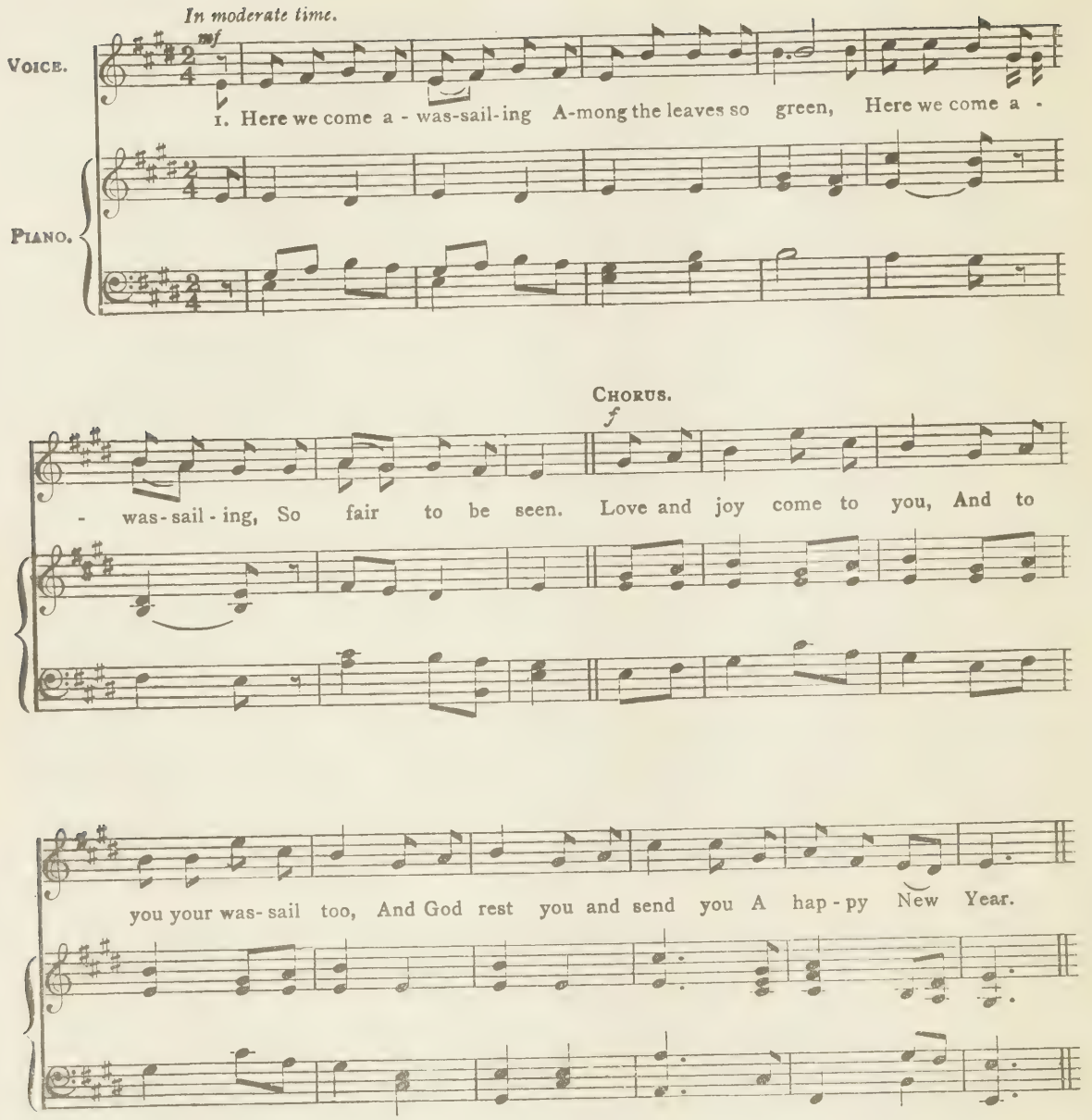
In moderate time.
mf
Voice.
Piano.
1. Here we come a - was-sail-ing A-mong the leaves so green, Here we come a -
Chorus.
f
- was-sail-ing, So fair to be seen. Love and joy come to you, And to
you your was-sail too, And God rest you and send you A hap-py New Year.

2.

We be not daily beggars
That beg from door to door,
But we be neighbours' children
That you have known before.
Love and joy, &c.

3.

We have a little pouch here
Of ratchin' leather skin,
We ask you of your goodness
To line it well within.
Love and joy, &c.

4.

Call forth the butler of this house,
Set on his golden ring,
And bid him bring of your Christmas loaf,
And of your bag pudding.
Love and joy, &c.

5.

God rest the master of this house,
God bless the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table go.
Love and joy, &c.

# GOOD KING WENCESLAS.
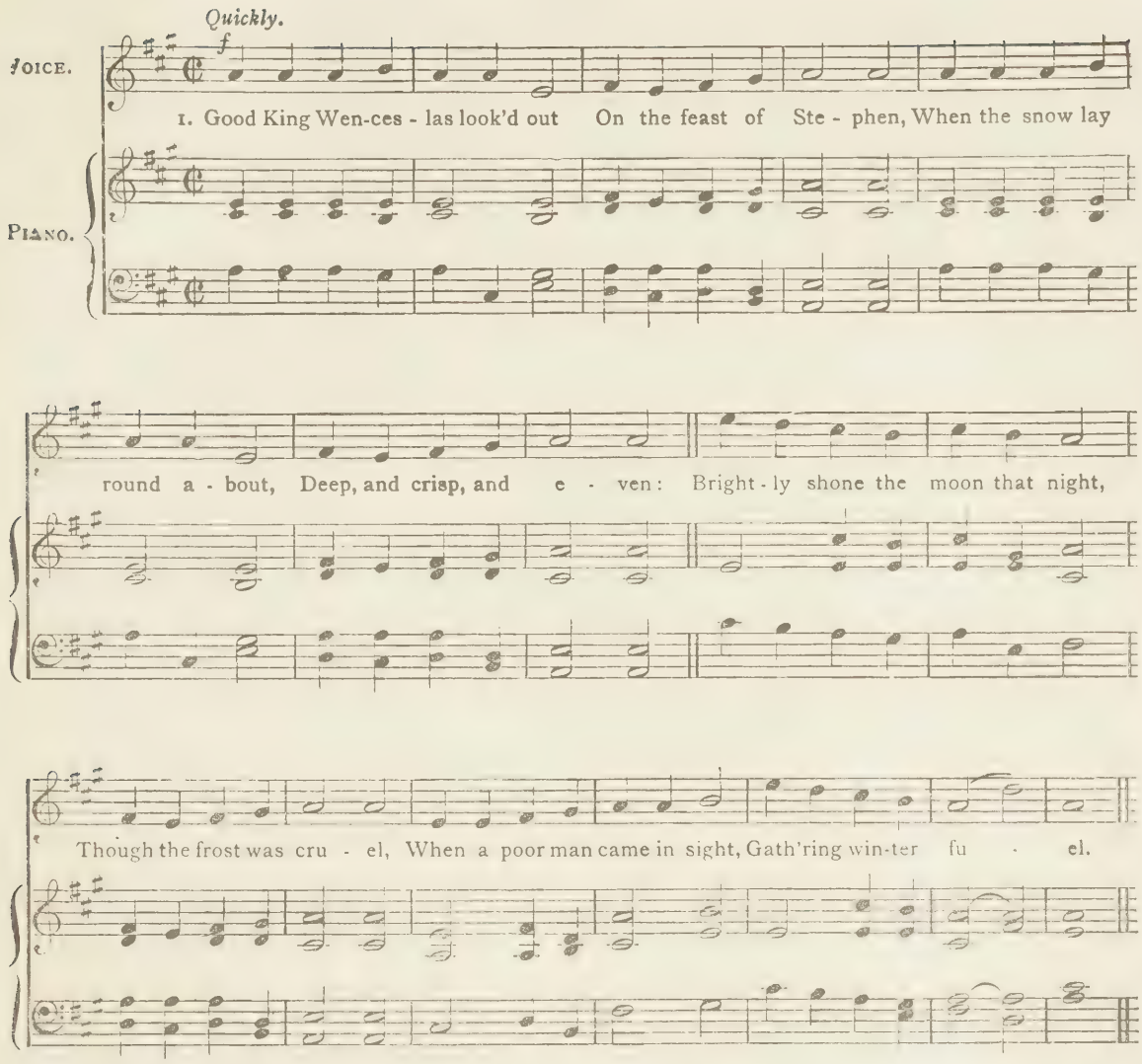
Quickly.
f
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Good King Wen-ces - las look'd out On the feast of Ste - phen, When the snow lay
round a - bout, Deep, and crisp, and e - ven: Bright - ly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cru - el, When a poor man came in sight, Gath'ring win-ter fu - el.

2.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,—
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

3.

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament—
And the bitter weather.

4.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, good my page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5.

In his Master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye, who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

# THREE KINGS OF ORIENT.

*In moderate time.* *Music and words by* JOHN HENRY HOPKINS.

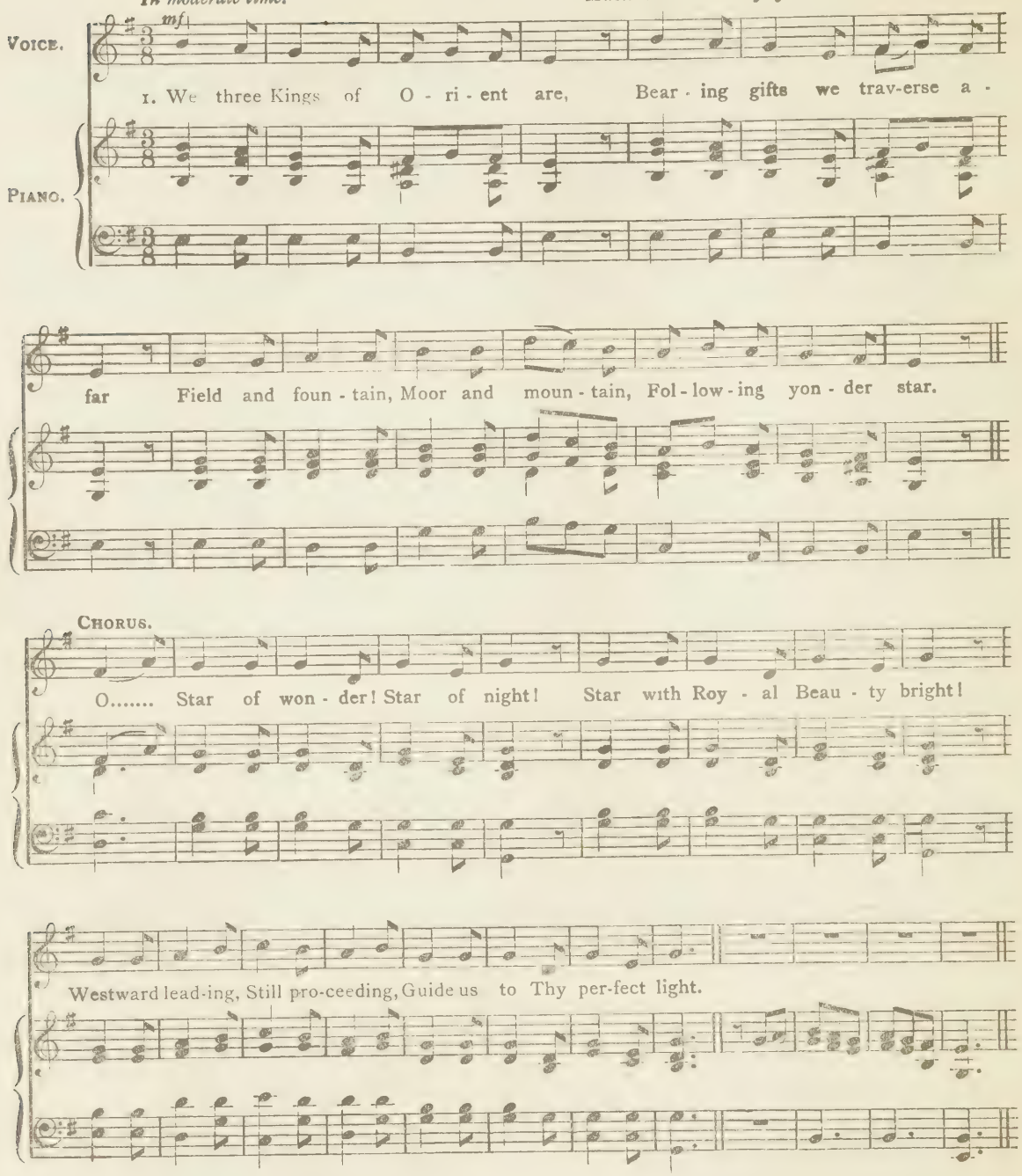
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
1. We three Kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we trav-erse a -
far Field and foun - tain, Moor and moun - tain, Fol - low - ing yon - der star.
CHORUS.
O..... Star of won - der! Star of night! Star with Roy - al Beau - ty bright!
Westward lead-ing, Still pro-ceeding, Guide us to Thy per-fect light.

2. Born a King on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again:
King for ever,
Ceasing never
Over us all to reign.
O Star, &c.

3. Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising,
All men raising,
Worship Him God on High.
O Star, &c.

4. Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom:
Sorrowing, signing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
O Star, &c.

5. Glorious now, behold Him arise,
*King*, and *God*, and *Sacrifice;*
Heav'n sings Hallelujah:
Hallelujah the earth replies.
O Star, &c.

# ROUNDS AND CATCHES.

## WHITE AND GREY SAND.

ROUND.

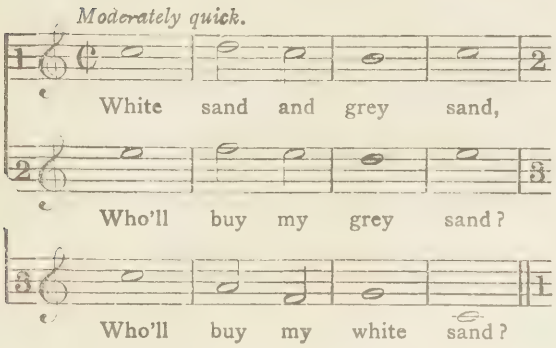


## TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON.

ROUND.

ANON.

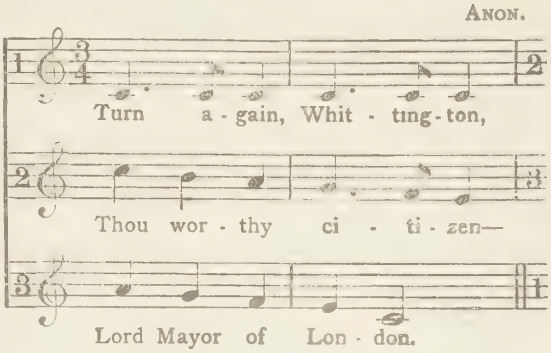


## CHAIRS TO MEND.

CATCH.

HAYES.
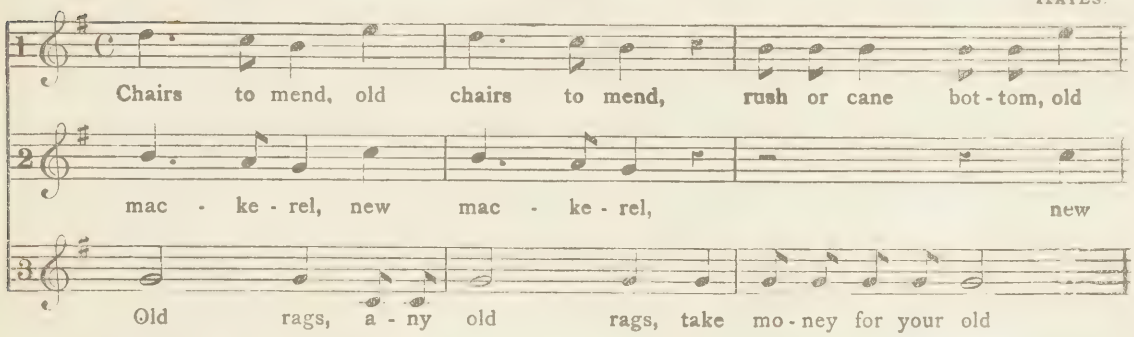
Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, rush or cane bot - tom, old
mac - ke - rel, new mac - ke - rel, new
Old rags, a - ny old rags, take mo - ney for your old

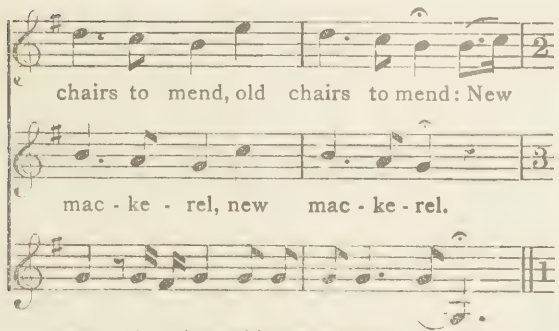


## WILT THOU LEND ME?

CATCH.

*In moderate time.*

NARES.

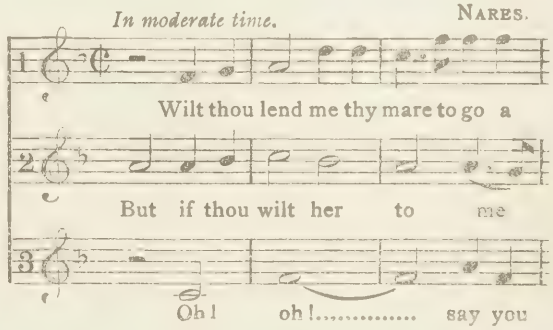


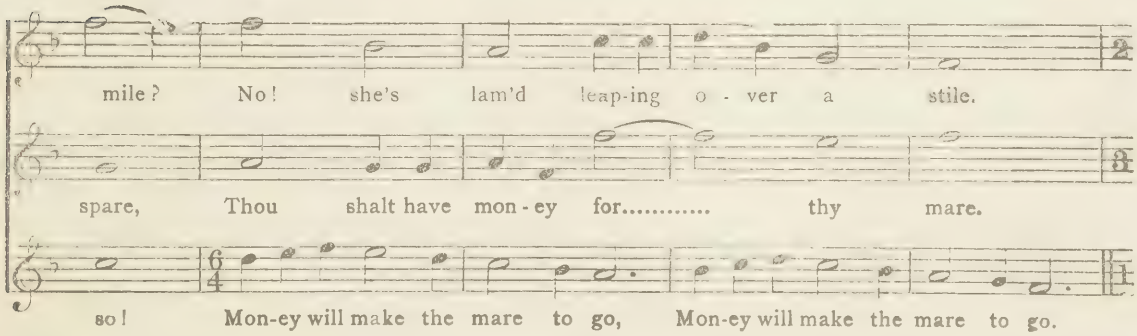
mile? No! she's lam'd leap-ing o - ver a stile.
spare, Thou shalt have mon - ey for..... thy mare.
so! Mon-ey will make the mare to go, Mon-ey will make the mare to go.

## GAPING CATCH.

HARRINGTON.

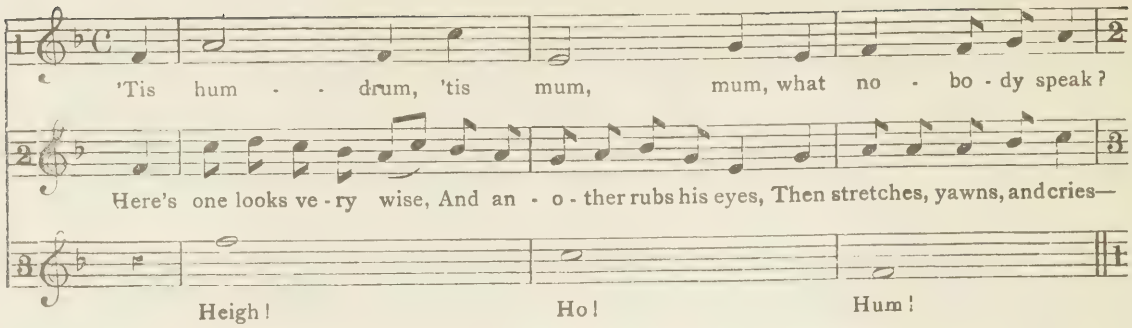
'Tis hum - - drum, 'tis mum, mum, what no - bo - dy speak?
Here's one looks ve - ry wise, And an - o - ther rubs his eyes, Then stretches, yawns, and cries—
Heigh! Ho! Hum!

## WIND, GENTLE EVERGREEN.

ROUND.

*In moderate time.*

HAYES.

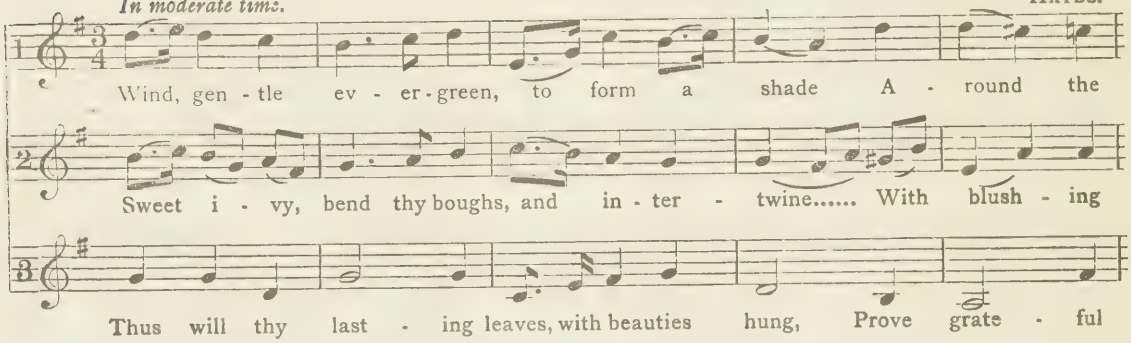
Wind, gen - tle ev - er - green, to form a shade A - round the
Sweet i - vy, bend thy boughs, and in - ter - twine..... With blush - ing
Thus will thy last - ing leaves, with beauties hung, Prove grate - ful

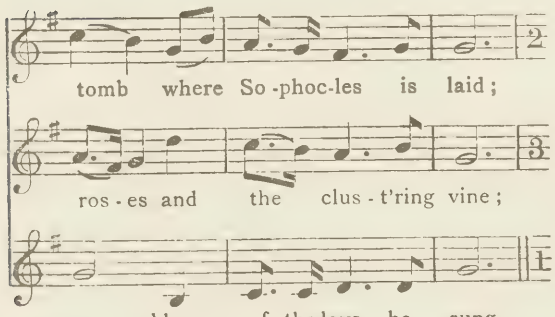


## ADIEU, SWEET AMARYLLIS!

ROUND.

ANON.

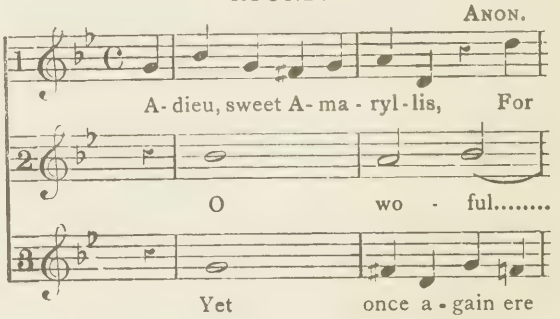


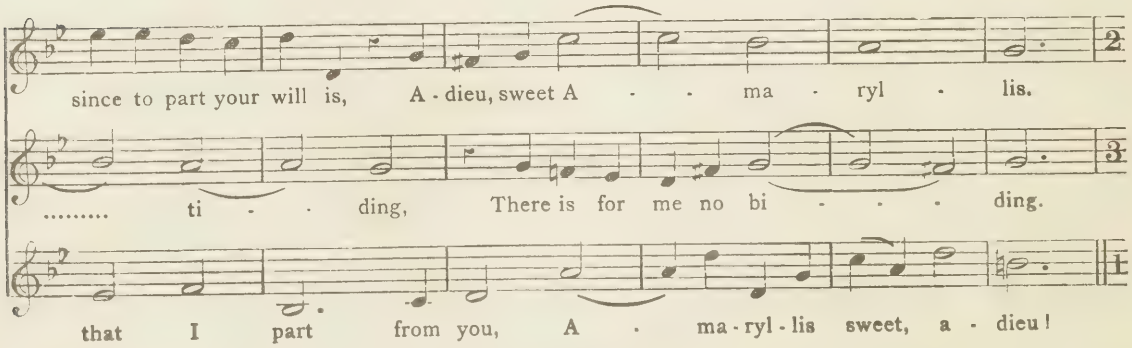
since to part your will is, A - dieu, sweet A - - ma - ryl - lis.
..... ti - - ding, There is for me no bi - - - - ding.
that I part from you, A - ma - ryl - lis sweet, a - dieu!

## LET'S HAVE A PEAL.

ANON.

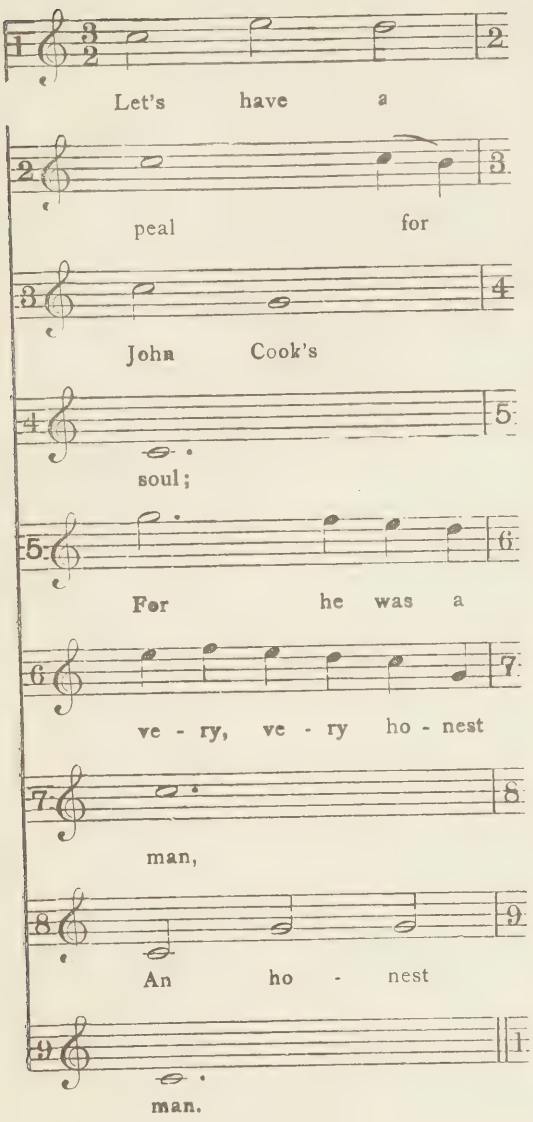


## SING WE MERRILY.

ROUND.

ANON.

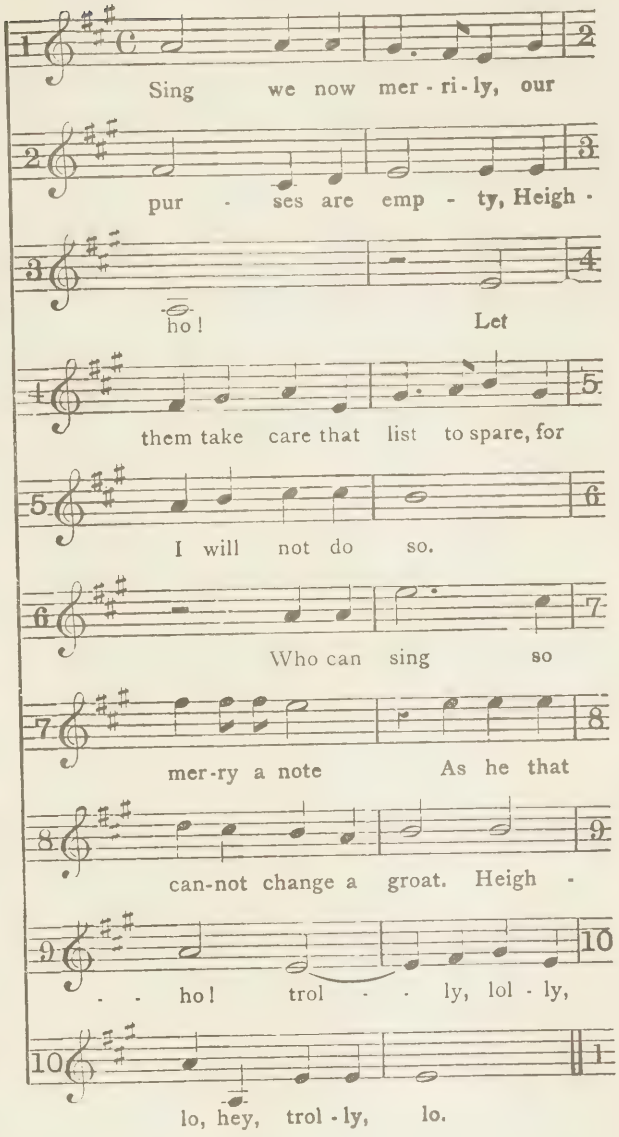
Sing we now mer - ri - ly, our
pur - ses are emp - ty, Heigh -
ho! Let
them take care that list to spare, for
I will not do so.
Who can sing so
mer-ry a note As he that
can-not change a groat. Heigh -
- - ho! trol - - ly, lol - ly,
lo, hey, trol - ly, lo.

## TO PORTSMOUTH.

ROUND.

ANON. *(words altered).*

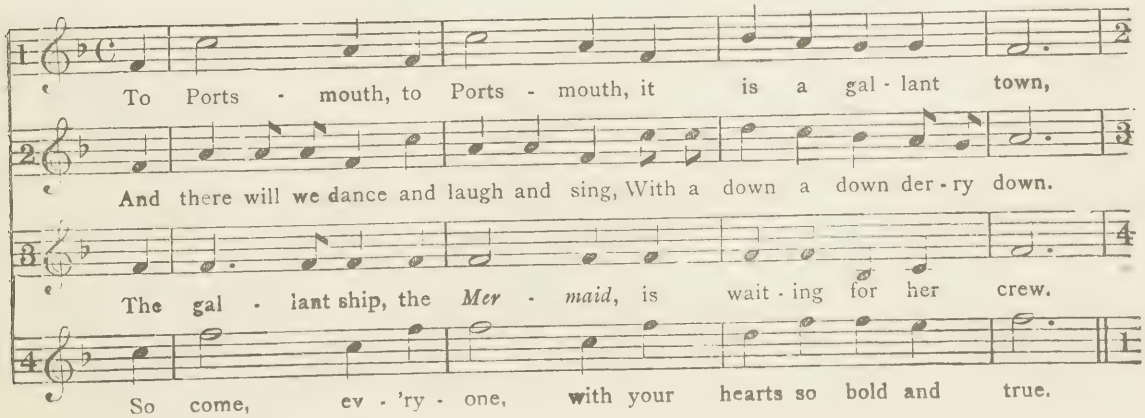
To Ports - mouth, to Ports - mouth, it is a gal - lant town,
And there will we dance and laugh and sing, With a down a down der - ry down.
The gal - lant ship, the *Mer - maid*, is wait - ing for her crew.
So come, ev - 'ry - one, with your hearts so bold and true.

## O MY LOVE.

ROUND.

ANON.

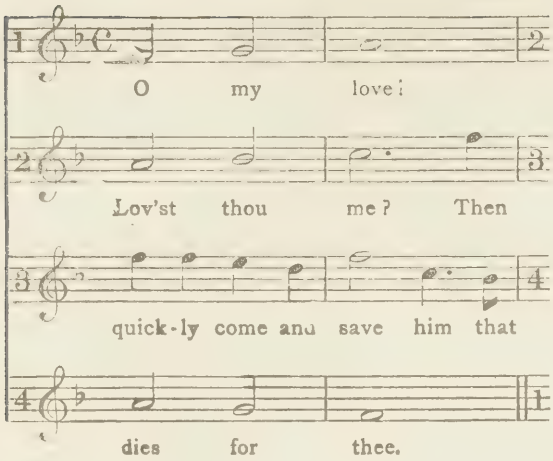


## GO TO JOAN GLOVER.

ROUND.

ANON.

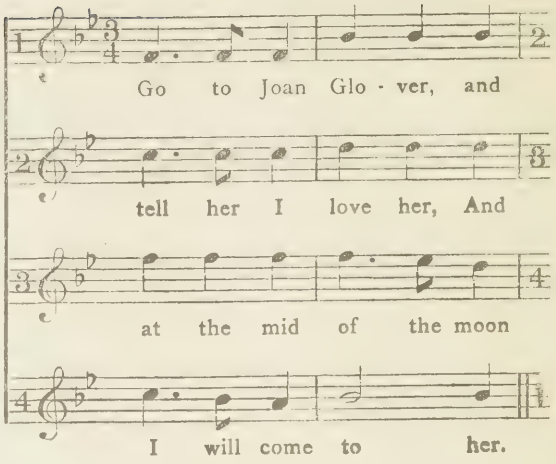


## COME, FOLLOW ME.

ROUND.

HILTON (*words altered*).

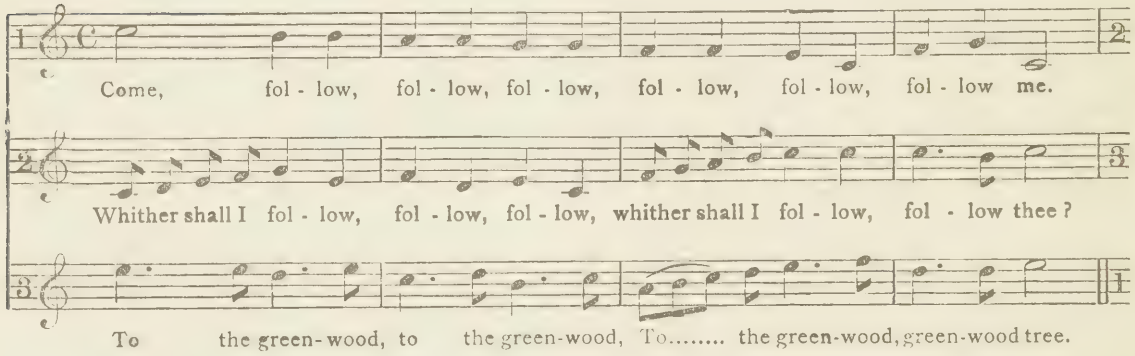
Come, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me.
Whither shall I fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, whither shall I fol - low, fol - low thee?
To the green-wood, to the green-wood, To..... the green-wood, green-wood tree.

## MY DAME HATH A LAME TAME CRANE.

ROUND.

MATTHEW WHITE.

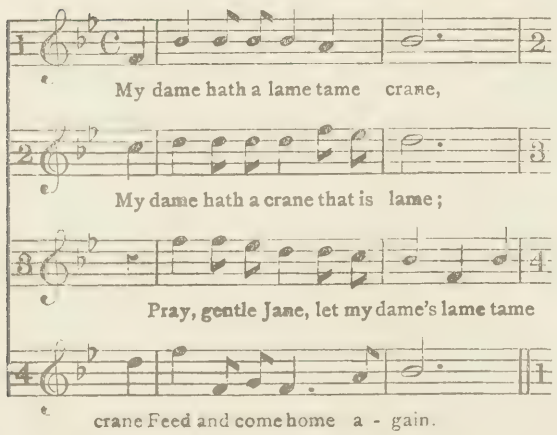
My dame hath a lame tame crane,
My dame hath a crane that is lame;
Pray, gentle Jane, let my dame's lame tame
crane Feed and come home a - gain.

## GREAT TOM IS CAST.

ROUND.

WHITE, *from Playford's collection, 1667.*

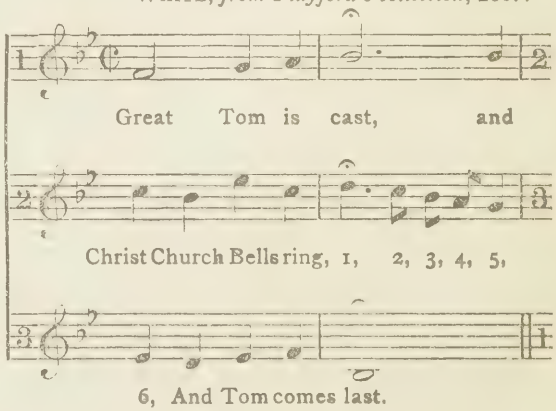

## SLAVES TO THE WORLD.

ROUND.

EDMUND NELLIAM.

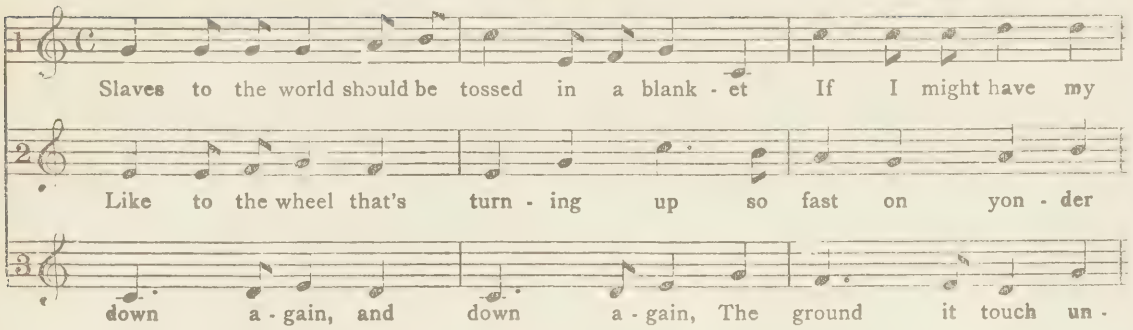
Slaves to the world should be tossed in a blank - et If I might have my
Like to the wheel that's turn - ing up so fast on yon - der
down a - gain, and down a - gain, The ground it touch un -

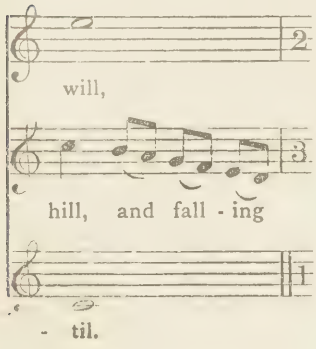


## A BOAT, A BOAT.

ROUND.

JOHN JENKINS.

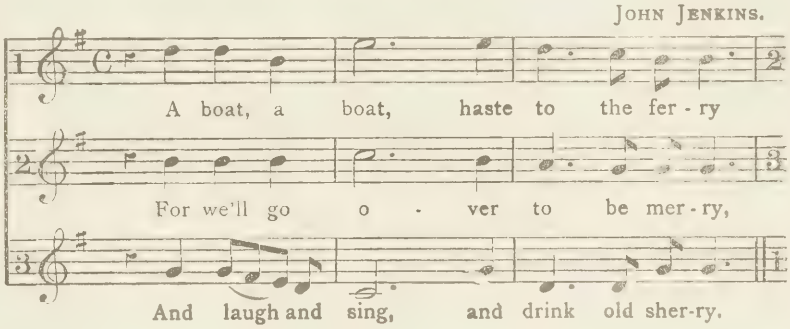


## FIE, NAY, PRITHEE, JOHN.

ROUND.

HENRY PURCELL.

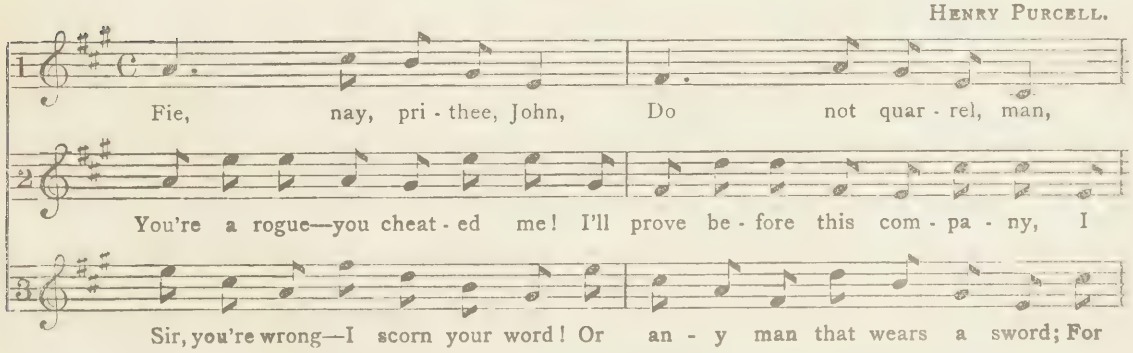
Fie, nay, pri - thee, John, Do not quar - rel, man,
You're a rogue—you cheat - ed me! I'll prove be - fore this com - pa - ny, I
Sir, you're wrong—I scorn your word! Or an - y man that wears a sword; For

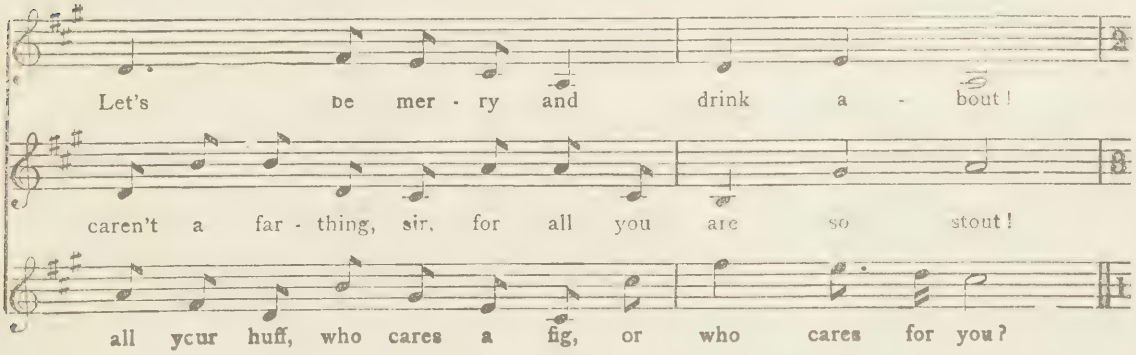
Let's be mer - ry and drink a - bout!
caren't a far - thing, sir, for all you are so stout!
all your huff, who cares a fig, or who cares for you?

# UNDER THIS STONE.

ROUND.

HENRY PURCELL.

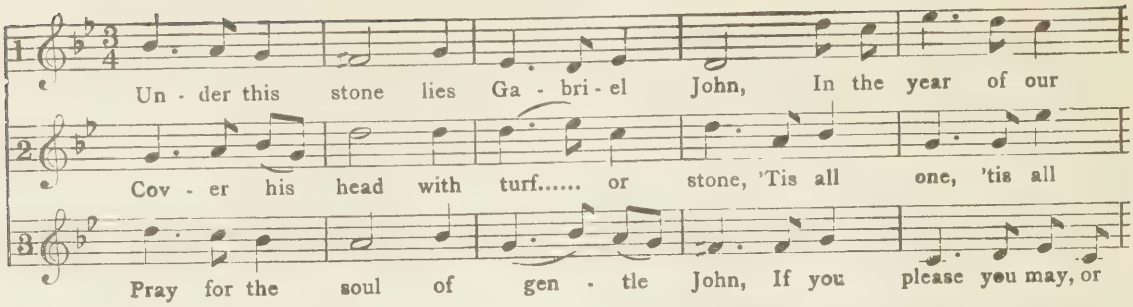
1. Un - der this stone lies Ga - bri - el John, In the year of our
2. Cov - er his head with turf..... or stone, 'Tis all one, 'tis all
3. Pray for the soul of gen - tle John, If you please you may, or
Lord one thou-sand and one.
one, with turf or stone, 'tis all one.
let..... it a - lone, 'tis all one.

# LOOK, NEIGHBOURS, LOOK!

ROUND.

*Moderately quick.* HARRINGTON.

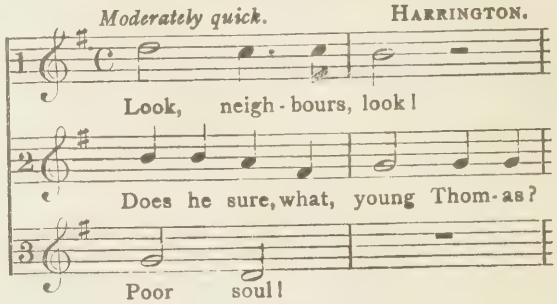


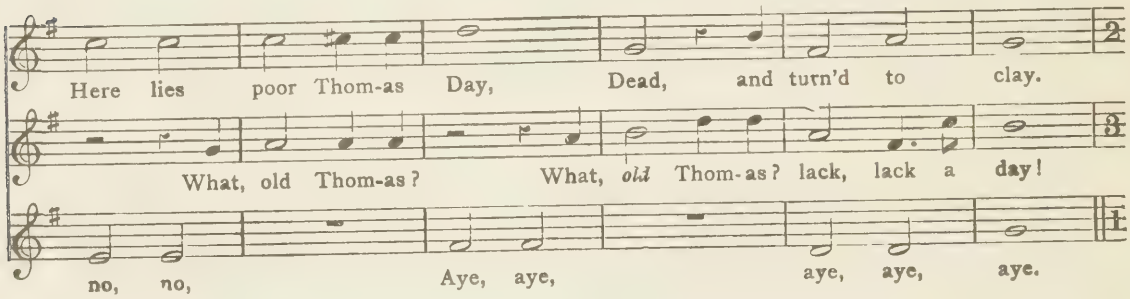


# HARK! THE BONNY CHRISTCHURCH BELLS.

ROUND.

DR. ALDRICH.

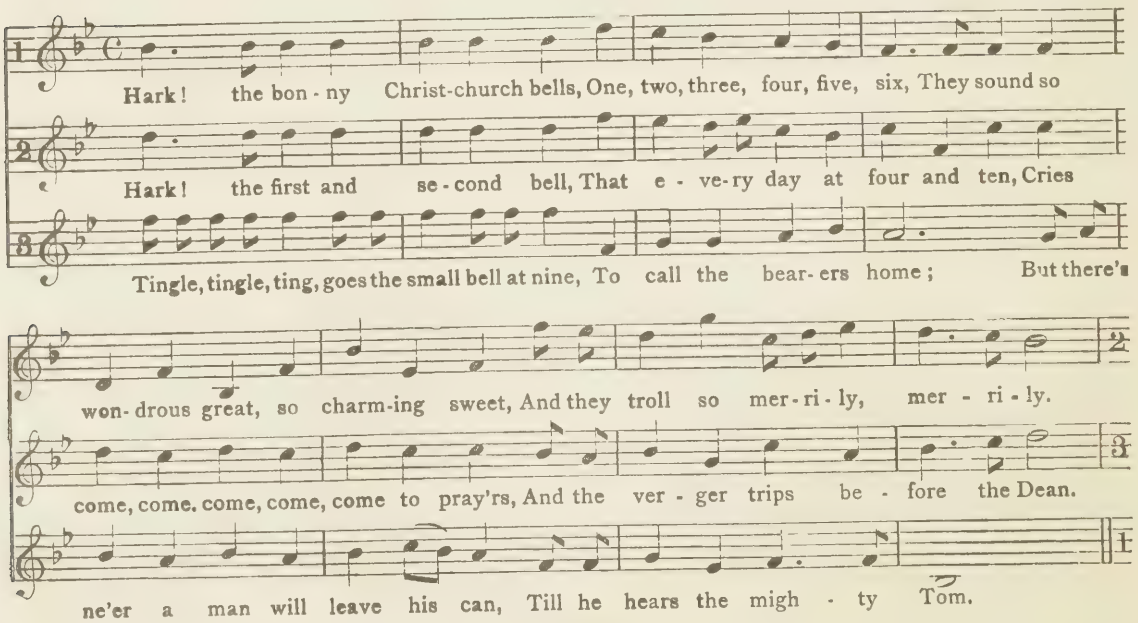
1. Hark! the bon - ny Christ-church bells, One, two, three, four, five, six, They sound so
2. Hark! the first and se - cond bell, That e - ve-ry day at four and ten, Cries
3. Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at nine, To call the bear-ers home; But there's
won-drous great, so charm-ing sweet, And they troll so mer-ri - ly, mer - ri - ly.
come, come. come, come, come to pray'rs, And the ver - ger trips be - fore the Dean.
ne'er a man will leave his can, Till he hears the migh - ty Tom.

## WOULD YOU KNOW MY CELIA'S CHARMS?

ROUND.

WEBBE.

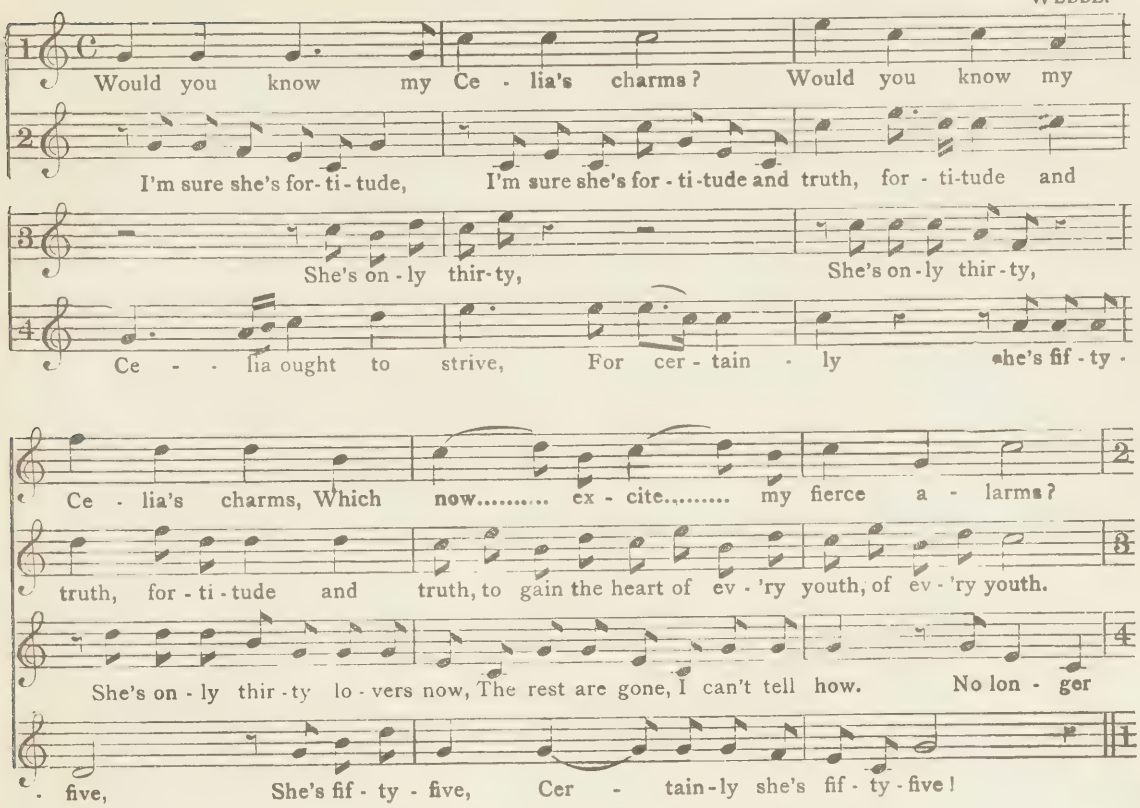
1 C
Would you know my Ce - lia's charms? Would you know my
2
I'm sure she's for-ti-tude, I'm sure she's for-ti-tude and truth, for - ti-tude and
3
She's on-ly thir-ty, She's on-ly thir-ty,
4
Ce - - lia ought to strive, For cer-tain - ly she's fif-ty -
Ce - lia's charms, Which now..... ex - cite..... my fierce a - larms?
truth, for - ti - tude and truth, to gain the heart of ev - 'ry youth, of ev - 'ry youth.
She's on - ly thir - ty lo - vers now, The rest are gone, I can't tell how. No lon - ger
five, She's fif - ty - five, Cer - tain-ly she's fif - ty - five!

## SHE WEEPETH SORE.

ROUND.

W. LAWES.

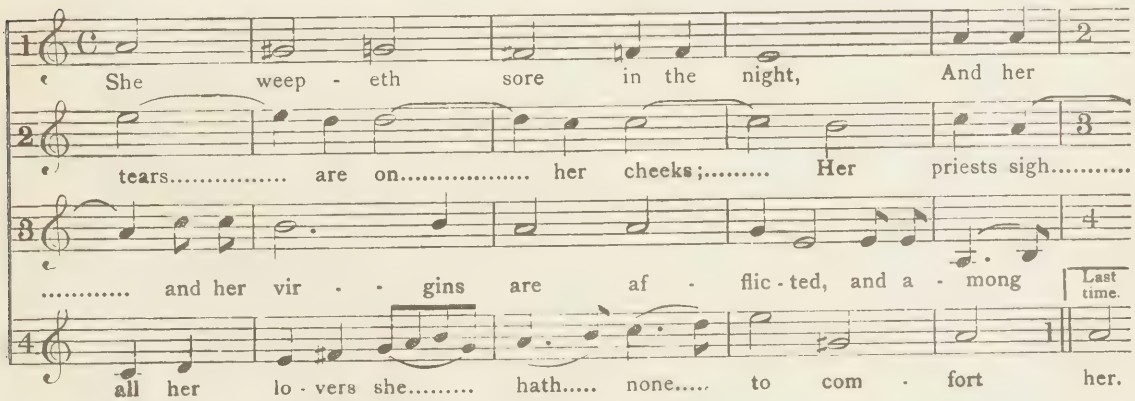
1 C
She weep - eth sore in the night, And her
2
tears..... are on..... her cheeks;..... Her priests sigh.....
3
..... and her vir - - gins are af - flic-ted, and a - mong
Last time.
4
all her lo - vers she..... hath..... none..... to com - fort her.

## O ABSALOM.

ROUND.

C. KING.

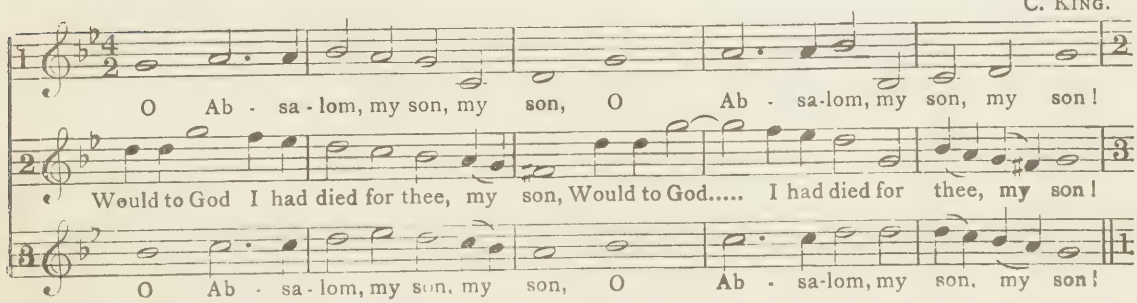
1
O Ab - sa - lom, my son, my son, O Ab - sa-lom, my son, my son!
2
Would to God I had died for thee, my son, Would to God..... I had died for thee, my son!
3
O Ab - sa - lom, my son, my son, O Ab - sa-lom, my son, my son!

# THE LAND OF MY FATHERS.

## (HEN WLAD FY NHADAU.)

*English words by* A. P. GRAVES.
*Welsh words by* EVAN JAMES.

*In moderate time.*

*Melody by* JAMES JAMES.

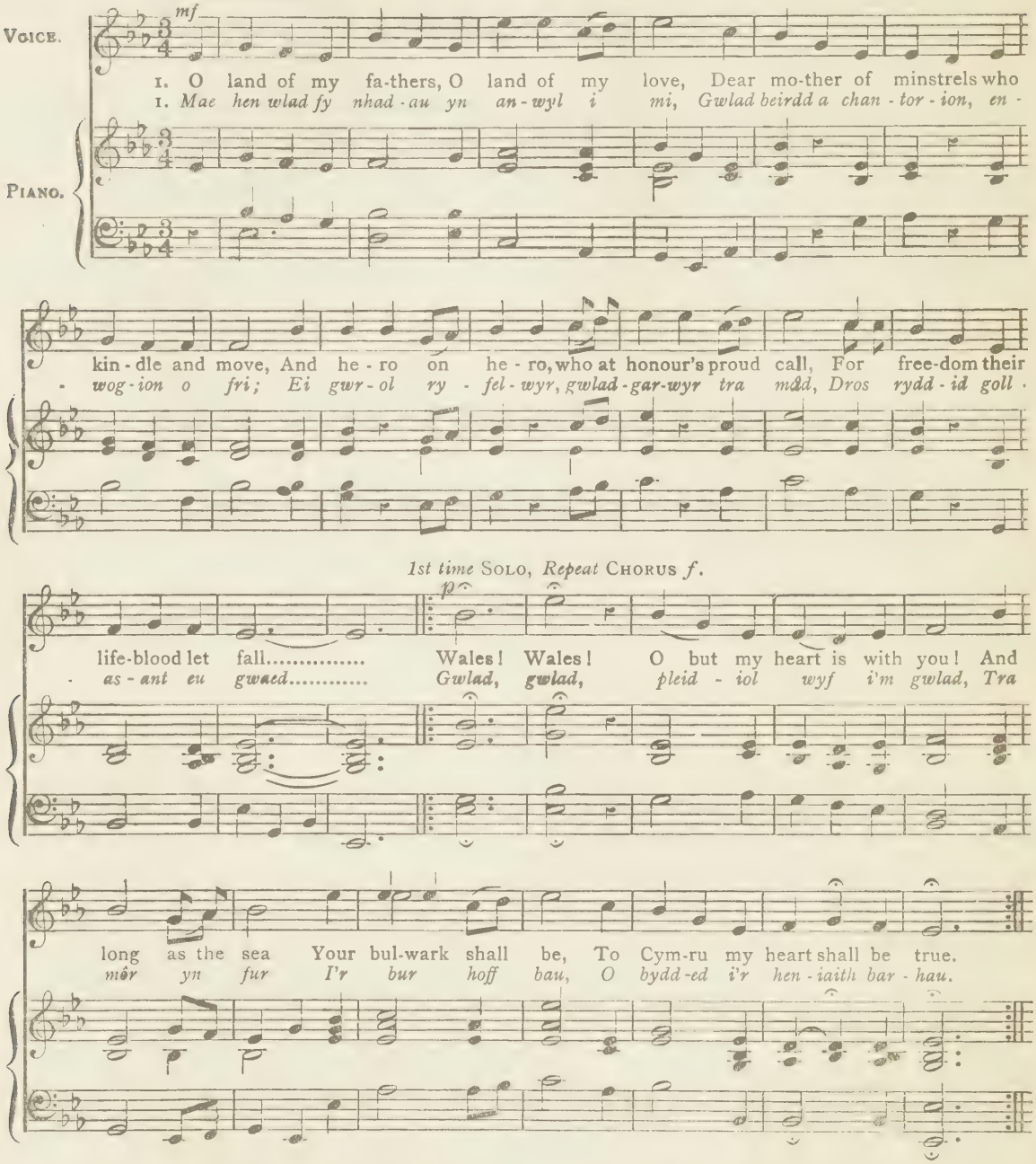
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
1. O land of my fa-thers, O land of my love, Dear mo-ther of minstrels who
1. Mae hen wlad fy nhad-au yn an-wyl i mi, Gwlad beirdd a chan-tor-ion, en-
kin-dle and move, And he-ro on he-ro, who at honour's proud call, For free-dom their
wog-ion o fri; Ei gwr-ol ry-fel-wyr, gwlad-gar-wyr tra mâd, Dros rydd-id goll-
1st time SOLO, Repeat CHORUS f.
p
life-blood let fall..... Wales! Wales! O but my heart is with you! And
as-ant eu gwaed..... Gwlad, gwlad, pleid-iol wyf i'm gwlad, Tra
long as the sea Your bul-wark shall be, To Cym-ru my heart shall be true.
môr yn fur I'r bur hoff bau, O bydd-ed i'r hen-iaith bar-hau.

2. O land of the mountains, the bard's paradise,
Whose precipice proud, valleys lone as the skies,
Green murmuring forest, far echoing flood
Fire the fancy and quicken the blood.
Wales! Wales! O but my heart is with you!
And long as the sea
Your bulwark shall be,
To Cymru my tongue shall be true!

3. For tho' the fierce foeman has ravaged your realm,
The old speech of Cymru he cannot o'erwhelm,
Our passionate poets to silence command
Or banish the harp from your strand.
Wales! Wales! O but my heart is with you!
And long as the sea
Your bulwark shall be,
To Cymru my heart shall be true!

2. *Hên Gymru fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,*
*Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn, i'm golwg sydd hardd;*
*Trwy deimlad gwladgarol mor swynol yw si*
*Ei nentydd, afonydd i mi.*
*Gwlad, gwlad, pleidiol wyf im gwlad,*
*Tra môr yn fur*
*I'r bur hoff bau,*
*O bydded i'r heniaith bar hau.*

3. *Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad dan ei droed,*
*Mae heniaith y Cymry mor fyw ag erioed;*
*Ni luddiwyd yr awen gan erchyll law brad,*
*Na thelyn berseiniol fy ngwlad.*
*Gwlad, gwlad, pleidiol wyf im gwlad,*
*Tra môr yn fur*
*I'r bur hoff bau,*
*O bydded i'r heniaith bar hau.*

# AULD LANG SYNE.

*Poem by* BURNS.

*In moderate time.*

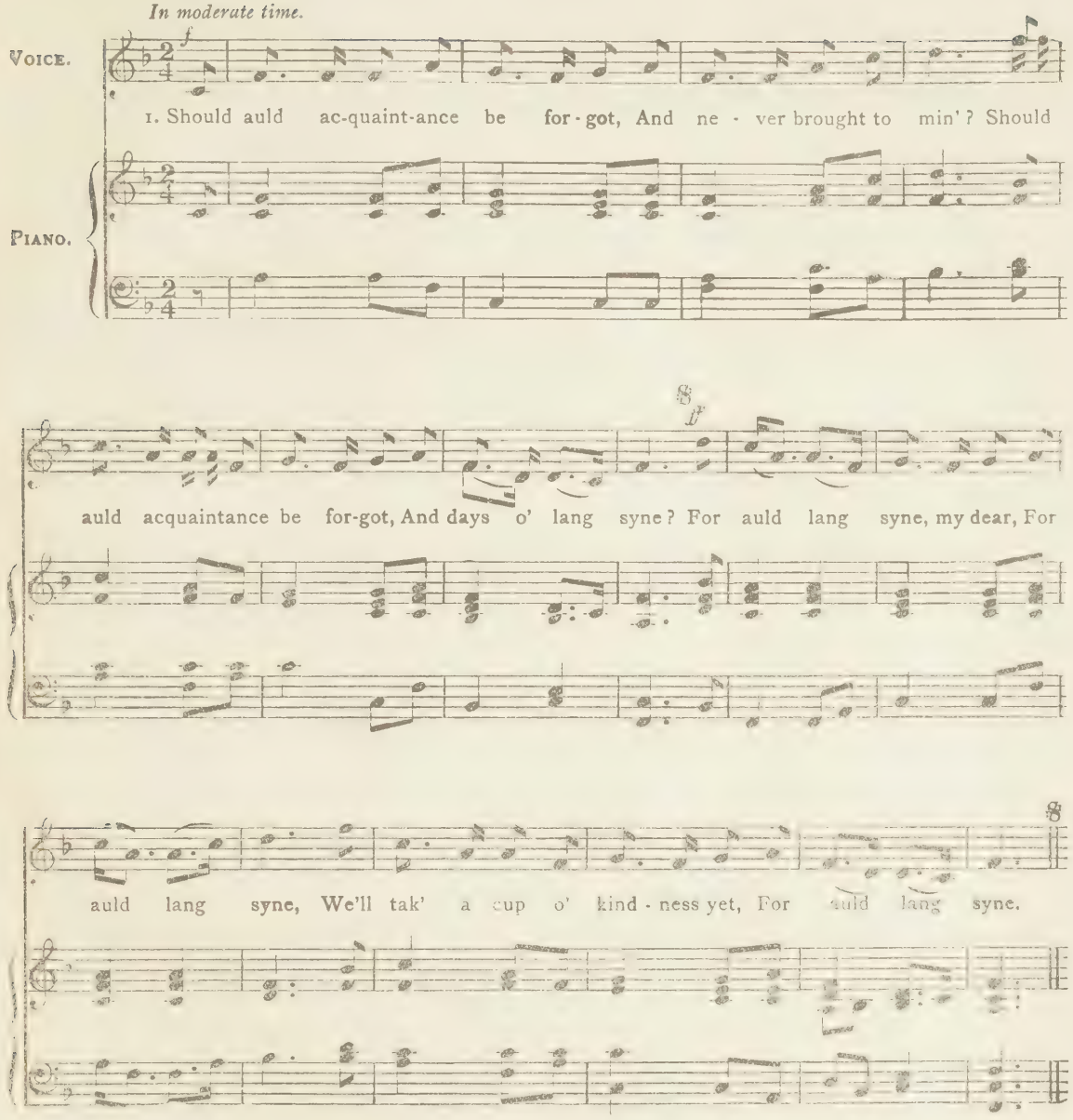
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And ne - ver brought to min' ? Should
auld acquaintance be for-got, And days o' lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For
auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

2.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

3.

We twa hae paidl't in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

4.

And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

5.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

# RULE, BRITANNIA!

*Poem by* THOMSON. *Music by* DR. ARNE, 1740.

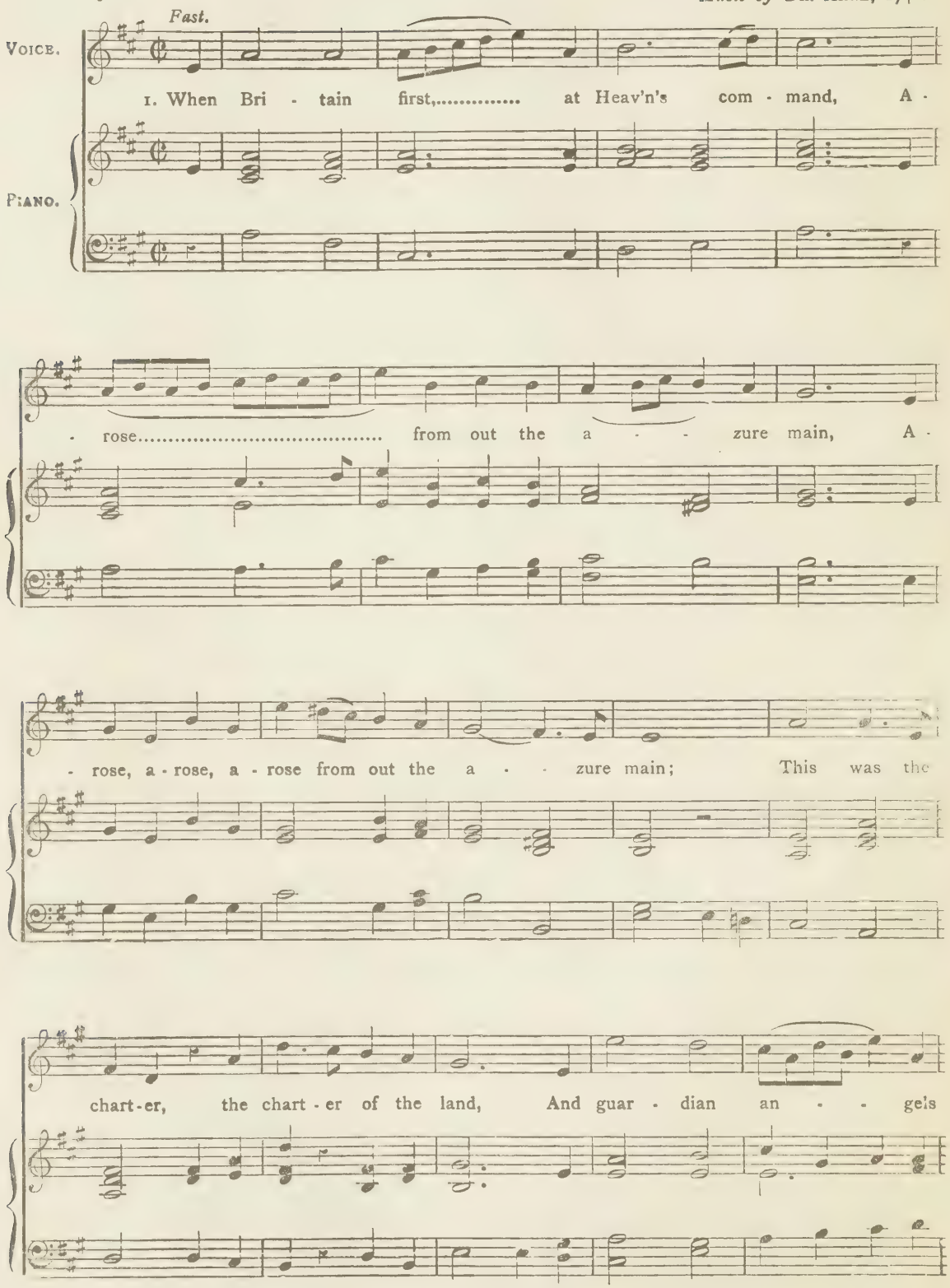
Fast.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. When Bri - tain first,..... at Heav'n's com - mand, A -
- rose..... from out the a - - zure main, A -
- rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the a - - zure main; This was the
chart-er, the chart - er of the land, And guar - dian an - - gels

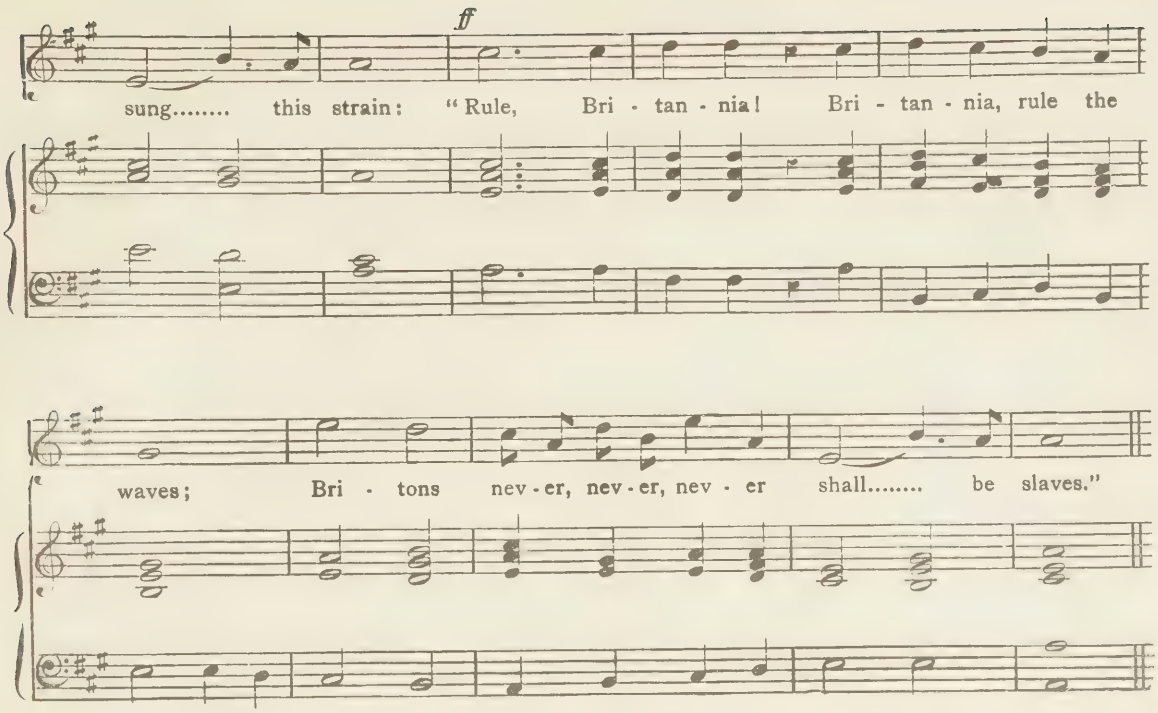


2.

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

3.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise.
More dreadful from each foreign stroke.
As the loud blast, that tears the skies.
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

4.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame
To work *their* woe, and *thy* renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

5.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
All thine shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore it circles, *thine*.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

6.

The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

# GOD SAVE THE KING.

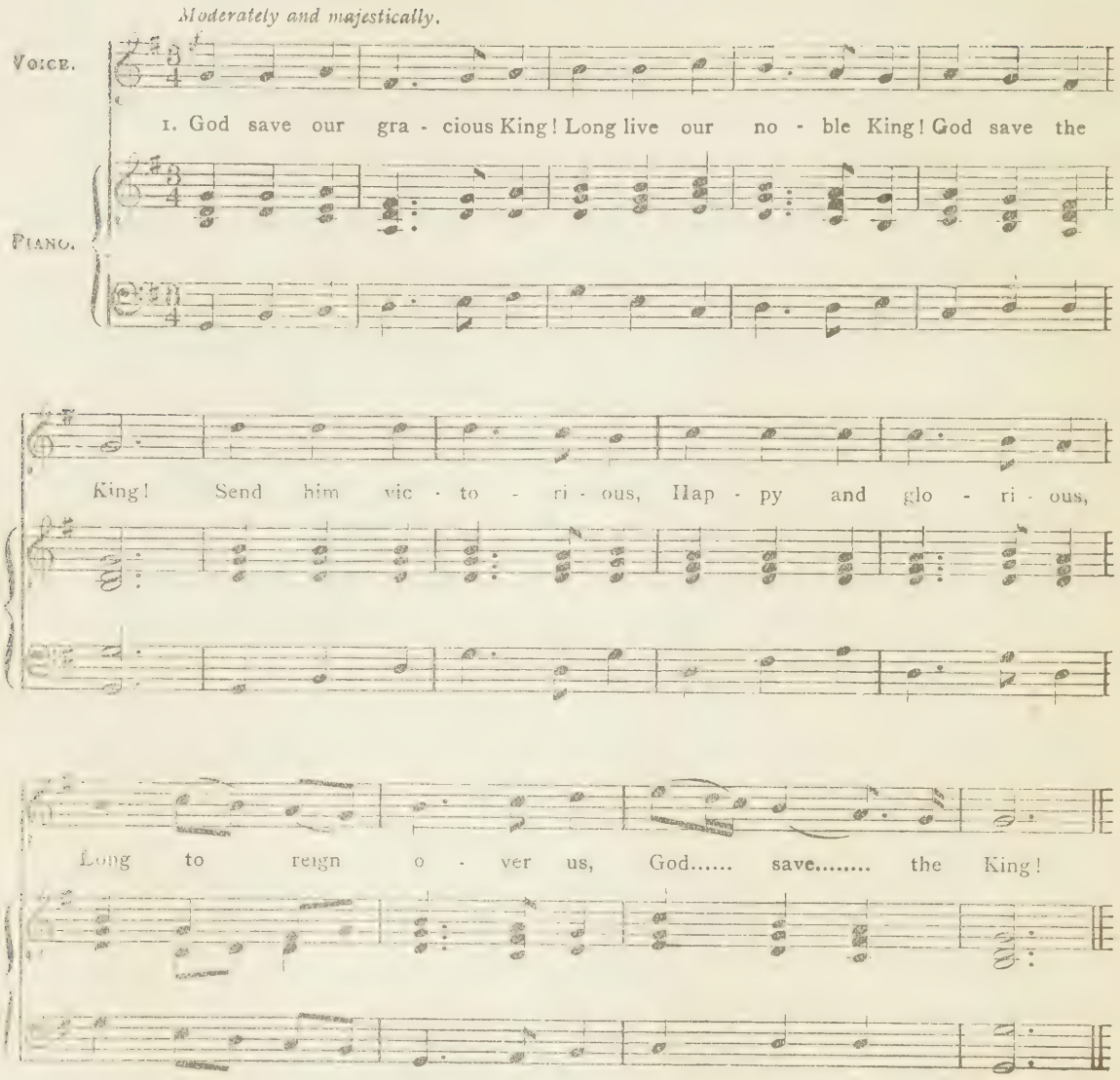
Moderately and majestically.
Voice.
Piano.
1. God save our gra - cious King! Long live our no - ble King! God save the
King! Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,
Long to reign o - ver us, God..... save..... the King!

2.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix
God save us all.

3.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the King!

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